

## Phantom Of The Opera

### "The Point of No Return"

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DON JUAN (PHANTOM - behind the curtain)  
Passarino - go away!  
For the trap is set and waits for its prey . . .  
(PASSARINO leaves. CHRISTINE (AMINTA) enters. She  
takes off her cloak and sits down. Looks about her. No-  
one. She starts on an apple. The PHANTOM, disguised  
as  
DON JUAN pretending to  
be PASSARINO, emerges. He now wears PASSARINO's  
robe, the cowl of which hides his face. His first words  
startle her)  
DON JUAN (PHANTOM)  
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 . . .  
AMINTA (CHRISTINE)  
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 . . .?

BOTH

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 . . .

(By now the audience and the POLICE have realised that SIGNOR PIANGI is dead behind the curtain, and it is the PHANTOM who sings in his place. CHRISTINE knows it too. As final confirmation, the PHANTOM sings):

PHANTOM

Say you'll share with  
me one  
love, one lifetime . . .  
Lead me, save me  
from my solitude . . .

(He takes from his finger a ring and holds it out to her. Slowly she takes it and puts it on her finger.)

Say you want me  
with you,  
here beside you . . .

Anywhere you go  
let me go too -

Christine  
that's all I ask of . . .

(We never reach the word 'you', for CHRISTINE quite calmly reveals the PHANTOM'S face to the audience. As the FORCES OF LAW close in on the horrifying skull, the PHANTOM sweeps his cloak around her and vanishes.)

MEG pulls the curtain upstage, revealing PIANGI'S body garotted, propped against the bed, his head gruesomely tilted to one side. She screams.)

TRANSFORMATION TO:

REVERSE VIEW OF THE STAGE

(POLICE, STAGEHANDS, etc. rush onto the stage in confusion. Also: ANDRE, FIRMIN, RAOUL, GIRY, CARLOTTA and MEG)

CARLOTTA

What is it? What has happened? Ubaldo!  
ANDRE  
Oh, my God . . . my God . . .  
FIRMIN  
We're ruined, Andre - ruined!  
GIRY (to RAOUL)  
Monsieur le Vicomte! Come with me!  
CARLOTTA (rushing over to PIANGI's body)  
Oh, my darling, my darling . . . who has done  
this ...?  
(hysterical, attacking ANDRE)  
You! Why did you let this happen?  
(She breaks down, as PIANGI's body is carried off on a  
stretcher)  
GIRY  
Monsieur le Vicomte, I know where they are.  
RAOUL  
But can I trust you?  
GIRY  
You must. But remember: your hand at the level of  
your eyes!  
RAOUL  
But why . . .?  
GIRY  
Why? The Punjab lasso, monsieur. First Buquet.  
Now Piangi.  
MEG (holding up her hand)  
Like this, monsieur. I'll come with you.  
GIRY  
No, Meg! No, you stay here!  
(to RAOUL)  
Come with me, monsieur. Hurry, or we shall be too  
late . .

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