

# Angels and Faith

## Bella Morte

Looking down at my life  
I find the cold stare of spite  
In a copse the Angel sighs  
I long to feel her at my side  
Hope is dread, it waits for me  
And through it cloak I cannot see  
Within her arms I wish to rest  
But she's slave to cold, sweet deathAnd she knows what's in my heart  
And she sees the falling snow  
On this darkest night of life  
And she sees the fires burn  
Underneath the falling snow  
On this darkest night of lifeI trace her steps and yet I find  
A search in vain to end this life  
I smell the rose within her hand  
Existing in the hour's sand  
Hope is dread  
It waits for me  
From its grasp I long to be  
She shuts her eyes, the darkness falls  
And life is lost to midnight's call

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