

## Relics

Bella Morte

As our faith bleeds into day  
This feeble dream is born  
As dark as winter's voice  
As silent as the rain  
A place is found within  
Where hearts are formed of glass  
And fragile songs are heard  
As mist from ancient times

Everyone will fall again  
Everything shall die again

And within the violet rose  
Matures to fall in Ash  
Our fears, confirmed, do sleep  
To trouble us no more  
And in the dimming light  
Her eyes do grace my thoughts  
As haunting as the sea  
As soft as winter's touch

Everyone will fall again  
Everything shall die again