

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