

# Knife Edge

## Emerson, Lake & Palmer

Just a step cried the sad man  
Take a look down at the madman  
Theatre kings on silver wings  
Fly beyond reason  
From the flight of the seagull  
Come the spread claws of the eagle  
Only fear breaks the silence  
As we all kneel pray for guidance Tread the road cross the abyss  
Take a look down at the madness  
On the streets of the city  
Only spectres still have pity  
Patient queues for the gallows  
Sing the praises of the hallowed  
Our machines feed the furnace  
If they take us they will burn us Will you still know who you are  
When you come to who you are When the flames have their season  
Will you hold to your reason  
Loaded down with your talents  
Can you still keep your balance  
Can you live on a knife-edge

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