

At the Jester's Ball

Falconer

I am the prince of hypocrisy
an apostle of the lies.
Do as I say not as I do,
I'm only playing dice.
Hear the works of the prophecy
in my gospel of swarming flies. I am dancing in the waltz
come join in, one and all.
We will all compete at the jester's ball
for a seat at curtain call. In front of the virtuous mirror
blinded men lead the way
onto the altar at the judgement day.
Living in self delusion,
disciples of the deceit.
Self nominated the paragon elite. Play me a tune of ideology
a noble marching song.
Though I am slightly out of key
I'll try to sing along.
The chorus speak of our doomsday
and all the things that it deem wrong.

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