

Blue Oyster Cult "Magna of Illusion"

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Cornwall and the harbor
Where witches went mad more than once and
Until this day
In dreams at least
The lighthouse at lost christabel
Squat and hugely tilts
Upon the strand where grandad's house was built
And having stood the test of time
The starry gale the bloody tide
Grandad's house though gaped with hooks
And filled with books
Could stand no more until
A certain prophecy
Once read - now stood
Before the world fulfilled

Now of these books in grandad's keep
Some of them were new but mostly they were old
And the oldest was a scroll
A prophecy that read
When the riddle begins
The story will end

August the first 1892
And in the guise of destiny
Grandad quit cornwall
"i'm a captain of a ship
My ship is charmed, and called plutonia."

Stories on land, storms at sea
'tween 1892 and '93
When grandad sailed for mexico

Ships charmed and ordinary
Sailed the glidepath to the sun
And when the sun proved false
As it always does
Some of them would be lost
And some would sail back home
It was no star
But a magna of illusion
I mean by that

The mirror found
In the chamber of jade grown like a seed
Deep within the ground
The mirror found
By one man
So on and off again
He sailed the europe's rim
On and off, off and on
Until his time had come

Through tears and smiles
The last domain
The rods of broken crystal
On and off, and off again
Until his time had come
Late to the story that had been
But early to the riddle not yet begun

August the first 1893
The charmed ship plutonia
Sailed like a ray into cornwall
And none too soon it seems

That night the captain's granddaughter
Would celebrate her birthday
"i've come a long way," said the captain
"from lost christabel this night
Accompanied by my dog familiar
To blast your rafters with my surprise!
Granddaughter, it's a foreign mirror
Taken from the jungle by crime!"

Stories on land, storms at sea
'tween 1892 and '93
When grandad sailed for mexico

When tables collapse
And floors have filled
And the party's over, it's all over
Sea-dogs and rockers will dwell on doom
I've warped the stuff of ground
What seems to be is not
Behind closed eyes
Realize your sight
Mine, granddaughter, proves a surprise
More light than sun
More dark than night then
More a snare than lust

