

Macbeth, Black Heaven

Behold us, my lord
we are dying
among the bleeding ruins
of our world,
our voice is suffocated by cry
and our souls
lie forsaken in their pain.
Mankind raises
their arms to you
and from their hands
their children's blood drips,
we are dragging ourselves
to our end why, my lord,
don't you come and save us?
An ebony mantle
has darkened the sun
and the eternal night
will rule over the light.
Please, don't let me suffer here
in this cold cruel black heaven.
I've seen the oceans die
and I've heard the wind cry,
I'll wander in the shadow of death,
untill its hands close my tearful eyes.