

Living Dead

Bella Morte

Like the living dead crawl through the soil
To shake the death from weary souls
Twilight cries as the sin within beats like
A cold heart dying
The living cringe as the end begins
And the outside air smells like a tomb
The graveyard earth is thrown aside
As futures crumble Let the rain begin
The chaos calls through their broken, vacant eyes
Our lives are lost
Let the rain begin
The ending sits as a king of rest and pain
As lives are lost within the end Like the walking dead the move through the streets
To shake the hope from fallen dreams
Angels scream as the walls collapse to bury
Unlived lifetimes

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