

# All This Useless Beauty

Lush

It's at times such as this she'd be tempted to spit  
If she wasn't so ladylike  
She imagines how she might have lived back when legends and history collide  
So she looks to her prince finding he's so charmingly slumped at her side  
Those days are recalled on the gallery wall  
And she's waiting for passion or humour to strike

What shall we do, what shall we do with all this useless beauty  
?

Good Friday arrived, the sky darkened on time  
'Til he almost began to negotiate  
She held his head like a baby and said "It's okay if you cry"  
Now he wants her to dress as if you couldn't guess  
He desires to impress his associates  
But he's part ugly beast and Hellenic deceased  
So she finds that the mixture is hard to deny

[Chorus]

She won't practice the looks from the great tragic books  
That were later defaced, disgraced celluloid  
It don't even make sense but you can bet

If she isn't a sweetheart, a plaything or pet  
The film turns her into an unveiled threat  
Nonsense prevails, modesty fails  
Grace and virtue turn into stupidity  
While the calendar fades almost all barricades to a pale compromise  
Our leaders have feasts on the backsides of beasts  
They still think they're the gods of antiquity  
If something you missed didn't even exist  
It was just an ideal  
Is that such a surprise?

[Chorus]