

# King Crimson, Epitaph

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  
When silence drowns the screams

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  
Yes, I fear tomorrow I'll be crying

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  
If no one sets the rules  
The fate of all mankind I see  
Is in the hands of fools

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