

Gypsies:

[thunderbolt sounds]

(The secrets of human life)
(savage earth)

(strained and shuddered)

(like an echo)

[thunderbolt sounds]

(from dream to nightmare)

(What if you could see forever)
Until now.

If it can be done...

Until now.

(There was once a man)

Until it was too late...

Lightning split the sky
And loosed the secrets of heaven

Like a slave
The object of two years work
shuddered and strained upon
the stained pallet, then, slowly
opened its yellow eyes.

Blackened lips cracked and parted
and drew in its first breath.
A giant hand, misshapen,
cover with scars and grafts,
reached outward.
Victor recoiled...and ran.

He had wanted to create beauty...
and blinded himself to the grotesque
patchwork of death before him.

He had wanted to bring the gift of life
to all...

This he believed.

He had wielded his scalpel

on the grand altar of science,

turning his back to the consequences...

Like a bullwhip taming the wild beast

(but not a slave)

(empty)
(endless)

[inhale]

[inhaled gasp]

(from triumph to failure)

(and blinded himself)

Until now.

then it must be tried!

Until now.

(Are you afraid of thunder?)
(Of light?)

Until it was too late...