

# Spectres of the Past

## Jag Panzer

[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

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