

## Beautiful

## Wuthering Heights

Haute couture tin soldiers  
All from the same mould  
Ragdoll queens with perfect seams  
But your eyes are cold  
O, your eyes are cold

A fair form with no substance at all  
If not "pushed up" you would instantly fall  
A stranger tale I know not than you  
If not "made up" noone would believe in you

The preachers of perfection  
Tell us to be like you (before it's too late)  
But they can't see the light within us  
Through their designer shades

The peasant will do as his queen will bid  
Unconsciously hoping to wake up in her bed  
Pretends not to see the disgust in her eyes  
That it's all in his head

The preachers of perfection  
Tell us to be like you (before it's too late)  
But I'll never be you  
And it makes you so easy to hate

Your fair feet will walk on water  
I may swim and drown  
The only weight you'll have to carry  
Is the winner's crown  
( 'cause you're beautiful)  
I can't trust your pretty face  
I hate the pity in your eyes  
You know you'll always win the race  
No matter how hard I try  
( 'cause your beautiful)

I can see how through life you play  
Who would do you harm  
But in the dark  
Where your beauty won't light your way  
Know this to be true:  
There I'm stronger than you

You have the "right" of beauty  
To do with the world as you like  
Behold the wellfed one  
At our hunger strike

You were born from beauty  
You'll find a beautiful mate  
To breed more beautiful faces  
While I shall die in noone's arms  
And vanish without any traces

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I may swim and drown

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