

# 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 horizons of the universe to be glimpsed even  
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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.