

Macbeth, Moonlight Caress

Set like a jewel
in the black velvet of the night,
you'll listen to my breath
in this clear quiet darkness
and you'll see a warm tear
run down my cold face.
Oh, virgin silk-skinned moon
dance with me until the dawn
oh, virgin queen of the night,
up there on your enchanted throne
and I gaze at your whiteness
reflected in the lake waters
...and I'll see my image
in the weak waves
and I'll be able to hear
your plaintive voice
comfort my soul.
Oh, virgin silk-skinned moon
oh, virgin queen of the night.