

December Dreams

Bella Morte

Turn away as the storm draws near
Hear the thunder's distant cry
Taste the air to find a trace of yesterday
Falling under waves of time
Her twilight eyes turn the night sky red
Timeless words cannot fade
Though our skies grow grey
Haunted winds speak of fallen homes
Painted eyes leave a tear
In her heart I place a promise that shall live
Amongst December's fondest dreams
To never find this life again
To never find our way

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