

The Morning Sun

Bella Morte

Three words loud and crystal clear
The meaning starts to disappear

I've know the face of heaven
I've know an angel in hell
Search long to find a common ground
Walk the line

Three worlds fight to reappear
The white lights glow far too severe
Throw it all away
These words weren't meant to stay
Empty one and all with nothing left to say
Throw it all away
These words weren't meant to stay
Empty and erased, we've thrown it all away

Hold this within
As tired eyes await the morning sun
I am alone
Watching the end of it all
Hold tight to this
The darkest night is nearly over, love
We are alone
Watching the end of it all

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