

Dead Can Dance, In The Kingdom Of The Blind T

If it were within our power,
Beyond the reach of slavish pride.
To no longer harbour grievances,
Behind the mask's opportunists facade.
We could welcome the responsibility
Like a long lost friend,
And re-establish the kingdom of laughter
In the dolls house once again.
For time has imprisoned us
In the order of our years,
In the discipline of our ways
And in the passing of momentary stillness
We can view our chaos in motion
And the subsequent collisions of fools
Well versed in the subtle art of slavery.