

The Court of the Crimson King

King Crimson

The dance of the puppets
The rusted chains of prison moons
Are shattered by the sun
I walk a road, horizons change
The tournament's begunThe purple piper plays his tune
The choir softly sing
Three lullabies in an ancient tongue
For the court of the Crimson KingThe keeper of the city keys
Put shutters on the dreams
I wait outside the pilgrim's door
With insufficient schemesThe black queen chants, the funeral march
The cracked brass bells will ring
To summon back the fire witch
To the court of the Crimson KingThe gardener plants an evergreen
Whilst trampling on a flower
I chase the wind of a prism ship
To taste the sweet and sourThe pattern juggler lifts his hand
The orchestra begin
As slowly turns the grinding wheel
In the court of the Crimson KingOn soft gray mornings widows cry
The wise men share a joke
I run to grasp divining signs
To satisfy the hoaxThe yellow jester does not play
But gentle pulls the strings
And smiles as the puppets dance
In the court of the Crimson King

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