

# Eyes Of A Ghost

Bella Morte

Time, to find the world again  
The motives seem so grim  
Watching from this distant place  
From within  
A feeling from a time before  
When nothing seemed so grey  
I watch the pictures fade...

Can I find another life before the colors die away?  
Like spirits in our eyes  
Can I find another path before the last light dies away?  
To live another day

Time crashes from the sky again  
To wash away the rain  
I stare into the setting sun  
Until it falls away  
What is left is everything  
Or everything to me  
As I watch the evening fade