

## Winter

Bella Morte

Her chamber waits through timeless days  
For her lost warmth and her voice  
And the haunting way she moves against the wind  
In such silence

Set blue skies aflame  
For in the dark I hear her name  
Forge the steel of fragile hope  
Let the tapers burn throughout this night

And so the blue dawn sets  
Strewn with white clouds in the sky  
And our eyes meet through the haze  
Of distant years and fallow dreams (are we to...)

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For in the dark I hear her name  
Forge the steel of fragile hope  
Let the tapers burn throughout this night

When you hear the ghostly winds calling soft, just close your eyes.  
When you hear the thunder roll through the past, just hold me near.

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