

Emerald Lies

Marillion

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 and they're my dreams Plundering your diaries
I'll steal your thoughts
Ravaging your letters
Unearth your plots Innocence, innocence
Innocence, innocence To don the robes of Torquemada
Resurrect the inquisition
In that tortured subtle manner
Inflict questions within 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 forty-watt sun
On a courtroom drama And the coffee stains
Gather till the pale kimono
Set the wedding rings
Dancing on the cold linoleum This is innocence And accusation's moths
That circle around the light
They char their wings
In spiral senseless suicidal flight You packed your world within a suitcase
Hot tears melt this icy palace
And 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
These shades of blue

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