

# Lucky Man ~ By Emerson, Lake, and Palmer

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I seem to be dating myself. But Here's another Classic tune that paints wonderful pictures in my mind's eye. It's title is deceiving, is he truly lucky? You decide. The Tune is by the group Emerson, Lake, and Palmer.

"Lucky Man"

He had white horses  
and ladies by the score  
all dressed in satin  
and waiting by the door

\*\* Treize strolls the grounds of his estate. Contemplating the events that are unfolding around him. He smells the Roses in his garden as he rejoins the ball going on inside. \*\*

ooo what a lucky man, he was  
ooo what a lucky man, he was

\*\* He takes his ladies hand as he gracefully leads her into a waltz across the floor. \*\*

White lace and feathers  
they made up his bed  
a gold covered mattress  
on which, he was laid

\*\* Everything in his life had to be beautiful. From his Women, to his attire. From his gardens to a weapon in which to duel. \*\*

ooo what a lucky man, he was  
ooo what a luck man, he was

\*\* The war had begun. OZ had taken center stage. He lead both enemy and ally alike in a deadly dance. Then, the game became real, and he questioned his beautiful world that had grown ugly and vile. By his own hand. \*\*

~ Music Break ~

\*\* Along the way, he'd lost control, and the power shifted from his fingers. The world grew uglier still. Humanity itself was being replaced by machines. Cold, heartless, soulless Mobile Dolls. \*\*

He went, to fight Wars.  
For his country and his King.  
Of his honor, and his glory  
the People would sing

\*\* He vowed to bring the beauty back. He joined the battle himself. Leading his loyal followers once again to a certain victory. Towards an Idyllic peace, through combat. They followed him blindly. \*\*

ooo what a lucky man, he was

ooo what a lucky man, he was

\*\* He knew in order to achieve the ultimate beauty, a sacrifice had to be made. He chose his final battlefield. Where a young soldier awaited one last duel. Out of respect, and duty, he chose his final opponent. \*\*

A bullet had found him,  
his blood ran as he cried  
No money could save him  
so he laid down, and he died

\*\* He had lost, as he knew he must. Even his worthy and victorious opponent mourned the loss. Anguished cries escaped many a throat on that dreadful void of a battlefield. \*\*

ooo what a lucky man, he was  
ooo what a lucky man, he was

\*\* At last, he was in his beautiful, perfect world of eternal peace and tranquillity. \*\*

The End.

The Fables spinner's Take on Treize Khusrenada. One of the most, if not the most complex character of the series. I hope you enjoyed it.

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