

Bella Morte, Winter

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Where Shadows Lie

Winter

Her chamber waits through timeless days

For her lost warmth and her voice

And the haunting way she moves against the wind

In such silence

Set blue skies aflame

For in the dark I hear her name

Forge the steel of fragile hope

Let the tapers burn throughout this night

As so the blue dawn sets

Strewn with white clouds in the sky

And our eyes meet through the haze

Of distant years and fallow dreams

When you hear the ghostly winds calling soft

Just close your eyes

When you hear the thunder roll through the past

Just hold me near