

Bruce Cockburn

"Feast Of Fools"

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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
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 (a big fat) nothing.
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.

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