

As madmen, some hung head down  
From a long-dead tree  
Some discuss, all at once  
For no one to hear  
Variations on emptiness  
Great themes on vain glory  
And as some go feral in strange performances  
Dressing customs that are metaphors  
Of your disease  
Hungry eyes are looking for Me...Mephisto  
Laughing, I feed you  
With meaningless games, tricks and philosophies  
Whose answers you would die for  
In your hunger to believe  
How it does amuse Me  
And makes Me wonder  
For how long that it was Mine  
Because now it does really inflame Me  
As if ignorance was my secret desire...Mephisto  
I am an angel who dresses in red  
Riding above you, etching fire rings  
I have learned to fly  
Don't you remember?  
While you still have not come down  
From you long-dead tree  
I can teach you wonders if you give me your soul  
Marves and wild dreams can be yours  
I can teach you how iron turn to gold  
And how life can grow so old  
But I am a demon who dresses in red  
And I do not hope you will understand...Mephisto