

# King Crimson, The Letters

With quill and silver knife  
She carved a poison pen  
Wrote to her lover's wife:  
"Your husband's seed has fed my flesh."

As if a leper's face  
That tainted letter graced  
The wife with choke-stone throat  
Ran to the day with tear-blind eyes.

Impaled on nails of ice  
And raked with emerald fire  
The wife with soul of snow  
With steady hands begins to write:

"I'm still, I need no life  
To serve on boys and men  
What's mine was yours is dead  
I take my leave of mortal flesh"