

# Macbeth, Miss Murderess

Theres a legend about the bite  
Of a wild flower who rides the night  
Dancing with feline grace she hisses  
In this tale of bloodstained kisses  
Miss Murderess has fallen in love  
Once again she looses control  
Killing to give eternal life  
Death is a seal of love  
She got secrets underneath her bed  
With all her heart she mourns the dead  
Cut throats blossom like roses drowned in tears  
Beware of the queen of fears  
It has got to be done  
Miss murderess  
Kill  
Like an angelic servant of hell  
She threw her feelings to the bottom of the well  
To bewitch someone to tear asunder  
And put him to bed just six feet under