

# Bella Morte, The Dead

Dig the grave with sweat and spade  
To the ground the truth is laid  
Now watch the storm that follows  
Don't look into our eyes or you  
May rise up to find the day  
So bright and yet so hollow  
We stand We fight We move  
Into the night  
We are the death of legends  
We stand so black in grief  
Of what has passed  
We owe the world no debt

Living ends with shattered bones  
Across the cemetery roam  
Into the grey-lit twilight  
And from the soil another cries  
To pierce the dark against the lies  
And never see them falter