

Spectres of the Past

Jag Panzer

Banquo is gone, his soul I feel
My eyes are closed his words are real

So much to ponder, so much has changed
Not long ago I was a nobleman, now I am king
My lady and my guests await me in honor
My thoughts haunt me inside on the path I've laid

I shake with fear, his voice I hear
Banquo is dead, now he's in my head

He haunts my night. He haunts my day
Leave my mind, my friend; leave my guilt, I pray

Leave my lady; excuse our guests for you see I'm mad
Rid with guilt I've slain my friend, lost the bond we had
I must flee to the witches' place and give my mind rest
I fear more murder to do; we'll be put to the test