

## Magna of Illusion

Blue Öyster 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 grandad's house was built  
And having stood the test of time  
The starry gale the bloody tide  
Grandad'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 grandad'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  
Grandad 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 grandad sailed for mexico

Ships charmed and ordinary  
Sailed the glidepath 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 grandad sailed for mexico

When tables collapse  
And floors have filled  
And the party's over, it's all over  
Sea-dogs and rockers will dwell on doom  
I've warped the stuff of ground  
What seems to be is not  
Behind closed eyes  
Realize your sight  
Mine, granddaughter, proves a surprise  
More light than sun  
More dark than night then  
More a snare than lust