

Fall

"DR. FAUSTUS"

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Doctor Faustus: Horshoes Splackin' Swallows Haycart,
Cart-Horse. Of the peasant blockin' his path. Doctor
Faustus: Power showin', spits out Hay-cart, cart-horse,
hay and box at the gates of ANHOLT. Dr. Faustus: At the
court of the count, made fruits exotic pleasure-lichous,
appear behind curtains in winter. Dr. Faustus: At the
decadent court, made animals from sun-lands appear
in the sparse gartens of Vinter in ze likkle willage.
Doktor Faustus: Horse-shoes clackin', swallows cart-
horse, hay-cart of the peasant blockin' his path.
Must leave his student friends.
FAUSTUS! Come get yer chips!
Pull me blood silhouette, treu the ceiling sky.
Cast me blood silhouette, thru the ceiling sky.

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