

Theatre Of Tragedy "And Then He Falleth"

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"Be my kin free fro carnal sin,
Bride the thoughts of Master."

"There hath past away a glore fro the Earth;
A glore that in the hearts and minds of men,
Men demented - blindfolded by light,
Hourisheth as weed in their well-groom'd garihs."

"Might I too was blindfolded ere,
Tho' years have master'd me
A masque of this to fashion:
Seer blest, thou best philosopher!"

"Tis the Divine Comedy -
The fool and the mocking court:
Fool, kneel now, and ring thy bells!:
We hold the Earth to heaven away."

"The quality of mercy and absolution,
Whence cometh such qualities?
Build thyself a mirror in which
Solely wanton images of thy desire appear!"

"Tis is Divine Tragedy -
The fool and the rocking court:
Fool, kneel now, and ring thy bells!:
Make us guffaw at thy futile follies,
Yet for our blunders - Oh, in shame;
Earth beareth no balm for mistakes -
We hold the Earth to Hell away."

- That cross you wear around your neck;
is it only a decoration, or are you a true Christian
believer?
- Yes, I believe - truly
- Then I want you to remove it at once!
And never to wear it within this castle again!
Do you know how a falcon is trained my dear?
Her eyes are sown shut. Blinded temporarily
she suffers the whims of her God patiently,
until her will is submerged and she learns to serve -
as your God taught and blinded you with crosses.

- You had me take off my cross because it offended...
- It offended no-one. No - it simply appears
to me to be discourteous to... to wear
the symbol of a deity long dead.
My ancestors tried to find it. And to open
the door that separates us from our Creator.
- But you need no doors to find God. If you believe...
- Believe?! If you believe you are gullible.
Can you look around this world and believe
in the goodness of a god who rules it?
Famine, Pestilence, War, Disease and Death!
They rule this world.
- There is also love and life and hope.
- Very little hope I assure you. No.
If a god of love and life ever did exist...
he is long since dead.
Someone... something rules in his place.

"Believe? In a deity long dead? -
I would rather be a pagan suckled in creeds outworn;
With faartytales fill'd up in head:
Thoughts of the Book stillborn."

"Shadow of annoyance -
Ne'er come hither
...And then He falleth,
He falleth like Lucifer
Ne'er to ascend again..."

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