

## Good Mourning

Macbeth

Good mourning Mr. Sleepy  
My name is Winter Cold  
I'll freeze the heart you're loving  
To wound your mortal soul  
Believe my little friend  
You're blind and you don't know  
Illusions come to an end  
And you are gone  
Her love is like a candle  
Weeping in the wind  
Blow out its flame  
It's easy as committing sins  
Farewell for ever  
Thousands needles in my heart  
Get me some poison  
No more lies  
Good mourning Mr. Sleepy  
Stare at this stormy sunset  
The veil of doubt comes creeping  
Like a disgusting insect  
Believe my little friend  
Her heart is turned to stone  
Dreams come to an end  
She's false to the bone