

Sweet Endless Sleep

Macbeth

Like a spell from which i
can't awake now i sleep
soundly,
dying in your arms, i felt
your tears glide on my face
and your hands hold mine
for the last time,
the angel of mystery is
here to lead me in the king-
dom of silence.

We are immersed in a
boundless sea of sorrow
death is the darkened hori-
zon we'll reach in our
wreck,

sweet is my rest like a kiss
of the woman i loved
and now her heart is veiled
with a cloud of sadness.

You'll close my weary
eyes languishing and resi-
gned and petals of withered
roses will settle on my
weak body as tears
i'll rove forever on the
banks of the oblivion's river
but i'll hear your mounded
heart cry for me.

"..and my tears will furrow my
cheeks and will rush in the
endless ebony abyss of
torment."