

## Inner Garden II

King Crimson

Rome now comes to sit  
in her garden  
mingling the breeze with memories  
of a time when  
there was a room in pale yellow hues  
her room with a view  
where love made a bed of happiness  
in muslin and lace  
sweet is the voice from far away  
that speaks sotto voce and  
is lingering there in the golden air  
to quiet the day.