

# Pictures At An Exhibition

Emerson, Lake & Palmer

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 dance still is sung.

My life's course is guided  
Decided by limits drawn  
On charts of my past days  
And pathways since I was born.

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.

Doubles faces dark defense  
Talk too loud but talk no sense  
Yeah I see those smiling eyes  
Butter us up with smiling lies

Talk to creatures raise the dead  
Fate you know sure got fed  
Trained apart from houses of stone  
Hour of horses pick the bone

Come forth, from love spire  
Born in life's fire,  
Born in life's fire.  
Come forth, from love's spire

In the burning, all are yearning,  
For life to be.  
And the pain will (must) be gain,  
New life!

Stirring in, salty streams  
And dark hidden seams  
Where the fossil sun gleams.

They were, sent from (to) the gates  
Ride the tides of fate,  
Ride the tides of fate.

They were, sent from (to) the gates

In the burning of our yearning,  
For life to be.

There's no end to my life,  
No beginning to my death  
Death is life!