

Bella Morte, Angels And Faith

Bella Morte

Remains

Angels And Faith

Looking down at my life

I find the cold stare of spite

In a copse the angel sighs

I long to feel her at my side

Hope is dread, it waits for me

And through its cloak, I cannot see

In her arms, I wish to rest

But she's slave to cold, sweet death

And she knows what's in my heart

And she sees the falling snow

On the darkest night of life

And she sees the fires burn

Underneath the falling snow

On this darkest night of life

I trace her steps and yet I find

A search in vain to end this life

I smell the rose within her hand

Existing in the hour's sand

Hope is dread, it waits for me

And from its grasp I long to be

She shuts her eyes, the darkness falls

And life is lost to midnight's call