

# Rebellion, The Dead Arise

(1)

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

(2)

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

(3)

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

(Bridge:)

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

(Ref.:)

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

(4)

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

(5)

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

(6)

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

(Bridge:)

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

(Narrator:)

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 burning doubts in his soul.