

Beauty Is the Beast

Ark

Men have made the a-bombs
Men have made guns
The dreaded torture chambers
And the barbed wire fence
But of all the awful things that
Men did invent
The idea of ideal beauty is worth
The most contempt
And tell me who's a killer?
If we all concider
That emotion runs as deep as flesh
And the idea of ideals
That say what beauty is
Has sentenced so many to death
So, if beauty is your friend
You'd better go deceive it
Beauty is the beast, you better believe it
You're wasting your whole life
If you're trying to achieve it
Beauty is the beast
And you better believe it
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And you better believe it
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Now, who can tell me how
And where to begin
In a world who thinks of ugly
As the cardinal sin
And constantly is talking about the beauty within
But looks up in the cellar everything that is grim
And tell me who's a killer?
If we all concider
That emotion runs as deep as flesh
And the idea of ideals
That say what beauty is
Has sentenced so many to death
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Beauty like a barbed wire fence
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