

King Crimson, The Batle Of Glass Tears

Night enfolds her cloak of holes
Around the river meadow.
Old moon-light stalks by broken ploughs
Hides spokeless wheels in shadows.
Sentries lean on thorn wood spears
Blow on their hands, stare eastwards.
Burnt with dream and taut with fear
Dawn's misty shawl upon them.
Three hills apart great armies stir
Spit oath and curse as day breaks
Forming lines of horse and steel
By even yards march forward.