

Husbandry In Heaven

Rebellion

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements

Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty

Come to my woman's breasts, make thick my blood
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,

Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell, That my keen knife see not the wound it makes, Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark To cry "Hold, hold!"

We still have judgement here, that we but teach Bloody instructions which, being taught, return To plague th' inventor. This even-handed justice Commends th' ingredience of our poisoned chalice to our own lips. He's here in double trust: First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, strong both against the deed, then, as his host, who should against his murderer shut the door, not bear the knife myself.

No further shall we go
I've been honoured don't you know
I should stand by Duncan's side
Not kill the man in greedy pride

Did you not hope, did you not dream
The hero I knew like a coward does seem
Had I spoken as you did
There would be no mercy I would stick to it

The crown - my deeds
The men who do betray
The crown - my deeds
Every man must find his way

Husbandry in heaven
Fair is foul and foul is fair
Thunder cracks the sky
And there is evil in the air

Husbandry in heaven
Prophecies they turn to hate
Kill the king take the crown
Macbeth what is your fate

What man does I will dare
But for more I shall never care
Once you talked mischief to me
Then you were a man - wild and free

If we fail what will become
No way to hide what we've done
Screw your courage forget your fear

Stab him in his sleep the crown is so near

You screw your courage to the sticking place
You can do the murder with a smile on your face

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle towards my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, inform as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.
I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing.
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep. Witchcraft celebrates
The weird sisters offerings,
The murder shall be done.
Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
I go, and it is done The bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

As the owl shrieked with a single cut
I took his life I spilled his blood
So red are these hands like I 've never seen
So red are these hands will they ever be clean
I heard a voice it cried sleep no more
The king is dead his life spilled on the floor
Macbeth he takes the crown with blood on his hands
He shall sleep no more until the end

Oh Macbeth, you have it all now, just as the witches have promised, but you
played most foully for it.
Suspicion of the murder however falls upon the king's sons, who flee to Engl
and accompanied only by a handful of loyal knights and Thanes, amongst them
Macduff.
Macbeth the greatest of the Thanes and most respected man in Scotland is cro
wned at Scone to be the new king. But the secret knowledge of his treason an
d of the prophecies that Banquo has heard lie heavy on his soul....