

Bella Morte, Embers

In the mist there lies a ghost
Of a time of shadows past
In a wall of glass entombed
We stand so far away, far way
Shadows fall
Our hands embrace the cold
In mourning quest for warmth
Forever far away
Far away, far away, far away
We have fallen now
Words have failed now
Dreams have faded now
Time has faded now
We have fallen now
We have fallen now