

# Macbeth, Fables

Preparations are well advanced  
Velvet palls and sweet jasmine smell  
For marriage of heaven and hell  
Vipers shed at once the skin  
Now wicked clasps forgive all sins  
Wishing you joy with much regret  
Like a cross round the devil's neck  
Deadly hatred has fallen in love

The upper crust  
Feed on trust  
And lies to the last  
To wear the crown  
Of kings and clowns  
And always tell new fables

Still life  
A masquerade to appear  
Worm eaten apple  
Shining like a star  
Beware of  
The forked tongued lambs  
Guardian angels  
Dig your grave by night

Enchanted by the gloss of silk  
Trust build them a triumphal arch  
While organ dirges their wedding march  
For feathers dancing in the wind  
Apparence is like a dazzling ring  
But as you know roses soon fade  
Even in fables ready made  
Deadly hatred has fallen in love

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And no wonder if the dumb will not be silent as the grave  
None is so deaf as those that won't hear  
All that glitter is not gold