

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