

# The Dawning

Bella Morte

The book is found, the pages read  
As times fallen and forgotten rise  
And I stand alone with dread

Impending doom is whispered in the fog  
I watch and wait with fearful heart  
To see the dark ones take my hand

Within this place the mirrors mock and laugh  
As one by one they fall to Ash  
It seems the dawn shall never set

With rusted blade I sever those I've loved  
To stand a martyr bathed in blood  
To find an age unknown to me

Into my world a spirit wakes  
Screaming from the walls and glass  
And in the pages morning stirs  
Seemingly a hope is born  
And from the sky a warrior falls  
Weary with remorse and death

To rise and fall