## 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.