

Bella Morte, As We Descend

Bella Morte

Remains

As We Descend

On the shore lies a lost and broken dream

Silver shines with its echoed memories

In the night one can almost hear the past

If they listen with their hearts atop the sand

Why does no one realize

A hidden truth is nothing but a lie

And my weak heart fades each time

I hear good-bye pass from your lips

Hands achieve what the eyes have longed to grasp

A talisman filled with promises and lies

In the night she can almost hear him cry

The strangest chill enwraps him as he carries on