

Bella Morte

"The Dawning"

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The book is found, the pages read
As times fallen and forgotten rise
And I stand alone with dread

Impending doom is whispered in the fog
I watch and wait with fearful heart
To see the dark ones take my hand

Within this place the mirrors mock and laugh
As one by one they fall to Ash
It seems the dawn shall never set

With rusted blade I sever those I've loved
To stand a martyr bathed in blood
To find an age unknown to me
Into my world a spirit wakes
Screaming from the walls and glass
And in the pages morning stirs
Seemingly a hope is born
And from the sky a warrior falls
Weary with remorse and death

To rise and fall

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