

The Golden Boy

Queen

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.