

# The Last

Bella Morte

The reason finds the aching sky  
And torment learns it's name  
Fading dreams awash with fear  
Of a prophecy that lives  
Will you be there at my side  
With farewell held to our hearts?  
For so little can be said  
As the end has found it's time  
The nights seem far away  
And I fall into the midst of our dying day  
Fear

The screams are heard against the sighs  
As a blade against the skin  
Empires fail to face the truth  
As a world is left with time

To the dreams of what was shared  
Throughout the evenings warmest winds  
Our lives shall stand among the ruin  
To ever echo through the grey