

# As We Descend

## Bella Morte

On the shore lies a lost and broken dream  
Silver shines with its echoed memories  
In the night one can almost hear the past  
If they listen with their hearts atop the sand Why does no one realize  
A hidden truth is nothing but a lie  
And my weak heart fades each time  
I hear good-bye pass from your lips Hands achieve what the eyes have longed to grasp  
A talisman filled with promises and lies  
In the night she can almost hear him cry  
The strangest chill enwraps him as he carries on

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