

Ordo Draconis

"The Don Of Venice"

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[Faustus:]

"This night I'll conjure though I die therefore...

Welcome, so enter and disabuse me of my flesh

Solve yet dissolve my body-and-soul binary

Behold, the magic of my senses is still unimplored

Tempter, shape-shifter, complete my mind's soliloquy

And push me off the verge of my intellect's scope

No more postponing my possible feats

I bid theology farewell, requesting knowledge divine"

Mephistophilis:

"Ich will mich hier zu deinem Dienst verbinden,

Auf deinen Wink nicht rasten und nicht ruhn;

Wenn wir uns drÃ¼ben wiederfinden,

So sollst du mir das gleiche tun."

[Faustus:]

"Werd' ich zum Augenblicke sagen:

Verweile doch! Du bist so schÃ¶n!

Dann magst Du mich in Fesseln schlagen,

Dann will ich gern zugrunde gehn!

Dann mag die Totenglocke schallen,

Dann bist du deines Dienstes frei,

Die Uhr mag stehn, der Zeiger fallen,

Es sei die Zeit fÃ¼r mich vorbei!"

[Faustus:]

"Sophistophilis, debar me no longer

From the illicit treasures life reserves"

Mephistophilis: "Take off your carnal cloth, take off!

So proffer your arm, you shall see...

... you may wander!"

[Faustus:]

"May the angle have changed, my vista un-narrowed

Yet tedious the place that sees parallels intersect

Where further means back and back we shall dash...

now!"

[Faustus:]

"Deeply imprinting the earth's moldy squalor,

Twisting the ants' dim hour-glasses at will,

I quench my lust on each Helen's bosom
But gape, precious adviser, what's dulling my eyes?
Spout out, sordid cretin, who dares to parody
Him who bears the aureole of might
With this absurd parade at april's lecherous dusk?"

[Mephistophilis:] "Honour where honour is due!"

[Enter an Old Man:]

"I see an angel hovers o'er thy head
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul:
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair."

[Faustus stumbles and utters strange agonizing sounds]

[Faustus:]

"The missing link, the balance, the superego... myself
I am the architect of this metropolis,
(Of) my egoverse's over-ripe fruit!"

[Chorus Lamentum:]

Blessed are his eyes, waxen wings alike,
Incandescently heated by Mammon himself,
Sparing him the shattering clarity:
His deserted house of cards: a charnel babel.
Thus unsolved remains the equation
The indescribable bears the ineffable
As the campanile's swarthy hands
Are pointing towards heaven again

[Faustus, dying:] "I saw Venice and I'd..."

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