

A Dying World

Bella Morte

Standing high above the crawling wasted world
Another day goes by and still we carry on
Run another stretch of road that knows no end
Watch the fires burn beneath the blackened sky
Standing high above the crawling wasted world
Look close as cities fall,
Stark white the bombs explode
And we carry on, and still the story goes,
For there is no end, no shelter from this age
Bright the running lights remind me of my home
But blackened steel and bitter dust still call my heart

Shadowed hands tight beneath the blackened sky
Shadowed words hold true and
Nothing stands as strong before this storm
As life is so short and tomorrow might not come for us
I will not fall, no pain can hold, and still I have a smile
In a world decayed we walk against the fall
Watching as the past burns down, and future builds a future bold
I live to breathe, to feel As real
for death looks on an ever changing world