

## Living Dead

Bella Morte

Like the living dead crawl through the soil  
To shake the death from weary souls  
Twilight cries as the sin within beats like  
A cold heart dying  
The living cringe as the end begins  
And the outside air smells like a tomb  
The graveyard earth is thrown aside  
As futures crumble

Let the rain begin  
The chaos calls through their broken, vacant eyes  
Our lives are lost  
Let the rain begin  
The ending sits as a king of rest and pain  
As lives are lost within the end

Like the walking dead they move through the streets  
To shake the hope from fallen dreams  
Angels scream as the walls collapse to bury  
Unlived lifetimes