

Emerson, Lake & Palmer, Promenade

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 dark 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