

# The Doors, The Palace Of Exile

For seven years I dwelt  
In the loose palace of exile,  
Playing strange games  
With the girls of the island.  
Now I have come again  
To the land of the fair, & the strong, & the wise.  
Brothers & sisters of the pale forest  
O children of Night  
Who among you will run with the hunt?  
Now Night arrives with her purple legion.  
Retire now to your tents & to your dreams.  
Tomorrow we enter the town of my birth.  
I want to be ready