

Beautiful Soul

Pendragon

Perception is without a doubt the strangest of all our animal instincts
Dealt by deception and a shameless ever self promoting hand
Guided by a race that fails to find a foothold of clear understanding
Still you shine
You shine
Still you shine
You shine
But the world's full of fools
Too scared to climb the peaks of the truth
And there's nothing you can do about that
Who's gonna save you? Beautiful soul?
Who's gonna save you? Beautiful soul?
Raising up your golden calf
Human idols of your fixation
Would it hurt so much to accept
The truth of this fraudulent flirtation?
Still you shine
You shine
Still you shine
You shine
The devil's daughter that brings flowers and always sings
But never takes the time with the ones you love
Who's gonna save you? Beautiful soul?
Who's gonna save you? Beautiful soul?
[The world's full of fools
And there's nothing you can do about that]
Rage to the sun
Scream to the wind
Rage to the sun
Scream to the wind
Rage to the sun
Cry to the sky
Rage to the sun
What's done is done
Rage to the sun
All that you want, you stupid freak
Till you tear out your nails and your hair
And that thousand yard stare
Say what you want
No one cares what you think anymore
No one cares
Rage to the sun
Scream to the wind
What's done is done
You're just as screwed up as the rest of us