

Marillion, Emerald Lies

(Dick/Kelly/Mosley/Rothery/Trewavas)

To be the prince of possession in the gallery of contempt
Suffering your indiscreet discretions and you ask me to relent
As you accumulate flirtations with the calculated calmness of the whore
I am the harlequin - diamonded costume dripping shades of green
I am the harlequin - sense strangers violate my sanctuary
Prowl my dreams
Plundering your diaries, I'll steal your thoughts innocence
Ravaging your letters, unearth your plots innocence
To don the robes of Torquemada, resurrect the inquisition
In that tortured subtle manner inflict questions within questions
Looking in shades of green through shades of blue
I trust you trust in me to mistrust you

Through the Silk Cut haze to the smeared mascara
A 40 watt sun on a courtroom drama
And the coffee stains gather till the pale kimono
Set the wedding rings dancing on the cold linoleum

And accusations moths that circle on the light
Char their wings and spiral senseless suicidal flight
You packed your world within a suitcase, hot tears melt this icy palace
Dissolve a crystal swallowed by the night
Looking in shades of green through shades of blue
Looking in shades of green through shades of blue