

A Light in the Window

Bella Morte

The end is not the end
I know that hands move through my sleep
The air seems cold and thin
This fog won't lift with morning's light

Time is lost to time
The songs will play until they die
Fear will feed our fear
As footsteps echo through the silence
Then, between the hours
A chime rings out to still our hearts
Cold, the air's so cold
The questions rise in every eye

Stare into the night
Waiting for a sign of morning
Shades shift before our tired eyes
Stare into the night
The end is near
Shades shift before our tired eyes

An ending falls so quiet now
The words we spoke cannot be found
The moments lost still carry on
In unseen worlds before the dawn
And children say that through the night
That one can see a ghostly light
Within the halls of this dark place
Where none have walked for many days