You walk in and light up the room

You've been living
in a looking-glass scene
since you
were seventeen
I can't deny
you've made your mark
with the helicopters
and the occasional oligarch

Brighter and brighter and brighter
you burn
When you're in this mood
there's no return
Life's a gamble
throwing the dice
Every scandal
has its price
Brighter and brighter and brighter
you burn
When you're in this mood
there's no return

Fluorescent Incandescent

At midnight
it's time for business
but who
will bear witness
to your beauty
and your fame?
And how well
you've played the game?

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