

Macbeth, Aloisa

Ye that now smile
In fronte of my colde statue
By blue musk veilede
Ye know not my sadde storie

I remember now the cold I felt
When your eyes turned
Towards that poisoned flower
I have dreamt of thee
I have dreamt of our serene past times
But they have passed, alas!

I have loved thee more than my own life
Now I wonder in the wind,
And I dream endlessly
I have slept no longer
I have spoke no longer

My name is Aloisa and I bring sweet perfumes and love
To sad ladies