

# 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  
Unearth your plots  
Ravaging your letters  
I'll steal your thoughts 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