

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.