



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 dont reveal  
To know is to know one cannot know  
To see without seeing  
To know with out knowing to the core of ones 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 times 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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