

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