

Bethlehem

"The Curtain Falls"

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Hear my tale of tragedy:

Faustus:

"Alas, philosophy I have explored
As well as medicine and law
Add to these regrettably
My studies in theology
Yet here I sit, a foolish bore
No wiser than I was before
No dog can live like this
Knowledge gained is far from bliss
So I resolved my soul to free
Through blackest magic and dark alchemy"

(Goethe: Faust)

And from my library old
I have this book which I am told
Holds the key to strangest lands
Places never travelled by man
It will, no doubt, open my eyes
Through Hell I will finally find my Paradise

The Fool:

From browsing through this book I have learned
That all that I have ever yearned
May be accomplished easily
With words uttered feasibly
As long as I in my circle remain
Nothing can harm me, the demons are chained
And with the next word I do burn
The devils back to Hell return

Faustus:

As a fool summons a devil, so will I
Summon the Fallen Angel of Light
And with his wisdom in my sight
I will remain (both day and night)
As happy as a man can be
For no knowledge will be strange to me
Of stars in heaven I will know
As life itself I will explore
Rain and thunder I do endure, likewise
Fire and ice
The elements are torturing me
With the only purpose that I shall see

And know the wisdom of the lord
Lucifer I summon thee!

Mephistopheles:

I have come to visit you this late
(although your spells are out of date)
To see who mocks the name of God
He might be of interest to my lord

Faustus:

Then I will speak, and you hear this:
In my search for eternal bliss
I will give my very soul to you
If what you claim is really true
Then you will serve me loyally
Obey my orders accurately
For me accomplish any task
Bring me the moon if I should ask
When time is up you claim your prize:
My soul forever absent from heavenly paradise
As I do sign this covenant
In blood from a cut in my hand
My soul is not for God to claim
I will have twenty-four years with maidens and fame
And now I do enquire of you
The secrets of life, of Oceans blue
Of stars upon the mighty sky
Of moon and planets far up high

Mephistopheles:

That is not for man to know
As words can not tell what they are of
And man cannot grasp what words cannot command
For words are far more glorious than ever was man

Faustus:

Your tracherous lies are powerless
You do not convince me, for I stress:
Do I not grasp love and hate,
Pleasure and pain, lust and fate ?
I cannot describe these, yet I know
That in my heart with fire they flow
How I repent my loathsome deeds,
These devils do not fullfill my needs...

Mephistopheles:

Faustus, I am not at all thrilled
You try to escape, yet you have no will
But to bath in all pleasures that flesh can give
Even though, as it appears, your virgin is a devil
And now is the day of your fears
I will collect what is mine after twelve years
As day and night I gave you plenty
(twelve and twelve is four-and-twenty)
Thus, what was thine
Is now forever mine"

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