

Claws Of Madness

Rebellion

Drifting in sleepless nightmares
Haunted by poisoned dreams
Washing your hands in the water
But the hands will never be clean

Now you pay the price
Your dreams drenched in blood
Now you realize
You have gone too far

Claws of madness
Holding your brain as they take you away
to the other
Side of sorrow
Where you pay what you owe

Claws of madness
Never ending pain drives you insane
you want to
Leave this world now
Death is kind you will find

Smile in the face of evil
Watching your life go by
Washing your hands in the water
God knows how you try

Whispers in your mind
Voices from far away
Can you hear them calling
Names from far away

After the suicide of his wife and companion in treason Macbeth must understand that Macduff has finally succeeded and put together an army large in numbers and determined to overthrow the tyrant - to purify the Scottish crown from the blood that was shed for it... his men flee from him... leaving him alone with his anger... his doubts and his sorrow...

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day to the last syllable of recorded time, and all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle. Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more. It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.