Mephisto

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As madmen, some hung head down
From a long-dead tree
Some discuss, all at once
For no one to hear
Variations on emptiness
Great themes on vain glory
And as some go feral in strange performances
Dressing customs that are metaphors
Of your disease
Hungry eyes are looking for Me...Mephisto
Laughing, I feed you
With meaningless games, tricks and philopsophies
Whose answers you would die for
In your hunger to believe
How it does amuse Me
And makes Me wonder
For how long that it was Mine
Because now it does realy inflame Me
As if ignorance was my secret desire...Mephisto
I am an angel who dresses in red
Riding above you, etching fire rings
I have learned to fly
Don't you remember?
While you still have not come down
From you long-dead tree
I can teach you wonders if you give me your soul
Marves and wild dreams can be yours
I can teach you how iron turn to gold
And how life can grow so old
But I am a demon who dresses in red
And I do not hope you will understand...Mephisto

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