

## 31knots "Beauty"

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We were simply written into the script  
As characters decidedly inciting some rift.  
Protagonizing, antagonizing.  
Fictitious sightseeing, so frightening  
What I might mean.

I want beauty to believe  
That I can be a better sight to see.  
That I can shape a saunter from a walk.  
And I can grace the senses with a soft  
Unassuming touch that, hitherto,  
Has never seen the light of darkened rooms.  
I have crowned her name  
I have cursed it too.  
I have held it high  
As a basic truth.

But who are you?  
Who are you?  
Beauty,  
We need to see

Who are you?  
Who are you?  
Beauty,  
We need to see

Who you are?  
Who you are?  
Beauty,  
We need to see

Who you are?  
Who you are?  
Beauty,  
We need to see

Still I act as if I have a chance  
Relenting or abiding when I can  
But, beauty, hark that I want nothing more than to  
Fall right back into your arms

And you can sing me pretty lullabies  
How everything that matters is in your eyes.  
We're passing the massive-destruction-panic.  
Didn't I stop dead in its track to vanish?  
Didn't it mimic the boredom before it?  
Calling into question the method of boredom.

Victory. Vanity.  
Victory. Vanity.  
Victory. Vanity.  
Victory. Vanity.  
I believe everything Victory says to me.

Oh, mirror, oh, mirror on the wall.  
Is there no beauty behind the wall/it all?

Anymore,  
Everything is everywhere.  
What a bore,  
What to drink and what to wear  
Give me more, cause I don't think and I don't care  
I'm a whore,  
From everything and everywhere.  
Beauty's a whore,  
From everything and everywhere  
Beauty is a whore for every-

Who are you?  
Where are you?  
Beauty  
We need to see.  
Beauty. Beauty

There's beauty if you see it.

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