

# Macbeth, Lady Lily White

White dove lay lifeless on a crown of thorns  
Beside a broken sword  
Whirlwind blew out a candle  
Heartrending cry

Tears were streaming down her face  
Cold dread of death black cursed embrace  
An endless nightmare croaked on the brink of despair  
She felt she would die

Her thoughts flew to his brave betrothed  
It was so long ago!  
Sweet loving eyes of thee so far from mine  
She felt she would die

Sweetheart, my light cruel fate calls me to fight

Sudden shadows fell on me  
Was the dream of white dove a message of thee?

You may be wrong  
May he live long!  
How many winters  
What cold you suffered in the pale warmth of hope

Gloomy icy blast from battlefield  
Blew his dumb ashes back to court  
Atropos broke fine thread of his life  
She felt she would die

Calling from the highest hissing tower  
Corvine shades abducted her murdered soul  
Birds of ill omen stained the sky  
She felt she would die

Jewel, my love the war is calling from above

Sudden shadows fell on me  
Was the dream of white dove a message of thee?

Was not only a dream  
Of suffocated beam  
Harmonic torment  
Tragedy masked in romantic dress

The tower was calling...she climbed the stairs to breathe better the death

...and the heaven was bleeding  
She dressed in snow flickering as lily in storm  
Like a dove flew up

E i cielo tinto nel rubino  
Stringeva al seno suo il muto giglio,  
Spenta la rosa nel viso candido bambino  
Ricamava la parca fatal il sigillo vermiglio,  
Igneo affluente del gentil ruscel diamante  
Dolce scivolava al freddo mar del pianto.  
Fragil ebbro d'amor libravasi lo spirto vagante,  
E la terra la bruma copriva d'incanto'