

Perfection's sel.

It's not just the beauty of their natural surroundings that humans happily spoil.

Perfection's sel fae heid tae tae
will no be met wi every day,
for true perfection's seldom seen
till there she stands afore yer een!

Perfection's sel fae heid tae tae!
Nae glitz nor glamour on display;
nae make-up clartit layer on layer,
juist nature's beauty, nuthin mair.

Perfection's sel fae heid tae tae;
nae artifice brocht intae play.
The sicht that makes ye stop an stare
is human flesh an bluid, nae mair.

Perfection's sel fae heid tae tae!
Yet few ye'll find that look that way.
Few ye'll find an few ye'll see
that look as they were meant tae be.

Perfection's sel fae heid tae tae!
No often sic a sicht we hae;
a sicht indeed the hert tae warm
when gilded lillies are the norm.