

## Rebelde

### "Demons Rising"

Visit "[Demons Rising](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[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 he that was not born of woman? Such a one am I to fear, or none.

[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 by man that's of a woman born.

[Macbeth:] Why should I play the Roman fool, and die on mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes do better upon them.

[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 charged with blood of thine already.

[Macduff:] I have no words; My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain than terms can give thee out.

[They fight]

[Macbeth:] Thou lovest labour. As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air with thy keen sword impress as make me bleed. Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests; I bear a charmed life, which must not yield to one of woman born.

[Macduff:] Despair thy charm, and let the angel whom thou still hast served tell thee Macduff was from his mother's womb untimely ripped.

[Macbeth:] Accursed be that tongue that tells me so, for it hath cowed my better part of man; and be these juggling fiends no more believed, that palter with us in a double sense, that keep the word of promise to our ear and break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

[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 curse. Though thou opposed being of no woman born, yet I will try the last. Before my body I throw my warlike

shield. Lay on, Macduff, and damned be him that first  
cries: "Hold, enough!" My fate may have turned to  
black but at least I 'll die with harness on my back.

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.