

King Crimson - Epitaph

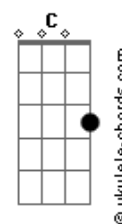
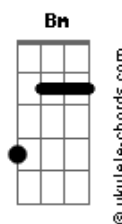
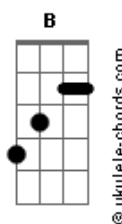
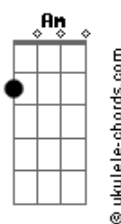
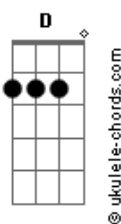
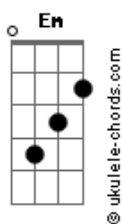
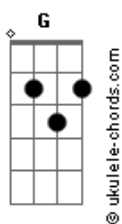
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The wall on which the prophets wrote
 Is cracking at the seams
 Upon the instruments of death
 The sunlight brightly gleams
 When every man is torn apart
 With nightmares and with dreams
 Will no one lay the laurel wreath
 As silence drowns the screams

Confusion will be my epitaph
 As I walk 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

Acordes



Knowledge is a deadly friend
 When no one sets the rules
 The fate of all mankind I see
 Is in the hands of fools

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 Yes I fear tomorrow I'll be crying
 Crying
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