

# 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  
&quot;Carry on my friend, but leave me not alone&quot;  
'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 through the haze of this lost land  
To the seas again  
'Till we find our lives again  
And the waves are crashing hard against the farthest shore