

Macbeth, My Desdemona

Treason has done his worst
Bright angel of darkness
How does it feel
Stabbing your god in the back?
Pierced the heart
By a falling star
I need to ask you
What is love?
Cruelty is the name
Of this wicked game
A scent of winter smothered
The flame burning in your breast
Watching our dreams
Fall down to the ground
I need to ask you
What is love?
I walk in utter darkness
Looking for an answer
Bleeding for your lies
In a bed of thorns I'm lying
By your hand I'm dying
How can real love lie?
Golden memories
Burn in a funeral pyre
Behind your springlike eyes
Autumn rules has a king
Let there be light
Save my doleful trust
I need to ask you
What is love?