

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