

## Jag Panzer "Spectres Of The Past"

Visit "[Spectres Of The Past](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Broderick / Conklin)

(MacBeth)

Banquo is gone, his soul I feel  
My eyes are closed his words are real

So much to ponder, so much has changed  
Not long ago I was a nobleman, now I am king  
My lady and my guests await me in honor  
My thoughts haunt me inside on the path I've laid

I shake with fear, his voice I hear  
Banquo is dead, now he's in my head

He haunts my night. He haunts my day  
Leave my mind, my friend; leave my guilt, I pray

Leave my lady; excuse our guests for you see I'm mad  
Rid with guilt I've slain my friend, lost the bond we had

I must flee to the witches' place and give my mind rest  
I fear more murder to do; we'll be put to the test

"MacBeth, MacBeth, MacBeth, Beware Macduff!  
Beware the thane of fife! Dismiss me. Enough.

"Be bloody, bold, and resolute. Laugh to scorn  
the power of man, for none of woman born shall harm  
MacBeth."

"Be lion mettled, proud, and take no kare  
who chafs, who frets, or where conspirers are.  
MacBeth shall never vanquished be till mighty  
Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill shall come against  
thee."

Visit [Jag Panzer](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.