

Marc Almond, Come In Sweet Assassin

Lost little child star
You stand on the stage
Your head in your hands
While you cry
You feel so afraid
That your beauty will fade
Into the indigo sky
Glamorous, beautiful, tragic and doomed
Always someone new close behind
All those tears, or just nails
Which harden your heart
What will I find when I look in your eyes?
I'll find that beauty is all in your mind
We grow and we bloom
Our glow fills the room
And we spend our short times
In the sun
But like the leaves in autumn
We fall to the ground
Spent...too young
I'm lost like you're lost
I'm in need of your shine
I'm unsure of the world just like you
Child star, oh child star
Look inside your heart
For beauty, oh beauty is you
Oh beauty, oh beauty
Is you