

Bella Morte **"Nevere"**

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Hear Autumn's voice descend like rain through the
night
Hands pull a book of memories from a dusty chest
Within the yellowed-pages lies all I have ever wished
for
I seek a name and one is found inscribed by long dead
hands

I found your heart within the words
Each crystal tear reflects my Nevere

No body moves beside my own though I feel you near
And from the halls I can hear your footsteps falling
softly
Do your eyes see the ice that hangs below my window
sill?
I smell your hair like the softest breeze from somber
skies

(Whispered)
Dark is the path over which limbs extend to grasp a lost
love
Between them time intends to stand still until the day
does come
Through the midnight's hour I hear a piano play a soft
and sorrowful song
The past has passed, the death has died and I am left
with nothing

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