

The Dark

Bella Morte

Words can't relate
In silence she waits
The walls still recall
A time that's gone by
Walks through years of her life
Once colored, now gray
She lands at the grave again

Hear her voice again
Falling into everything
Lost but never gone
Feel her in the dark
Subtle as a quiet storm
Lost but not alone

Frozen today
The ice hangs in rows
It shimmers, so cold
A season grown old
Holds to all that she knows
The past now retold
Kept safely inside of her

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