

Emerald Lies (Intro) [Live at Utrecht 1985]

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 (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 theyâ€™re my dreams (theyâ€™re my dreams)

Plundering your diaries, I'll steal your thoughts (thoughts)
Ravaging your letters, unearth your plots
Innocence (what a surprise), innocence (what a surprise)
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 40 watt sun on a courtroom drama

And the coffee stains gather till the pale kimono
Sets the wedding rings dancing on the cold linoleum

This is innocence

And accusations, moths that circle on the light
They char their wings and 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 (of blue)
This is innocence

Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo