

Balance

Kae Tempest

Far away in a distant land
These four kids grew up firm friends
Ambition was the youngest
A bright eyed kid with a numbness
Where his logic should have been 'cause he was ruled by his hungers

Then there was Pride
He walked with a broad stride
Because he from himself would his weaknesses hide
And people liked being near him
Didn't know whether they loved him or feared him
It's more they found his self-confidence endearing

And there was Talent
She was beautiful and gallant
But she lived for her senses and not for her sense
So her poor heart was covered in dents
Her poor heart was covered in dents

Oldest was Envy
Now Envy's eyes often seemed empty
She would talk loud in lengthy sentences
Friends were sensitive
Tall and cold
Her eyes we're green like skin
When it's marked by fake gold

They grew up, fell out
Made up, got drunk
Hung out from sun up to sun in
And they got done in and they hit the ground running
Looked for and found something
But it all turned into nothing though
When Pride got with Talent
Envy with Ambition
They forgot how to listen
Things changed, became different
Everything was competition now
Talent and Pride became bitter, despised
They got hateful, sarcastic, dreary and drastic
Yes they loved each other greatly
But their fights were terrible
And they raised each other high up on pedestals

They isolated themselves
They stopped speaking to ambition and envy
They distanced themselves from Ambition and Envy
They became distant, unfriendly
That's when ambition got sad and cried plenty
Her indignation roused
She wanted more than what she had found with ambition
He was always looking but only got what he was given
Concerned not with what his hands held
But what they could be gripping
He was always chasing never thought to fill the space in
And envy made him more desperate
With every pointed conversation

Always forcing the comparison
Making him address
How every time he promised more
She always ended up with less

And so four firm friends became four fierce forces
Heading for that awkward stage that precedes most divorces
Four joint segments of a one bodied party
Just drifted apart and turned nasty

But, Pride keeps Envy at bay
Ambition helps Talent become more than just apparent

Talent it will flourish
This will enable Pride
Which quells Envy

You see they should exist side by side
Because these factors contribute to balance
Alone pride is often envious of talent
And yes many have ambition but talent they haven't
And some have talent and get envious of proud ambition

And so alone
These four friends came to realise
How without the others
They're just a quarter of what they ought to be
Still everything occurs accordingly
But now when they meet up the conversation seems to flow awkwardly

So they're just living separate lives
Thinking there used to be more to me