

# 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.