

Bella Morte, Last Days

In this place the winds blow colder
And the nights are long
I fear your life will soon be over
Like a fading song

The cries, a scream to reach the sky
Will we all die before the sun can rise?
I hear their cries'

And your face seems somehow altered
Something swims below
If I live to be much older
I fear I'll be alone
For your stare speaks something so
Insane
And I know you won't be saved tonight