

The Quiet

Bella Morte

And this silence is her life
Falling fast into the dark November sky
Over voices she shall cry
Soundless screams are felt before the sun can rise

Hear her voice is strong as steel
Speaking long dead names to keep the evening still
In her heart teases all time
Trapped for now in faith that death is still alive

To the fields and seas again
Without sign we wander through the haze of this dark land

In a dream she gently cries
In a tear her story moves to find the floor
And she speaks before she goes away
"Carry on my friend, but leave me not alone"

'Til the reign of sleep again
Without sight we wander through the haze of this dark land
To the fields and seas again
Without sight she wanders through the haze of this lost land

To the seas again
'Till we find our lives again
And the waves are crashing hard against the farthest shore