

Crimson King

"In The Wake Of Poseidon"

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Plato's spawn cold ivy'd eyes

Snare truth in bone and globe.

Harlequins coin pointless games

Sneer jokes in parrot's robe.

Two women weep, Dame Scarlet Screen

Sheds sudden theatre rain,

Whilst dark in dream the Midnight Queen

Knows every human pain.

In air, fire, earth and water

World on the scales.

Air, fire, earth and water

Balance of change

World on the scales

On the scales.

Bishop's kings spin judgement's blade

Scratch "Faith" on nameless graves.

Harvest hags Hoard ash and sand

Rack rope and chain for slaves

Who fireside fear fermented words

Then rear to spoil the feast;

Whilst in the aisle the mad man smiles

To him it matters least.

Heroes hands drain stones for blood

To whet the scaling knife.

Magi blind with visions light

Net death in dread of life.

Their children kneel in Jesus till

They learn the price of nails;

Whilst all around our mother earth

Waits balanced on the scales

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