

Bella Morte, December Dreams

Bella Morte

Where Shadows Lie

December Dreams

Turn away as the storm draws near

Hear the thunder's distant cry

Taste the air to find a trace of yesterday

Falling under waves of time

Her twilight eyes turn the night sky red

Timeless words cannot fade

Though our skies grow grey

Haunted winds speak of fallen homes

Painted eyes leave a tear

In her heart I place a promise that shall live

Amongst December's fondest dreams

To never find this life again

To never find our way