Betrayed

Peter Hammill

When I began I was full of altruistic dreams,
believed in princes and princesses, kings and queens –
now I find they're all human inside,
all bitterness and pride,
so why shouldn't I be like that too?
It seems that I've forgotten all I tried so hard to learn;
it seems there's not an ounce of love or trust
anywhere in the world.

Friends – they're all harbouring knives
to embed in your back out of revenge, or spite,
or indifference, or lack of other things to do –
in the end just who's going to be a friend for you
when they kick you in the guts just as your hand holds out the pearl?
It seems that there is nothing left but
hatred and lust in the world.

I don't give a damn anymore – I've only wound up betrayed.
It's all been absolutely worthless –
all the efforts I've made to be gentle and kind
are repaid with contempt,
degraded by sympathy and worthless kindness
and love that isn't meant.
I'm through with joy and company, I've done with pretty words,
betrayed – there's no hiding-place
anywhere in the world.
I've nothing left to fight for except making my passion heard –
I don't believe in anything
anywhere in the world.

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