

## Epitaph (In the Court of the Crimson King)

Greg Lake

The wall on which the prophets wrote  
Is cracking at the seams  
Upon the instruments of death  
The sunlight brightly gleams  
When every man is torn apart  
With nightmares and with dreams,  
Will no one lay the laurel wreath  
As silence drowns the screams

Between the iron gates of fate,  
The seeds of time were sown,  
And watered by the deeds of those  
Who know and who are known;  
Knowledge is a deadly friend  
When no one sets the rules  
The fate of all mankind I see  
Is in the hands of fools

Confusion will be my epitaph  
As I crawl a cracked and broken path  
If we make it we can all sit back and laugh,  
But I fear tomorrow I'll be crying,  
Yes I fear tomorrow I'll be crying