

Mephistopheles

"Far Beyond Redemption"

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Solemn art Thy gifts of passion
Since Thou hast welcome'd me before
On that primal day Thou hast created
Hadst Thou not dared to ease them all

"Thus, fathom her I will
Of Earth claimeth she her splendour
As trinity dwells she
Her spell to cast in rival anger
Thy sinful race she doth thus kill"

This is Thy sin, Thy crime, alas
Though in my heart the dark doth last
A servant yet I am
Bound to linearity poison their future entity I will

"Thou hast compelled me to receive Thy will
But hear
Disgust I feel for Thee
Open lies Thy secret and her will I lead
Betrayed of the origin
Dost Thou now fear Thy hateful seed?"

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