

Macbeth, El Diablo Y La Luna

Bolt from the blue
What Devil art thou?
Thy beauty make the bright stars dim
Moon blushes at the sight of thee

Silky lips full of fire
Auroral glance to die for
Dark nymph mirror of grace
Sweet lethal Cupid's dart

Thy breast and absinth
Evoke majestic dreams of lust
Of grandeurest royal palace
Liar of mortal sins

Cruel siren temptress
Skies too adore thee, goddess
Fiend angelical, was Venus dethroned
Tu eres como el diablo y la luna

And my soul flies to alabastrine clouds
Follows thy trail of light to moonshiny caves
Where love words dance like glowing fire flies
And echo spreads thy smell of paradise

Crown me thy king
And I'll rule my carnal nightmare
Or whip me as a slave
And I'll crawl to kiss thy feet

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