

## Agalloch "Faustian Echoes"

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[Faust:] "I, Johannes Faust, do call upon thee,  
Mephistopheles!"

[Faust:]  
O growing Moon, didst thou but shine  
A last time on this pain of mine  
Behind this desk how oft have I  
At midnight seen thee rising high  
O'er book and paper I bend  
Thou didst appear, o mournful friend

[Mephistopheles:]  
I am the spirit that ever denies!  
And justly so: for all that is born  
Deserves to be destroyed in scorn  
Therefore 'twere best if nothing were created  
Destruction, sin, wickedness - plainly stated  
All of which you as evil have classified  
That is my element - there I abide

[Manager: ]  
Scatter the stars with a lavish hand  
Water, fire, tavern wall  
Birds and beasts, all within command  
Thus in our narrow booth today  
Creation's ample scope display  
Wander swiftly, observing well  
From the Heavens, to the World, to Hell!

The World of Spirits is not barred to thee!

[Mephistopheles:] "Now then, Faustus. What wouldst  
thou have Mephisto do?"

[Faust:]  
"I charge thee, Mephisto, wait upon me while I live... to  
do whatever Faustus shall command. Be it to make the  
moon drop from outer sphere, or the ocean to  
overwhelm the world. Go bear these tidings to great  
Lucifer: say he surrenders up his soul. So that he shall  
spare him four and twenty years, letting him live in all  
voluptuousness, having thee ever to attend on me. To  
give me whatsoever I shall ask."

[Mephistopheles:] "I will."

[Faust:]

Sublime spirit, thou hast given me all  
All for which I besought thee, not in vain  
Didst thou reveal thy countenance in the fire  
Thou hast given me Nature for a kingdom  
With the power to enjoy and feel  
Only a visit of chilling bewilderment  
Thou [then me?] bringest all the living creatures  
And taught me to know my brothers in the Air  
In the deep waters and in the silent coverts  
When through the forest the storm rages  
Uprooting the giant pines which in their fall  
Crushing, drag down neighboring boughs and trunks  
Whose [growingly?] hollow thunder shake the hills  
Then thou dost lead me to a sheltering cave  
And revealest me to myself and layest bare  
The deep mysterious miracle of my Nature  
And when the pure moon rises into sight  
Soothingly above me, then about me hover  
Creeping from rocky walls and dewy thickets  
Silver shadows, phantoms of a bygone world  
Which allay the austere joy of meditation

Now fully do I realize that Man  
Can never possess perfection  
With this ecstasy which brings me near and nearer  
To the Gods

[Margarete: ]

My mother the harlot put me to death  
My father the scoundrel ate my flesh  
My dear little sister laid all my bones  
In a dark shaded place under the stones  
Then I changed into a wood-bird  
Fluttering away  
Fly away

[Mephistopheles:]

Mankind, that foolish Cosmos  
Always acts as incomplete  
He thought himself to Be  
I am part of that part which was the Absolute  
A part of that Darkness which gave birth to Light  
The arrogant Light which would dispute  
Ancient rank of Mother Night  
Therefore I hope it won't be long before  
With matter it shall perish evermore!

[Manager: ]  
Scatter the stars with a lavish hand  
Water, fire, tavern wall  
Birds and beasts, all within command  
Thus in our narrow booth today  
Creation's ample scope display  
Wander swiftly, observing well  
From the Heavens to the World

The World of Spirits is not barred to thee!

[Faust:] "So, still I seek the force, the reason governing  
life's flow, and not just its external show."

[Mephistopheles:] "The governing force? The reason?  
Some things cannot be known; they are beyond your  
reach even when shown."

[Faust:] "Why should that be so?"

[Mephistopheles:] "They lie outside the boundaries that  
words can address; and man can only grasp those  
thoughts which language can express."

[Faust:] "What? Do you mean that words are greater  
yet than man?"

[Mephistopheles:] "Indeed they are."

[Faust:] "Then what of longing? Affection, pain or  
grief? I can't describe these, yet I know they are in my  
breast. What are they?"

[Mephistopheles:] "Without substance, as mist is."

[Faust:] "In that case man is only air as well!"

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