

# Bella Morte, Remains

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Sweeping winds of greyest passion  
Find the four who wander fated  
Within halls their velvet 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 days  
Under the full moons' 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

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