

Bella Morte "Remains"

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Sweeping winds of greyest passion
Find the four who wander fated
Within halls their scarlet laughter
Is heard unknown from places shaded
Eyes are lined with black of midnight
Lips all touched in scarlet bliss
Tattered velvet, lace and chains
What dead have known such grace as this?

Here let us lay for this age has sung its last day
Under the full moon's watch
(Black is the coffin in which our dreams lie)
Silver remains of the time of our glory
Stand where our temple fell
(Black are the mirrors to which our fears fly)

Pale hands flicker beneath the white lights
In rhythm with the living darkness
Others follow void of meaning
To stand in shadows as if thoughtless
Boots are laced through shining eyelets
Cobwebs line the greying hall
The dance goes on but pales without you
As winter turns to see the fall
Here let us lay for this age as sung its last days
Under the full moon's watch
(Black are the coffins in which our dreams lie)
Silver remains of the time of our glory
Stand where our temple fell
(Black are the mirrors to which our fears fly)

Through warmest nights of starlit skies
My eyes must find another life
Where once we hoped to ever be
The onl ones who understood
We now must face the coldest truth
That precious little matters now
For what we felt forever breathes
Inside the silver by the sea

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