

## 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

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

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

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