And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment (80)
Would step from this to this? Sense sure you have,
Else could you not have motion; but sure that sense
Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice (85)
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense (90)
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
And waits upon the judgment and what judgment

Would step from this to this? Sense sure you have

Else could you not have motion; but sure that sense

In this Basically he is stating that he will wait on decision, saying that he will be waiting for the right moment.

He's saying to his self that he is not going crazy, That everything that is happening is real.

Could not know for sure that what he heard may be true because he has been lied to a lot from almost everyone, doesn’t know who to trust.
Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err, Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd But it reserv'd some quantity of choice

That is is wrong this cannot be the only way The should not be much more time wasted Time need to reserved for the number of choice
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't

That thus hath *cozen'd* you at *hoodman-blind*?

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

He is starting to actually get the feel of panic, Noticing that there is a lot more to the situation then what he thought before.
Or but a sickly part of one true sense

Could not so mope.

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,

He is ready and knows that there is no time for games