

Rebellion "Demons Rising"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What is thy name?
Thou'lt be afraid to hear it
No, though thou call'st thyself a hotter name than any
is in hell
My name's Macbeth

The devil himself could not pronounce
A title more hateful to mine ear
No, nor more fearful, thou liest, abhorred tyrant
With my sword I'll prove the lie thou speak'st

Thou wast born of woman, but swords I smile at
Weapons laugh to scorn, brandished by man that's of a
woman born
Why should I play the Roman fool, and die on mine
own sword?
Whiles I see lives, the gashes do better upon them

Turn, hell-hound, turn
Macduff, of all men else I have avoided thee
But get thee back, my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already

I have no words, my voice is in my sword
Thou bloodier villain than terms can give thee out

Thou lovest labor, 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

Despair thy charm and let the angel whom thou
Still hast served tell thee Macduff
Was from his mother's womb untimely ripped
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

Then yield thee, coward, 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

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