

Magna Of Illusion

Blue Oyster Cult

Cornwall and the harbor
Where witches went mad more than once
And until this day in dreams at least
The lighthouse at Lost Christabel Squat and hugely tilts upon the strand
Where Granddad's house was built
And having stood the test of time
The starry gale the bloody tide Granddad's house though gaped with hooks
And filled with books
Could stand no more until a certain prophecy
Once read now stood, before the world fulfilled Now of these books in Granddad's keep
Some of them were new but mostly they were old
And the oldest was a scroll, a prophecy that read
When the riddle begins the story will end August, the First 1892 and in the guise of destiny
Granddad quit Cornwall, "I'm a captain of a ship
My ship is charmed and called Plutonia"
Stories on land, storms at sea 'tween 1892 and '93
When Granddad sailed for Mexico Ships charmed and ordinary
Sailed the glide path to the sun
And when the sun proved false
As it always does
Some of them would be lost
And some would sail back home It was no star but a magna of illusion
I mean by that, the mirror found
In the chamber of jade
Grown like a seed, deep within the ground The mirror found by one man
So on and off again
He sailed the Europe's rim
On and off, off and on
Until his time had come Through tears and smiles, the last domain
The rods of broken crystal
On and off and off again until his time had come
Late to the story that had been
But early to the riddle not yet begun August, the First 1893
The charmed ship Plutonia
Sailed like a ray into Cornwall
And none too soon it seems That night the Captain's granddaughter
Would celebrate her birthday
"I've come a long way", said the Captain
"From Lost Christabel this night" "Accompanied by my dog familiar

To blast your rafters with my surprise
Granddaughter, it's a foreign mirror
Taken from the jungle by crime"Stories on land, storms at sea
'Tween 1892 and '93
When Granddad sailed for MexicoWhen tables collapse
And floors have filled
And the party's over, it's all over
Sea-dogs and rockers will dwell on doomI've warped the stuff of ground
What seems to be is not
Behind closed eyes
Realize your sightMine, granddaughter, proves a surprise
More light than sun
More dark than night
Then more a snare than lust

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