

Bella Morte, Nevere

Bella Morte
Remains
Nevere

Hear Autumn's voice descend like rain through the night
Hands pull a book of memories from a dusty chest
Within the yellowed pages lies all I have ever wished for
I seek a name and one is found inscribed by long dead hands

I found your heart within these words
Each crystal tear reflects my Nevere

No body moves beside my own though I feel you near
And from the halls I can hear your footsteps falling softly
Do your eyes see the ice that hangs below my window sill?
I smell your hair like the softest breeze from somber skies

Dark is the path over which limbs extend to grasp a lost love
Between them time intends to stand until the day does come
Through the midnight's hour I hear a piano play a soft and sorrowful song
The past has passed, the death has died and I am left with nothing