

Divine

Second Person

What makes you so divine
Is it your ruthless ambition
Is it your insane desire
Or your singular vision
If you can symbolise the stars
In sixteen bars, with two guitars
You must think you are a magician

What makes you so divine
Is it the way you aim so high
You have one eye on the part of the sky that you plan to occupy
And the other on the state of the art that you create
You speak of fame, you speak of fate and you just wait

What makes you so divine
How would you define your worth
Where will you find the time
To inherit all the earth
Who will you have to love
If you leave my love behind

What makes you so divine
Is it all the time you kill
You say one day you'll be adored
And rewarded and maybe you will
I wouldn't be surprised, you're idle
But you're idolised
But there is no prize for standing so still
Oh no, darling, there is no prize for standing so still

What makes you so divine
What should you be famous for
Should I run and join the line of fans
The stands at your front door
Am I the only woman here
Who hasn't lost her mind

What makes you so divine
Is there something that you do
Can you maintain your hearty
Till the world can come to you
How day you be so sure
You're some god of mine

What makes you so divine
You think you could hurt me twice
I really hope the soul you sold
Reached a reasonable price
Do you consider this to be
And insult or a sign

What makes you so divine
Is there something the eye can see
'Cause I would die to be like you
I don't wanna be someone like me
I can only stare at the receding form
Of your ascending star

But this star is born (?)
But I am torn by my jealousy