

Bella Morte, Angels 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
Within 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 this 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
From its grasp I long to be
She shuts her eyes, the darkness falls
And life is lost to midnight's call