

Saxon, Court Of The Crimson King

The rusted chains of prison moons
Are shattered by the sun
I walk a road horizons change
The tournament's begun
The purple piper plays his tune
The choir softly sing
Three lullabies in ancient tongue
For the court of the Crimson King

The keeper of the city keys
Puts shutters on the dreams
I wait outside the pilgrims door
With insufficient schemes
The black queen chants the funeral march
The cracked brass bell 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 chased the wind of a prism ship
To taste the sweet and sour
The pattern juggler lifts his hand
The orchestra begin
I slowly turn the grinding wheel
In the court of the Crimson King

On soft grey 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