

Freddie Mercury "The Golden Boy"

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The boy had a way with words, he sang, he moved with grace

He entertained so naturally, no gesture out of place

His road in life was clearly drawn, he didn't hesitate

He played, they saw, he conquered as the master of his fate.

The girl had an iron soul no-one could recognise

Material ambition that her gentleness disguised

She gave herself to him certain of his fame

Wanted him for luxury, for limelight and his name.

And then he sang to her

I love you for your silence

I love you for your peace

The still and calm releases

That sweep into my soul

That slowly take control

I love you for your passion

I love you for your fire

The violent desire

That burns me in its flame

A love I dare not name

His rise was irresistible - he grew into the part

His explanation simply that he suffered for his art

No base considerations of some glittering reward

The prize was knowing that his work was noticed and adored

I love you for your silence

I love you for your peace

The still and calm releases

That sweep into my soul

That slowly take control

Yes he told the truth

Accepting every honour with a masterly display

Of well rehearsed reluctance to be singled out this way

He started to believe that he was all they said and more

While she forgot - she forgot the reasons she had wanted him before

I love you for your passion

I love you for your fire

The violent desire

That burns me in its flame
A love I dare not name
The still and calm releases
That sweep into my soul
That slowly take control
And when at last they fell apart she wished that she
could be
The hardened heart of yesterday, as cynical as he.
By changing for the better, she had changed things for
the worse.
The words that made them happy once now echoed ...
echoed as a curse.

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