

# The Jester's Banquet

## Chalice

One must be remiss when their prospects of bliss  
Will abandon all reason to blend with decay  
A banquet of fools in the lunatic season  
The cards that I've dealt are so vulgar today  
Enchanted with the flow  
I swim these streams  
Of tears  
Once torn apart  
That meet as one  
To dwell beneath the eye in realms of dreams  
And thrive within the shadows of the sun  
It is through this I will drift empty handed  
With a destiny sailing half mast  
This sun, may it set on obscurity yet  
And arise when the now is the past  
I cannot recall why I'm taking a fall  
I'm abandoning reason  
This blend is decay  
I dine with the fools in the lunatic season  
The cards I've been dealt are the cards that I play

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