

Genuine, a fantastic revue

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In the living-room a man on a sofa is laying
Two strangers at the door and one is knocking
The man stands and opens the great wooden door
The one who knows the host tells the other visitor

An old man with top hat and a dark walking stick
Gets through the wooden door and says without a trick
I want to buy the portrait of this old heroine
I'll never sell this one not even to a king

since he finished his last work
Percy's gone wild and casts strange lurks
Like a mad man who went too far
His oil is the cause let's take it afar

come back tomorrow says the painter's friend
Sir, maybe tomorrow in a sale it'll end
tonight, we'll try to make his mind change
and off with the oil, Sir, thou might get a chance

since he finished his last work
Percy's gone wild and casts strange lurks
Like a mad man who went too far
His oil is the cause let's take it afar

All eve long young ones tried to convince him
To let the old man by this sale enrich him
The talks are loud and words are high
Nothing to do but leave him tonight

All alone the painter stares at his work
There's a woman face with dark and long hair
Percy takes a book and reads it aloud
beautiful & perverse, Genuine a slave was made
Priestess of mysteries bought by a strange old man
He falls asleep and the portrait comes alive
And dressed with black ribbons lays by his side