

Crimson King

"Epitaph"

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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.

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.

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

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