

The Heath

The smell of blood fills my lungs
Screaming echoes fill my mind
Swords clatter in the distance.

The black sky shoots lightning
Flashing onto the ground
Gloomy mist covers the heath

Three hooded mysterious figures
With cobwebbed hair, daggered fingers,
Cast their evil magic

At my side Banquo bangs his drum
As though in agony,
Stumbling over blood stained grass.

Lewis kings Wheatley