Stina Nordenstam, I Came So Far For Beauty

I came so far for beauty I left so much behind My patience and my family My masterpiece unsigned

I thought I'd be rewarded For such a lonely choice And surely she would answer To such a very hopeless voice

I practiced all my sainthood I gave to one and all But the rumours of my virtue They moved her not at all

I changed my style to silver I changed my clothes to black And where I would surrender Now I would attack

I stormed the old casino
For the money and the flesh
And I myself decided
What was rotten and what was fresh

And men to do my bidding And broken bones to teach The value of my pardon The shadow of my reach

But no, I could not touch her With such a heavy hand Her star beyond my order Her nakedness unmanned