

## Revenge

## Rebellion

Macduff  
Who are you  
Once you were loyal  
Once you were true

Run to England  
To stand against me  
I will burn your castle  
I will slay, your family

How can I be loyal  
To a murderer that stole the crown  
How can I be loyal  
To a tyrant  
That takes my country down

We'll take revenge for all the lives you stole -  
Macbeth  
The sins you did in the end you'll fall -  
Macbeth  
We'll take revenge and put you down, in the  
end we'll seize the crown  
I'll take revenge for all the lives you stole -  
Macbeth

Macduff  
Look and see  
Here are the bloody corpses  
of your family  
Buried dead  
In a nameless grave  
My lust for blood  
Will make me safe

I've cried a thousand tears  
In the shadows of the lonely night  
As the tears run dry  
You tyrant  
I know that I must fight

Lo you, here she comes. This is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her. Stand close.

You see her eyes are open.

Ay, but their sense are shut.

What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Yet here's a spot. Out, damned spot; out, I say. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie, a soldier and afeard? What need we fear who knows it when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? ... Macduff the Thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more

re o' that. No more

What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Wash your hands, put on your nightgown, look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried. He cannot come out on 's grave. To bed, to bed. There's a knocking at the gate. Come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed