

# Macbeth, The Dark Kiss Of My Angel

Cry with me in this gloomy silence  
and take me in your arms.

Let your fingers caress  
my marbled skin  
and your face follow  
my last breath.

The shadow of sin  
has obscured my soul,  
deep icy waters touch  
my body like needles.

My eyes will see  
the darkness of damnation  
where memories of me  
will sink and be forgotten.

The warmth of mortals  
does not dwell here,  
in this body frozen  
by the kiss of death.

Immaculate blood-stained lilies  
lie on the grave of innocence.

And now you can  
feel my soul tremble  
and a long sweet shiver  
run down my skin.

You'll hold my hands in yours  
and I'll follow you  
in this mysterious voyage.

Loneliness, beyond the gates  
of the unknown,  
penetrates my bloodied depths.

Purity has died with me  
and your tears will wash  
the sinful blood away,  
while you'll be listening to  
the eternal cry  
of the brambles around  
my desolate tombstone.