

## **Doors, The**

### **"A feast of friends"**

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Artist: The Doors

Title: A feast of friends

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wow, im sick of doubt  
live in the light of certain south, cruel bindings  
the servants have the power  
dogmen and their mean women  
pulling poor blankets over our assailers

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 ploughed

they are waiting to take us into the severed garden  
you know how pale and wanton, thrillful comes death  
in the strange hour  
unannounced, unplanned for  
like a scary over-friendly guest you've brought to bed

death makes angels of us all and gives us wings  
where we had shoulders smooth as ravens' claws

no more money, no more fancy dress  
this other kingdom seems by far the best  
until its other jaw reveals incest  
and loose obedience to a vegetable law

i will not go  
prefer a feast of friends to the giant family

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