

Eyes Of A Ghost

Bella Morte

Time, to find the world again
The motives seem so grim
Watching from this distant place
From within
A feeling from a time before
When nothing seemed so grey
I watch the pictures fade...

Can I find another life before the colors die away?
Like spirits in our eyes
Can I find another path before the last light dies away?
To live another day

Time crashes from the sky again
To wash away the rain
I stare into the setting sun
Until it falls away
What is left is everything
Or everything to me
As I watch the evening fade