

Boy Caesar

Marc Almond

He's a blonde in his teens
A boy Caesar whose toys
Are leopards and panthers
Precious stones and boys

With his blackened mascara
And a diamond tiara
He's dead-drunk on pleasure
But takes death for his lover

He's no interest in war
Just the bad side of town
And sits propped at the bar
In a leopard-print crown

He's stripped off his toga
For lowlife and thieves
And men from the arena
With blood on their sleeves

He's a blonde boy in his teens
A boy Caesar whose death
Is plotted by the army
On each whispered breath

He leaves state affairs crash
And converts them to cash
And replaces his generals
With rent boys and trash

Death sticks like a fly
To his black Syrian skin
Instead of nicotine patches
Wears patches of sin

His slaves wear eye shadow
Its smeared on gold dust
When you win their attention
It's through power and lust

He's the first teeny emperor
A blond boy Caesar