

Macbeth, Good Mourning

Good mourning Mr. Sleepy
My name is Winter Cold
Ill freeze the heart youre loving
To wound your mortal soul
Believe my little friend
Youre blind and you dont know
Illusions come to an end
And you are gone
Her love is like a candle
Weeping in the wind
Blow out its flame
Its easy as committing sins
Farewell for ever
Thousands needles in my heart
Get me some poison
No more lies
Good mourning Mr. Sleepy
Stare at this stormy sunset
The veil of doubt comes creeping
Like a disgusting insect
Believe my little friend
Her heart is turned to stone
Dreams come to an end
Shes false to the bone