

# Fish, Emerald Lies

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  
I am the harlequin, with diamonded costume dripping shades of green  
I am the harlequin, sense strangers violate my sanctuary, prowling my dreams  
Plundering your diaries, I'll steal your thoughts - innocence  
Ravaging your letters, unearth your plots - innocence  
To don the robes of Torquemada, to resurrect the Inquisition  
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's moths that circle around the light  
Char their wings in spiral senseless, suicidal flight  
Pack our 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