

The Tragedy Of Macbeth

Ethereal Pandemonium

Not in the legions of horrid Hell can come a devil,
more damned in evils to top Macbeth.

HECAT: Spiteful and wrathful, who (as others do)
loves for his own ends, not for you,
But make amends now, get you gone and at the pit of Acheron,
Meet me i'th'morning, thither he will come to know his destiny...

MACBETH: For in my way it lies, stars hide your fires,
Let not light see my black and deep desires,
The eye wink at the hand, yet let that be,
What the eye fears, when it's done to see...

I... you? Just a slave of the sea.
Drown... seek down, let it be
I... nothing stayed from you
Alone... poor man, what will you do?

Your vessels and your spells provide,
your charms and everything beside,
I'm for th'air: this night I'll spend
unto a dismal and fatal end
and that distill'd by magic sleights
shall raise such artificial sprites,
as by the strenght of their illusion
shall draw him onto his confusion

HECAT: He shall spurn fate, scorn death and bear his hopes
'bove wisdom, grace and fear...

Drifting with the stream of a well-known sea
fighting with an element of life,
let drift, oh, Macbeth, don't you hear sounds
from the depths of desire,
Discover the ruin of the ancient empire,
Atlantis - Platopolis for you,
A bank will bring you just another fight,
diviner of reality lies...

Why?... 'cause your fight has no sense,
Down... There's you in the coral depths,
I... an undine'll help you to find your right streams
Doubt... so you'll never find your Atlantis

Come, you spirits that tend on mortal thoughts,
unsex me here and fill me from the crown to the top-full of direst cruelty:
make thick my blood, stop up th'access and passage to remorse,
that no compunctious visiting of nature, shake my fell purpose
nor keep peace between th'effect and it.
The night has been unruly where we lay;
Our chimneys were blown down and (as they say) lamentings heard i'th'air,
strange screams of death.
And prophesying with accents terrible - of dire combustion and confus'd even
ts
new hatch'd to th'woeful time
Come to my woman's breasts and take my milk for gall
you murth'ring ministers, wherever in your sightless substances,
you wait on nature's mischief.
Come, thick night and pull thee in the dunnest smoke of hell.
The obscure bird clamour'd the livelong light

Some say the earth was feverous and did shake.