

Love's True Face

A strong emotion Macbeth has felt
Great pain and sorrow this feeling has dealt
What is this cursed thing you ask
Nothing more than the true hand behind Macbeth's task

This curse is a crow
That disrupts the power of the word no
This curse is love
A curse that swoops in with appearance of a dove
But in the last seconds you see its true form
A monster that doesn't allow you to conform
At first this beast allows you to feel reborn
But in the end all you will be is torn
Torn because of the pain that the evil has brought
Yet you're happy for the lesson it has taught

But the lesson no longer matters because you have been caught

By a friend we all meet that's called death

So Goodbye Macbeth for you have breath your last breath and all that is left

is for you to greet death