

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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