

Iluvatar

"Emperor's New Clothes"

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Ivory towers, cities of gold,
How many times have we all been told?
Things people look at are not thing at all.
Tell me how can they see, what they don't know at all.

You've all heard the story,
You know how it goes.
Hoe the Emperor bought,
A new set of clothes.

Well now they've rallied around us,
And they've told us some lies.
Some left-handed half-truths and some tall alibis.
They keep talking and talking, until we believe.
It's the art of the Dodger, and the web that he weaves.

You've all heard the story,
So now you know how it goes.
How the powerful sold us,
A new set of clothes.

The world truly marvels
At what is inside.
Not material wealth,
But the essence of pride.

And the sad part about it,
Is that it never ends.
When they all get caught at it,
They just make amends.

The Emperor watched, as his angry court looked on.
The room emptied, it dissolved, and led him to believe
That one day he'd be clothed in a suit of misfortune,
And nothing more, that poor soul,
The powerful were sold, powerful were sold.

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