

Workshop of the Telescopes

Blue Öyster Cult

By silverfish imperetrix, whose incorrupted eye
Sees through the charms of doctors and their wives
By salamander, drake, and the power that was undine
Rise to claim Saturn, ring and sky
By those who see with their eyes close
They know me by my black telescope

Your green tree mantle from which these things derive
A lens of quartz and refract spoke that crystal lens
Whose crystal rope once bound me to those
Doctors and wives

When my vision was oh, so cloudy
And I saw things through two eyes
I am a sailor on the raging depths
And I know a thing or two
Back to the corner mates and over the side
Yes I know a thing or two

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Before my great conversion when the ridge was closed
Before my visit to the workshop of telescopes

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