

# Macbeth, Pure Treasure

I've found the rarest thing in the world  
A strange fascinating light  
It doesn't shine  
But it perfumes like a flower  
Growing everywhere and somewhere

Pure treasure  
Like a pearl of dew  
Innocent diadem  
Of a divine crown

Its name is the name of a wind  
With an enchanted breath  
The flap of an angel's wings  
A flower growing everywhere and somewhere