

# Jim Morrison, A Feast Of Friends

Wow, Im sick of doubt  
Live in the light of certain South  
Cruel bindings  
The servants have the power  
Dog men and their mean women  
Pulling poor blankets over our sailors  
Im sick of dour faces  
Staring at me from the T.V. Tower  
I want roses in my garden bower; dig?  
Royal babies, rubies  
Must now replace aborted  
Strangers in the mud  
These mutants, blood meal  
for the plant thats plowed

They are waiting to take us into the severed garden  
Do you know, how pale and wanton thrillful  
Comes death in a strange hour  
Unannounced, unplanned for  
like a scaring over-friendly guest youve brought to bed  
Death makes angels of us all and gives us wings  
Where we had shoulders, smooth as ravens claws

No more money, no more fancy dress  
This other kingdom seems by far the best  
Until its other jaw reveals incest  
And loose obidience to a vegetable law

I will not go  
Prefer a feast of friends  
To the giant family