

# Emerson, Lake & Palmer, 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 yesterdays answers  
The earth of the past come to flesh  
Eroded by times rivers  
To the shapes we now possess.

Come share of my breath and my substance  
And mingle our streams and our times  
In bright infinite moments  
Our reasons are lost in our rhymes.