

The Dance of the Foolish King

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I wrote this for Jareth...

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1 - The Dance of the Foolish King

My memories linger in my eyes
The mirror laughs, my evil twin
The room is silent, music gone
The mask on the table destined to win,

The guests at the party are dancing
You look for her in the crowd
She is in white, you in blue
The music starts, it's way too loud,

You sing her the song I wrote for you
Her confused eyes beg for sanity
The symbol that hangs around your neck
I, in the darkness, speak of your vanity,

She runs from you through your crowd of fools
She's scared of feeling, she's much too young
You watch her go, a flaw in your plans
You say, "Just wait! Things have only begun!"

I, as your mistress, stand waiting in silence
Amused at your stupidity, laugh in you face
Then, as you glare and advance upon me
I slowly fade without a trace.