

## Demons

Bella Morte

In their eyes we see the dawn fall to the day  
Whispered fears cast light against the  
gathered grey  
In their minds our time is lost and ever still  
They will see where horror lies

Demons come  
Through the fire and hell of other planes to claim their own  
The years of pain are cast into the grave  
Far away I hear their cries and I carry on to  
see them dead  
To grasp this chance within my hands tonight

Demons come  
They crawl into the world  
So alone demons come  
They crawl into the night

In the cold  
Red-black mists of death sigh names  
forgotten to the wind  
They all see darkness through the failing light  
In my rage I am the storm  
I am the lost; I am the one  
To see an end to all that could have been