

## 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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