

# Bella Morte, Dying World

Standing high above the crawling wasted world,  
Another day goes by and still we carry on.  
Run another stretch of world that knows no end,  
Watch the fires burn beneath the blackest sky.

Standing high above the crawling wasted world,  
The closest cities fall stark white, the bombs explode.  
And we carry on and still the story goes,  
For there is no end, no shelter from disease.

Bright the blinding light, reminds me of my home,  
But black and steel and bitter dust still call my heart.

A shadow hand so tight beneath the blackened sky,  
A shadow words so true and nothing stands so strong before this storm.  
As life is so short and tomorrow might not come for us,  
I will not fall the pain can hold and still I have a smile.

In a world decayed we walk across the fall,  
Watching as the past burns down, the future builds, the future grows.  
I live to breathe to feel as real,  
For death looks on an ever changing world.