

Demons

Bella Morte

In their eyes we see the dawn fall to the day
Whispered fears cast light against the
gathered grey
In their minds our time is lost and ever still
They will see where horror lies Demons come
Through the fire and hell of other planes to claim their own
The years of pain are cast into the grave
Far away I hear their cries and I carry on to
see them dead
To grasp this chance within my hands tonight Demons come
They crawl into the world
So alone demons come
They crawl into the night In the cold
Red-black mists of death sigh names
forgotten to the wind
They all see darkness through the failing light
In my rage I am the storm
I am the lost; I am the one
To see an end to all that could have been

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