

The Dark Kiss Of My Angel

Macbeth

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 forgot.
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.