

Grey Skies Black

Bella Morte

I have seen the fall
I have felt the biting cold
I have seen the seasons change
Life's a bitter song
Singing sadness to the wind
What blooms today will soon be dead

Grey skies above

When there's nothing left to lose
We will find out who we are
There's no more looking back
No more grey skies black

Youth in pictures old
Reminds me of the ones I've lost
Their ageless faces never change
But the rain will come
One final storm without an end
One final glance at those I've loved

Grey skies above