

Thy Mornful Lover

Macbeth

Come to me, silent and dressed in black,
in your eyes I can see all your obscure
passion.

Brush my skin with your pale hands
and kiss my neck with your cold lips.
You'll appear when the moon shines
high in the sky

and I'll see your cerulean face
brightened up by the candles flame.

You'll whisper to me mysterious
dark love words

and in this long night our souls
will be joined forever.

And like in a winter night,
darkness will spread
around us and will take us away.

Let yourself be lulled by
this cold wind of sorrow.

I open my mouth
to your divine scarlet nectar
and my bloodied lips
will look for yours
in a morbid lust of
ecstatic pleasure.