

Winter

Bella Morte

Her chamber waits through timeless days
For her lost warmth and her voice
And the haunting way she moves against the wind
In such silence

Set blue skies aflame
For in the dark I hear her name
Forge the steel of fragile hope
Let the tapers burn throughout this night

And so the blue dawn sets
Strewn with white clouds in the sky
And our eyes meet through the haze
Of distant years and fallow dreams (are we to...)

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For in the dark I hear her name
Forge the steel of fragile hope
Let the tapers burn throughout this night

When you hear the ghostly winds calling soft, just close your eyes.
When you hear the thunder roll through the past, just hold me near.

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