

## Black Heaven

Macbeth

Behold us, my lord  
we are dying  
among the bleeding ruins  
of our world,  
our voice is suffocated by cry  
and our souls  
lie forsaken in their pain.  
Mankind raises  
their arms to you  
and from their hands  
their children's blood drips,  
we are dragging ourselves  
to our end why, my lord,  
don't you come and save us?  
An ebony mantle  
has darkened the sun  
and the eternal night  
will rule over the light.  
Please, don't let me suffer here  
in this cold cruel black heaven.  
I've seen the oceans die  
and I've heard the wind cry,  
I'll wander in the shadow of death,  
untill its hands close my tearful eyes.