

# 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