

Prologue

Andrew Lloyd Webber

Phantasma, city of wonders
Mr. Y presents marvelous astonishment
Human prodigies
'The Ooh La La Girls', five performances daily
Christine Daa, the soprano of the century
Gone, all gone Yes, there's nothing left, nothing but ghosts
But I knew you'd come back, Madame Giry
You, you're still here
Of course we're still here
The freaks, the monstrous, the bizarre Where else could we exist but here
And after the tragedy
After the master disappeared with the child
After the fire that consumed everything
His dream, our dream
Remember how it was, remember? Coney Isle, glistening and glimmering
Rising bright, drenched with light
See it smile, beckon and shimmering
All agleam like a dream Every fantasy set free
Sodom rising by the sea Coney Isle, miracle on miracle
Speed and sound all around
Mile by mile, loud and lewd and lyrical
Thrill on thrill, never still All America was there
Beggar next to billionaire In they came
Chasing sensation and romance
Eyes aflame
Desperate for pleasures yet unknown Night and day
Pouring in by the hundreds of thousands
Swept away
As their every desire was made real

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