

The Church, The Feast

There were many guests at the table
Misfortune, jealousy, and sloth
Acting fine, drink the wine
Spill it on the tablecloth

What a surprise for you to come home to
Look through the eyes that you've grown used to
It's impossible, yes I know
It's too tempting too, I admit
It's unforgivable, but I have nothing to lose

Then when the feast was over
The guests withdrew to the fire
Talking proud, laughing out loud
To pretend, deceive and admire

Rats danced on the Persian rug
The cats fell down drunk in the chair
They reverted again to women and men
If only you had been there