

# 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