

Hear Autumn's voice descend like rain through the night  
Hands pull a book of memories from a dusty chest  
Within the yellowed-pages lies all I have ever wished for  
I seek a name and one is found inscribed by long dead hands

I found your heart within the words  
Each crystal tear reflects my Nevere

No body moves beside my own though I feel you near  
And from the halls I can hear your footsteps falling softly  
Do your eyes see the ice that hangs below my window sill?  
I smell your hair like the softest breeze from somber skies

(Sussurro)

Dark is the path over which limbs extend to grasp a lost love  
Between them time intends to stand still until the day does come

Through the midnight's hour I hear a piano play a soft and sorrowful song

The past has passed, the death has died and I am left with nothing