

Rebellion, Demons Rising

(1)

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

(2)

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

(3)

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

(4)

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

(Bridge:)

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

(Ref.:)

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

(5)

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

(6)

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

(Macbeth:) They have tied me to a stake. I cannot fly, but bear-like I must fight the course. What's h

(Young Siward:) What is thy name?

(Macbeth:) Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

(Young Siward:) No, though thou call'st thyself a hotter name than any is in hell.

(Macbeth:) My name's Macbeth.

(Young Siward:) The devil himself could not pronounce a title more hateful to mine ear.

(Macbeth:) No, nor more fearful.

(Young Siward:) Thou liest, abhorred tyrant. With my sword I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

(They fight, and young Siward is slain)

(Macbeth:) Thou wast born of woman, but swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn, brandished b

(Macbeth:) Why should I play the Roman fool, and die on mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the

(Enter Macduff)

(Macduff:) Turn, hell-hound, turn.

(Macbeth:) Macduff, of all men else I have avoided thee. But get thee back. My soul is too much ch

(Macduff:) I have no words; My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain than terms can give thee

(They fight)

(Macbeth:) Thou losest labour. As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air with thy keen sword impress

(Macduff:) Despair thy charm, and let the angel whom thou still hast served tell thee Macduff was fr

(Macbeth:) Accursed be that tongue that tells me so, for it hath cowed my better part of man; and b

(Macduff:) Then yield thee, coward,

(Macbeth:) I will not yield to kiss the ground before your feet, and to be baited with the rabble's curs
Though thou opposed being of no woman born, yet I will try the last. Before my body I throw my wa