

Pictures At an Exhibition

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 doubt still is sown.My life's course is guided

decided by limits drawn

on charts of my past days

and pathways since I was born.The Sage

-----I carry the dust of a journey

that cannot be shaken away

It lives deep within me

For I breathe it every day.You and I are yesterday's answers;

The earth of the past came to flesh,

Eroded by Time's rivers

To the shapes we now possess.Come share of my breath and my substance,

and mingle our stream and our times.

In bright, infinite moments,

Our reasons are lost in our rhymes.The Curse of Baba Yaga

-----Double faces dark defense

Talk too loud but talk no sense

Yeah I see those smiling eyes

Butter us up with smiling liesTalk to creatures raise the dead

Fate you know sure got fed

Trained apart from houses of stone

Whores and hustlers pick the boneThe Great Gates of Kiev

-----Come forth, from love's fire

Born in life's fire,

born in life's fire.

Come forth, from love's fireIn the burning, of our yearning,

for life to be.

And in pain there must be gain,

new life!Stirring in, salty streams

and dark hidden seams

where the fossil sun gleams.They were, sent to the gates

Ride the tides of fate,

ride the tides of fate.

They were, sent to the gatesIn the burning all are yearning,
For life to be. There's no end to my life,
no beginning to my death
Death is life.

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