## The Feast

## The Church

There were many guests at the table Misfortune, jealousy, and sloth Acting fine, drink the wine Spill it on the tablecloth What a surprise for you to come home to Look through the eyes that you've grown used to It's impossible, yes I know It's too tempting too, I admit It's unforgivable, but I have nothing to lose Then when the feast was over The guests withdrew to the fire Talking proud, laughing out loud To pretend, deceive and admire Rats danced on the Persian rug The cats fell down drunk in the chair They reverted again to women and men If only you had been there