

In The Dirt

Bella Morte

This is the end for them
Black suits and tragic words linger
The absence of miracles, I
Wash them away
No time for words and tears
Discipline holds the room silent
Raising the stakes again, I
Tear it away.

This rift won't mend again
Dig deep to uncover
There's something in the dirt
Dead fingers rise, I descend

This is the end for them
Silent they stand at attention
Under a clouded sky

I wish them away
As strong as the chains that bind
This darkness to my mind

This rift won't mend again
Dig deep to uncover
There's something in the dirt
Dead fingers rise, I descend

Dig deep in the dirt, searching
Searching for what was lost below

This rift won't mend again
Dig deep to uncover
There's something in the dirt
Dead fingers rise, I descend