

Bella Morte "In The Dirt"

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This is the end for them
Black suits and tragic words linger
The absence of miracles, I wash them away
No time for words and tears
Discipline holds the room silent
Raising the stakes again
I tear away.

This rift won't mend again
Dig deep to uncover
There's something in the dirt
Dead fingers rise, I descend

This is the end for them
Silent they stand at attention
Under a clouded sky I wish them away
As strong as the chains that bind
This darkness to my mind

Dig deep in the dirt, searching
Searching for what was lost below

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