

## Torn

Bella Morte

Night rises through the light, Everything is shadow but  
The grey sky seems so bright  
I'm living in a dream, A dream that's too real  
For many years have passed me by, All I've loved is lost  
I can not count the days, I can not count the hours  
I live within a mystery, That dies with me at dawn  
And I am lost again

Nothing is real, Nothing here is real at all  
I'm left alone to count the days (and)

Violently, You tore the heart from me  
And I bleed the things I feel  
Leaving nothing but a shell of what was  
Silently, You tore the world from me  
And I watch it turn to ash  
In the fires of a dream that did not last

It's not easy now  
Watching from this distant place, That breathes within my skin  
This grief is all my own  
The cemetery gates  
Open like a lovers arms familiar as the rain  
And foreign as the sun

Everything is real, Everything seems far to real  
I'm left alone to count the day's (and)

I once felt trust in your arms  
I once held faith in these bonds  
I was left there with my pain to find my way  
Now I wonder were you've gone and who you are