

## Emerson, Lake & Palmer

### "Tarkus: VI. Battlefield"

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(Lake)

Clear the battlefield and let me see  
All the profit from our victory.  
You talk of freedom, starving children poor.  
Are you deaf when you hear the season's call?

Were you there to watch the earth be scorched?  
Did you stand beside the spectral torch?  
Know the leaves of sorrow turned their face,  
Scattered on the ashes of disgrace.

Ev'ry blade is sharp; the arrows fly  
Where the victims of your armies lie,  
Where the bladed of brass and arrows rein  
Then there will be very little sorrow,  
Very little pain.

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