

# Macbeth, Sweet Endless Sleep

Like a spell from which I  
can't awake now I sleep soundly,  
dying in your arms,  
I felt your tears glide on my face  
and your hands hold mine  
for the last time,  
the angel of mystery is  
here to lead me in the kingdom of silence.  
We are immersed in a  
boundless sea of sorrow  
death is the darkened  
horizon we'll reach in our wreck,  
sweet is my rest like a kiss  
of the woman i loved  
and now her heart is veiled  
with a cloud of sadness.  
You'll close my weary  
eyes languishing and resigned and petals of withered  
roses will settle on my  
weak body as tears  
i'll rove forever on the  
banks of the oblivion's river  
bur i'll hear your mounded  
heart cry for me.  
"...and my tears will furrow my  
cheeks and will rush in the  
endless ebony abyss of  
torment."