

Ethereal Pandemonium

"The Tragedy Of Macbeth"

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[Music by Rhaa, Herr Doktor and Nathuruss, lyrics by W. Shakespeare, Rhaa]

[Macduff:] Not in the legions of horrid Hell can come a devil,

More damned in evils to top Macbeth.

[Hecat:] Spiteful and wrathful, who (as others do)

Loves for his own ends, not for you,

But make amends now, get you gone and at the pit of Acheron,

Meet me l'th'morning, thither he will come to know his destiny...

[Macbeth:] For in my way it lies, stars hide your fires,

Let not light see my black and deep desires,

The eye wink at the hand, yet let that be,

What the eye fears, when it's done to see...

I... you? Just a slave of the sea.

Drown... seek down, let it be

I... nothing stayed from you

Alone... poor man, what will you do?

[Hecat:] Your vessels and your spells provide,

Your charms and everything beside,

I'm for th'air: this night I'll spend

Unto a dismal and fatal end

And that distill'd by magic sleights

Shall raise such artificial sprites,

As by the strenght of their illusion

Shall draw him onto his confusion

[Hecat:] He shall spurn fate, scorn death and bear his hopes

'bove wisdom, grace and fear...

Drifting with the stream of a well-known sea

Fighting with an element of life,

Let drift, oh, Macbeth, don't you hear sounds

From the depths of desire,

Discover the ruin of the ancient empire,

Atlantis - Platopolis for you,

A bank will bring you just another fight,

Diviner of reality lies...

Why?... 'cause your fight has no sense,
Down... There's you in the coral depths,
I... an undine'll help you to find your right streams
Doubt... so you'll never find your Atlantis

[Lady Macbeth:] Come, you spirits that tend on mortal thoughts,
Unsex me here and fill me from the crown to the top-
full of direst cruelty:
Make thick my blood, stop up th'access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visiting of nature, shake my fell purpose
Nor keep peace between th'effect and it.
[Lennox:] The night has been unruly where we lay;
Our chimneys were blown down and (as they say)
lamentings heard l'th'air,
Strange screams of death.
And prophesying with accents terrible - of dire
combustion and confus'd events
New hatch'd to th'woeful time
[Lady Macbeth:] Come to my woman's breasts and take
my milk for gall
You murth'ring ministers, wherever in your sightless
substances,
You wait on nature's mischief.
Come, thick night and pull thee in the dunnest smoke
of hell.
[Lennox:] The obscure bird clamour'd the livelong light
Some say the earth was feverous and did shake.

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