



THE TRAGICAL LIFE OF FAUST

BY

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FRONT COVER **Faust's dream** BY August von Kreling

PREFACE

AH WHAT WASTEFUL TIME IN STUDY SPENT
FROM YOUTH THROUGH AGES IN BOOKS WELL
KEPT GNOSIS THE GOAL WHAT FOOLISH QUEST
DROSS AND TRASH IS ALL TO FIND IN SUCH
FOOLS QUEST TO KNOW ONE CANT KNOW IS ALL
ONE FINDS BETTER TO PULL ONES COCK THAN
COGITATOR BE PULLING NOT BOOKS WILL SET
YOU FREE
A LIFE OF STUDY IS A GREAT TRAGEDY

Day rises bright and fair
Sun warmish warms the morning air
No flower blooms in my dusty room
A candle lone lights the musty gloom
Alone in my messy house
No one to see but the brownish mouse
Come all ye who will learn
Of weighty knowledge who yearn
From morn of youth
To twilight years
In search of gnosis I labored on
Like some knight in grails quest
I set my life upon
I built my mind a mighty pleasure dome
With books and poetry to protect me
Wherein at ease I did dwell
My mind amongst weighty tomes roamed carefree
I dare do tell
Around the dome set busts of philosopher all
From ages past to times of new they where ensconced in the hall
On tables every ology and isms from every age

Jumbled together Egyptian Greek
From Persian magi to Chinese sage
And long roles of philosophers chatterings
To ponder those turgid scrolls
In long and solitary musings
To unknot the web of words sent the mind juice into froth
Destroyed those tender cells turned it into broth
Irritating the brute brain
Confused the neuron and synaptic links
Made havoc of those fragile nerves
And caused the mind intolerable pain
All collapsed into absurdities void
In untangling the web of words
My mind was bound and knotted
The systems fell apart like moldy cheese
A mind imprisoned in their absurdities
They are rotten for all to see
The myths of science and philosophies fairytales
Bind the mind in their sophistries
No garden full of flowering blooms
My dome became full of flowering weeds
Myriad varieties of mold to canker the mind
Stinking up the many rooms

To follow knowledge like a guiding star
One confronts the limits of human thought
Absurdities tangle the mind as gnosis is sought
Knowledge is as hollow as a gaping jar
In knowledge's quest is much grief
In knowledge's quest from much sorrow there is no relief
In knowledge quest there is only vexation and weariness of the flesh
Words deceive and turn the mind to the unreal
They tangle and knot and don't reveal
To know is to know one cannot know
To see without seeing
To know without knowing to the core of one's being
From my morn of youth
To the present now
I have sapped the freshness of my strength
A life of nothing but dross and dearth
From now nothing back to my birth
From now nothing until under the earth
In quest of gnosis a life time's folly
Bewitched by words from birth
All around is emptiness I have found
Interdependent co-existent emptiness all around
Wait what is this that peeks between these time worn tomes

Hast they been smuggled in or carelessly placed twict these yellow pages

Some tawdry Dean profaning the bile of past ages

His languorous words I have before not seen

Dame vex not my mind

With thy sleazy slime

Dame vex not my mind

With thy words sublime

These word webs flood my mind with ecstasy

Spasms twitch and ripple my senses

Through nerves rushing to the bell end of me

The sun shut out hides its face

My candle flutters

Shadows on walls dance

Around halls swirl and fall

My mind reels

What is this my bell end feels

Dean thou summons up perturbation of the knob

Conjuring sensation Dean thou my sense doth rob

Ah my yearning flesh doth desire

Dean thy machinations raise the blood

Veins pulse lust through them flood

Oh I have suffered long lonely years with these dusty books

My mind full of dross I poor fool

My sap drained to head from tool
 Deans word magic conjures up sensations fast and free
 To cleans the cobwebs from my mind to see
 Awaken my flesh from drowsy sleep
 Sets aflame my limbs and tool to weep
 Gnosis stand forth a barren path
 A false image to lead astray into morbid dreams
 But ah what profligate image is this that dean submits
 To tease the knob from his book wisely writ

Great bearded beast

Queen of yonies dames

Royal beast black-bearded beast in thy prodigious mane

From ares to navel thy shaggy jungle sprawls

Covering in tangled mesh thy mysteries sight

Cunny coynt cunt clam what lies neath that bushy beast

Matted tendrils twain r like some great birds nest

Neath thy darkly forest perfumes seep on the breeze

Moist musky humid mist forms in thy tangles mesh

What hidden rivers run gush thy heated cum

What cannibal rites throb in those darkly depths

Tom toms beat the primal drums

Whirling swirling savage dance with in thy mesh all humans prance

Luxuriant growth

Succulent lush

Luscious overgrowth

Matted and plush

Great bearded beast on me feast

In thy depths Lost for ever lost

Ahh along pathless ways through grottoes fragrant with sudden bloom

Great bearded beast of all the beast to thou I know thou

Worship thee the best

Ahhhh open thy mesh reveal thy face burn up my soul with thy grace

I read these words in the candle night,

My mind doth long to sore

Amongst the girlies with cunts so tight,

For ever ever more.

Oh!- I sighed-

And how I cried

The sap stirs in me,

And makes my mind run free,

Where cunt holes gape and girlies dance,

Beneath the sylvan tress.

By thy art Dean thou hast enflamed desire

The tools eye would pour out its seed

The blood rushes to my cheeks

Oh thou dash out the pain I have suffered

Don't still thy hand for thy magic eases my brain

Thou frees my mind of its hackneyed thoughts

Gnosis is but a phantasm thy words are real

Oh Dean don't still thy hand and more reveal

Cunt coynt twat fanny clam

Either witch her scent doth send me mad

Sweaty moisty

Fragrant smells from her cleft upwell

Fish smelly sardine can-like

Musky acrid stale or arm pit-like

Unwashed

Ammonia wee pissy like

Hot sultry day like

O'er worked sweaty night like

Girl scent either witch I doth like

The fragrance on the breeze doth stir me

Lift up my tool to passions height

Bald hairy puffy or tight

Sweaty smells cast their languid spell

O'er me enchant

I doth pant

Cunt coynt twat fanny clam

Enthralled by the scent of a girl I am

In the darkly room

In the candle light

As thy wizardry words chased the dross away,

My eyes- they shone so bright,

Pure pools of lust, mirroring her cunt,

Shimmering in the candle light.

My cock doth bloom,

Like a rose in June.

My cock doth bloom

With deep passions hue

My cock doth bloom in the candle light

A bright red knob throbbing in the sight of cunt.

For ages long I hast neglected fleshy ends

By deadening my mind with wordy trash

Gnosis o'er prized up the garden path led

Mark this of this path is perfidity

Dean thy images are thunderclaps

Plunging my mind into lusts tempest

These foul books who for ages long kept me from the delights of flesh

Away foul trash thou art but empty words a cobwebs mesh

Oh lewd Dean sing forth thy words I pray thee again

My mind on thy images is enamour'd

My tool is enthralled by thy wizardry

Lustful drives doth perforce stir me

In thy books I swear a conjurer art thee

Oh I must confess that I have read not enough

Deans thoughts have let loose my desires

In dusty books my mind did lose

Ah in Deans book my cocks on fire

Rise ruby headed knob

Drip thy loves cream o'er me and send to some heavenly isle

Swell out the girth and throb

Ah my hand grabs thee

Hairless beauty no fuss doth warm thy eatable flesh

And along the length doth rub

Rub rub tug

My mighty tool like lute I thrum

Ah the veins blue like lace work circle the girth

Great elongated slit quivering lips

From balls to tool the sap doth rise

Jiggling balls froth up the sap

Searing hot the balls do slap

Anemone mouth reflected light dazzles in thy wet jade-like pout

Ah hold back and raise my lap

The goo sticky hot busts from my burning cock

Splattering white o'er desk and books like gleaming frost

My mind dissolves in white like light

Muscles do melt in ecstasies bite

The wasted ages spent in gnosis quest

No pleasure just pain suffering again and again

Oh to pull ones tool that is the game

To sleep when tied

To fuck when desired

To desire a man should yearn

And all his books to the pyre should burn

In Study my youth and ages wasteful

All that is needed is to thy cock do grab and plentiful pull

No cogitator thee but masturbator be

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