

## Doors "A Feast Of Friends"

Visit "[A Feast Of Friends](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Wow, I'm 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

I'm sick of dour faces  
Staring at me from the TV  
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 that's plowed.

They are waiting to take us into  
The severed garden  
Do you know how pale and wanton thrillful  
Comes death on a strange hour  
Unannounced, unplanned for  
Like a scaring over-friendly guest you've  
Brought to bed  
Death makes angels of us all  
And gives us wings  
Where we had shoulders  
Smooth as raven's  
Claws

No more money, no more fancy dress  
This other kingdom seems by far the best  
Until it's other jaw reveals incest  
And loose obedience to a vegetable law.

I will not go  
Prefer a Feast of Friends  
To the Giant Family.

