

Feast Of Fools

Bruce Cockburn

At the feast of fools
humour can sometimes be cruel
but under certain conditions
you have to forget the rules

At the feast of fools
everybody has a voice
nobody goes to the bottom
except by their own choice

It's time for the silent criers to be held in love
it's time for the ones who dig graves for them to get that final shove
it's time for the horizons of the universe to be glimpsed even
by the faceless kings of corporations
it's time for chaos to win and walk off with the prize which turns out to be nothing.

At the feast of fools
outlaws can all come home
you can wear any disguise you want
but you'll be naked past the bone

At the feast of fools
people's hands weave light
there is a diamond wind
flowering in the darkest night

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It's time for the singers of songs without hope to take a hard look and start from scratch again
It's time for these headlights racing against inescapable dark to be just forgotten
It's time for Harlequin to leap out of the future into the midst of a world of dancers
It's time for us all to stand hushed in the cathedral of silence waiting at the river's end.