

# Remains

## Bella Morte

Sweeping winds of greyest passion  
Find the four who wander fated  
Within halls their scarlet laughter  
Is heard unknown from places shaded  
Eyes are lined with black of midnight  
Lips all touched in scarlet bliss  
Tattered velvet, lace and chains

What dead have known such grace as this? Here let us lay for this age has sung its last day

Under the full moon's watch  
(Black is the coffin in which our dreams lie)  
Silver remains of the time of our glory

Stand where our temple fell

(Black are the mirrors to which our fears fly) Pale hands flicker beneath the white lights

In rhythm with the living darkness  
Others follow void of meaning  
To stand in shadows as if thoughtless  
Boots are laced through shining eyelets  
Cobwebs line the greying hall

The dance goes on but pales without you

As winter turns to see the fall Here let us lay for this age as sung its last days

Under the full moon's watch  
(Black are the coffins in which our dreams lie)  
Silver remains of the time of our glory  
Stand where our temple fell  
(Black are the mirrors to which our fears fly)

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