

Bella Morte, Relics

Bella Morte

Where Shadows Lie

Relics

As our faith bleeds into day

This feeble dream is born

As dark as winter's voice

As silent as the rain

A place is found within

Where hearts are formed in glass

And fragile songs are heard

As mist from ancient times

Everyone will fall again

Everything shall die again

And within a violet rose

Matures to fall in ash

Our tears, confirmed, do sleep

To trouble us no more

And in the dimming light

Here eyes still grace my thoughts

As haunting as the sea,

As soft as winter's touch