

Phantom Of The Opera "Chandelier Crash"

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Here the sire may serve the dam, here the master
takes his meat!
Here the sacrificial lamb utters one despairing bleat!

Poor young maiden! For the thrill on your tongue of
stolen sweets
you will have to pay the bill - tangled in the winding
sheets!

Serve the meal and serve the maid!
Serve the master so that, when tables, plans and maids
are laid,
Don Juan triumphs once again!
Passarino, faithful friend, once again recite the plan.

Your young guest believes I'm you -
I, the master, you, the man
When you met you wore my cloak, with my scarf you
hid your face.
She believes she dines with me, in her master's
borrowed place!
Furtively, we'll scoff and quaff, stealing what, in truth,
is mine.
When it's late and modesty starts to mellow, with the
wine ...
You come home! I use your voice - slam the door like
crack of doom!
I shall say: "come - hide with me!
Where, oh, where? Of course - my room!"

Poor thing hasn't got a chance!

Here's my hat, my cloak and sword.
Conquest is assured, if I do not forget myself and
laugh ...

"... no thoughts within her head, but thoughts of joy!
No dreams within her heart but dreams of love!"

Master?
Passarino - go away!
For the trap is set and waits for its prey ...

You have come here in pursuit of your deepest urge, in
pursuit of
that wish, which till now has been silent, silent ...

I have brought you,
that our passions may fuse and merge -
in your mind you've already succumbed to me
dropped all defences completely succumbed to me -
now you are here with me: no second thoughts,
you've decided, decided ...

Past the point of no return -
no backward glances:
the games we've played till now are at an end ...
Past all thought of "if" or "when" -
no use resisting: abandon thought, and let the dream
descend ...

What raging fire shall flood the soul?
What rich desire unlocks its door?
What sweet seduction lies before us ...?

Past the point of no return,
the final threshold - what warm, unspoken secrets will
we learn?
Beyond the point of no return ...

You have brought me to that moment where words run
dry,
to that moment where speech disappears into silence,
silence ...

I have come here, hardly knowing
the reason why ...
In my mind,
I've already imagined our bodies entwining
defenceless and silent - and now I am here with you: no
second thoughts,

I've decided, decided ...

Past the point of no return -
no going back now:
our passion-play has now, at last, begun ...
Past all thought of right or wrong -
one final question: how long should we two wait, before
we're one ...?

When will the blood begin to race the sleeping bud
burst into bloom?
When will the flames, at last, consume us ...?

Past the point of no return the final threshold -
the bridge is crossed, so stand and watch it burn ...
We've passed the point of no return ...

Say you'll share with me one love, one lifetime ...
Lead me, save me from my solitude ...
Say you want me with you, here beside you ...
Anywhere you go let me go too -
Christine that's all I ask of ...
What is it? What has happened? Ubaldo!
Oh, my God ... my God ...
We're ruined, Andre - ruined!

Monsieur le Vicomte! Come with me!

Oh, my darling, my darling ... who has done this ...?
You! Why did you let this happen?
Monsieur le Vicomte, I know where they are.
But can I trust you?
You must. But remember: your hand at the level of your
eyes
But why ...?
Why? The Punjab lasso, monsieur. First Buquet.
Now Piangi.
Like this, monsieur. I'll come with you.
No, Meg! No, you stay here!
Come with me, monsieur. Hurry, or we shall be too late
...

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