

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, prowl 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