

Bella Morte, The Quiet

And this silence is her life
Falling fast into the dark November sky
Over voices she shall cry
Soundless screams are felt before the sun can rise
Hear her voice as strong as steel
Speaking long dead names to keep the evening still
In her heart rests all of time
Trapped for now in faith that death is still alive
To the fields and seas again
Without sight we wander through the haze of this dark land
In a dream she gently cries
In a tear her story moves to find the floor
And she speaks before she goes away
"Carry on my friend, but leave me not alone"
'Til the reign of sleep again
Without sight we wander through the haze of this dark land
To the fields and seas again
Without sight she wanders trough the haze of this lost land
To the seas again
'Till we find our lives agian
And the waves are crashing hard against the farthest shore