

A Quiet Place To Die

Bella Morte

Blood on the lips
Stumble into the dark
Find a quiet place to hide your heart
Blood is on the floor
Leaves a stain in the shape of a blade
Cuts the silence
Infects her like a plague

Screams in the night
Her voice is growing tired
Her skin is getting cold
Nowhere to hide
Because the dark has eyes
It waits for her to fall

In the still of the house
She hears quiet steps down the stairs
The one she fears
Will find her dying there
Closes her eyes and feels
A tear fall down her face
All alone she finds
That death awaits

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