

Karn Evil 9: 3rd Impression

Emerson, Lake & Palmer

Man alone; born of stone;
Will stamp the dust of time
His hands strike the flame of his soul;
Ties a rope to a tree and hangs the universe
Until the wind of laughter blows cold.Fear that rattles in men's ears
And rears it's hideous head
Dread death in the windMan of steel pray and kneel
With fever's blazing torch
Thrust into the face of the night;
Draws a blade of compassion
Kissed by countless kings
Whose jeweled trumpet words blind his sight.Walls that no man thought would fall
The altars of the just
Crushed dust in the windNo man yields who flies in my ship
Danger!
Let the bridge computer speak
Stranger!
Load your program. I am yourself.No computer stands in my way
Only blood can cancel my pain
Guardians of a nuclear dawn
Let the maps of war be drawn.Rejoice! glory is ours!
Our young men have not died in vain,
Their graves need no flowers
The tapes have recorded their names.I am all there is
Negative! primitive! limited! I let you live!
But I gave you life
What else could you do?
To do what was right
I'm perfect! are you?

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