

# The Court of the Crimson King

Greg Lake

The rusted chains of prison moons  
Are shattered by the sun.  
I walk a road, horizons change  
The tournaments begun.  
The purple piper plays his tune,  
The choir softly sing;  
Three lullabies in an ancient tongue,  
For the court of the crimson king.

The keeper of the city keys  
Put shutters on the dreams.  
I wait outside the pilgrims door  
With insufficient schemes.  
The black queen chants  
The funeral march,  
The cracked brass bells will ring;  
To summon back the fire witch  
To the court of the crimson king.

The gardener plants an evergreen  
Whilst trampling on a flower.  
I chase the wind of a prism ship  
To taste the sweet and sour.  
The pattern juggler lifts his hand;  
The orchestra begin.  
As slowly turns the grinding wheel  
In the court of the crimson king.

On soft gray mornings widows cry  
The wise men share a joke;  
I run to grasp divining signs  
To satisfy the hoax.  
The yellow jester does not play  
But gently pulls the strings  
And smiles as the puppets dance  
In the court of the crimson king.