

Thou bloodier
villain than terms
can give thee out!

What, you egg!
Young fry of
treachery!

Never shake thy
gory locks at me

Thy bones are
marrowless, thy
blood is cold

**Fit to govern? No,
not to live**

Infirm of purpose

Pall thee in the
dunnest smoke of
hell

Thou art the best
o'th' cut-throats

Approach the
chamber, and
destroy your sight
with a new
Gorgon.

Where we are,
there's daggers in
men's smiles

When all's done
you look but on a
stool

**This is a sorry
sight**

Be not lost so
poorly in your
thoughts

.. a false creation
proceeding from
the heat-
oppressed brain