

## Promenade

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 doubt 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