

Demons Rising

Rebellion

The crown , my deeds
Like a burden does it seem
I stand all alone
In a dark and empty dream

Such is the bitter taste
Of the blarney outta hell
There was a life to waste
And the witches did it well

Here as I sit
On a cold and empty throne
The thanes, most men
All have fled I am alone

Such is the bitter taste
Of my hopes about to fall
There was a life to waste
I see demons rising tall

No use to run and hide
No use to run and hide

Now as my dreams lie there in pieces
Where is the glory after all
Now as I stand amidst the ruins
I see demons rising tall
Demons rising tall

Still I am invincible
No fear in my heart there'll be
No man man of woman born
Shall have power over me

Yet there is a bitter taste
Of the madness that did fall.
I had a life to waste
I see demons rising tall

They have tied me to a stake.
I cannot fly, but bear-like
I must fight the course.
What's he that was not born of woman?
Such a one am I to fear, or none.

What is thy name?

Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

No, though thou call'st thyself a hotter name than any is in hell.

My name's Macbeth.

The devil himself could not pronounce a title more hateful to mine ear.

No, nor more fearful.

Thou liest, abhorred tyrant.
With my sword I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

Thou wast born of woman, but swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn, brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

Why should I play the Roman fool, and die on mine own sword?
While I see lives, the gashes do better upon them.

Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macduff, of all men else I have avoided thee.
But get thee back.
My soul is too much charged with blood of thine already.

I have no words;
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain than terms can give thee out.

Thou losest labour.
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed.
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life,
Which must not yield to one of woman born.

Despair thy charm,
And let the angel whom thou
Still hast served tell thee Macduff
Was from his mother's womb untimely ripped.

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man;
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope.
I'll not fight with thee.

Then yield thee, coward,

I will not yield to kiss the ground before your feet, And to be baited with
the rabble's curse.
Though thou opposed being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last.
Before my body I throw my warlike shield.
Lay on, Macduff, and damned be him that first cries: "Hold, enough!"
My fate may have turned to black but at least
I'll die with harness on my back.