

Envy

Wuthering Heights

To overthrow his masters
Always the slave by healthy envy was driven
But is my envy still healthy
When I wish not to inherit the castles they live in

I covet not my neighbour's house
Nor his thralls or his cattle
Only the shield that they are to him
In this battle - of life

The poet looks into the mirror
Sees the signs of human action
You may look in there as well
But only see your own reflection

I envy you each day of bliss
Each lucky spell and divine kiss
That the gods bestowed upon you not me

The pictures they paint; are so utterly faint
But clear enough to stir the envy in all
Selftraining classes for the consuming masses
To make us feel ugly and small
But that envy is a safe ally
Is a lie

I live with ghosts from the past
I live in fear that the next day's the last
I can't keep smiling at your games
While the world is falling down in flames
But make no mistake
I wish I could

I cannot assume ignorance
Of the suffering of man
I cannot pretend pleasure
In walking this scorched land
But make no mistake
I wish that I could

Stormtroopers of stupidity
Manipulating magic
Amazing disgrace of the human race
Sells a paradox fantastic:
That opposed to the so-called blessed
You find though you do not seek
Happiness

Sometimes I even envy your conformity
It's not all happy days in the freakshow
- you know
Everything bestowed upon you not me

The pictures they paint; are so utterly faint
But clear enough to stir the envy in all
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Still - one can dream of a time
When all the lies have been revealed
And then...

The pictures they paint;
With blood shall be stained
The nightmare of dreamfactories
Brought down at last
The outcasts shall be the new incrowd, you see
And their mantras a thing of the past
'Cause that envy is a safe ally
Is a lie