

Wuthering Heights, Beautiful

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" no one would believe in you

The preachers of perfection
Tell us to be like (before it's too late)
But they can't see the light within us
Trough 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 well fed 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 no one's arms
And vanish without any traces

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