

# Grey Skies Black

Bella Morte

I have seen the fall  
I have felt the biting cold  
I have seen the seasons change  
Life's a bitter song  
Singing sadness to the wind  
What blooms today will soon be dead

Grey skies above

When there's nothing left to lose  
We will find out who we are  
There's no more looking back  
No more grey skies black

Youth in pictures old  
Reminds me of the ones I've lost  
Their ageless faces never change  
But the rain will come  
One final storm without an end  
One final glance at those I've loved

Grey skies above