

# King Crimson, In The Wake Of Poseidon

Plato's spawn cold ivy'd eyes  
Snare truth in bone and globe.  
Harlequins coin pointless games  
Sneer jokes in parrot's robe.  
Two women weep, Dame Scarlet Screen  
Sheds sudden theatre rain,  
Whilst dark in dream the Midnight Queen  
Knows every human pain.

In air, fire, earth and water  
World on the scales.  
Air, fire, earth and water  
Balance of change  
World on the scales  
On the scales.

Bishop's kings spin judgement's blade  
Scratch "Faith" on nameless graves.  
Harvest hags Hoard ash and sand  
Rack rope and chain for slaves  
Who fireside fear fermented words  
Then rear to spoil the feast;  
Whilst in the aisle the mad man smiles  
To him it matters least.

Heroes hands drain stones for blood  
To whet the scaling knife.  
Magi blind with visions light  
Net death in dread of life.  
Their children kneel in Jesus till  
They learn the price of nails;  
Whilst all around our mother earth  
Waits balanced on the scales.