

The Dead Arise

Rebellion

My fears in Banquo stick deep
Haunt my sleep
He knows the sisters' prophecy
His smiles I can read

For his breed I've sold my soul
A fruitless crown can it be all
Fate will have to bow her head
Banquo my friend soon you'll be dead

Muderers will do the crime
I've paid them well to cut you fine
I'll never have to look at you
Banquo my friend your life is through

I - I've walked deep in the blood
Return I can not
No I'll have to carry on
To be safe with what I've done

The Dead arise from their grave
To assail what we thought safe
The Dead arise outta hell
To the hero that fell

What is this I look upon
should be dead and gone
How can I believe my eyes
Is it a lie

Banquo how can it be you
You lie in the blood that's what you do
I see mortal gashes on your head
How can you smile you should be dead

What man dare I will dare
A thousand warriors or the Russian bear
But pale cheeks of immortality
How can I fight how can I fight against thee

Oh no - Let the earth hide you away
In hell you should stay
No don't you reach for my crown
I shall never take it down

Shaken by the ghastly apparition of the slain Banquo Macbeth fears even stronger now for the security of what he has stolen by murder and treason and defends by such means. Like a blind stalker in the night he is drawn back to the lair wherein the witches dwell, hungry for confirming answers to the burni

ng doubts in his soul.