

Promenade

Emerson, Lake & Palmer

Promenade
Lead me from tortured dreams
Childhood themes of nights alone.
Wipe away endless years,
Childhood tears as dry as stone.
From seeds of confusion,
Illusions dark blossoms have grown.
Even now in furrows of sorrow
The dark still is sown.
My life's course is guided
Decided by limits drawn
On charts of my past ways
And pathways since I was born.

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