

(Fish / Marillion)

To be the prince of possession in the gallery of contempt
Suffering your indiscrete 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

My dreams, and they're my dreams, they're my dreams

Plundering your diaries, I'll steal your thoughts.

Ravaging your letters, unearth your plots.

Innocence

What a surprise,

Innocence,

What a surprise

Innocence

Innocence

To don the robes of torquemada resurrect the inquisitions.

And 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.

And accusation