

The Last

Bella Morte

The reason finds the aching sky
And torment learns it's name
Fading dreams awash with fear
Of a prophecy that lives
Will you be there at my side
With farewell held to our hearts?
For so little can be said
As the end has found it's time
The nights seem far away
And I fall into the midst of our dying day
Fear

The screams are heard against the sighs
As a blade against the skin
Empires fail to face the truth
As a world is left with time

To the dreams of what was shared
Throughout the evenings warmest winds
Our lives shall stand among the ruin
To ever echo through the grey