

## A Dying World

Bella Morte

Standing high above the crawling wasted world  
Another day goes by and still we carry on  
Run another stretch of road that knows no end  
Watch the fires burn beneath the blackened sky  
Standing high above the crawling wasted world  
Look close as cities fall,  
Stark white the bombs explode  
And we carry on, and still the story goes,  
For there is no end, no shelter from this age  
Bright the running lights remind me of my home  
But blackened steel and bitter dust still call my heart

Shadowed hands tight beneath the blackened sky  
Shadowed words hold true and  
Nothing stands as strong before this storm  
As life is so short and tomorrow might not come for us  
I will not fall, no pain can hold, and still I have a smile  
In a world decayed we walk against the fall  
Watching as the past burns down, and future builds a future bold  
I live to breathe, to feel As real  
for death looks on an ever changing world