

Empathy

Swans

You were wrong to resist me
I was wrong to forgive
Now I loathe my own weakness
But you praise me for this

There's a place in your future
Where the wound will be healed
And the children you injured
Will rise up, purified, then kill your name

You're afraid of the mirror
So you crawl on the floor
Where you count your perversions
Then you rise up, filthy, with remorse
Uh huh huh
Uh huh huh
Uh huh huh
Uh
Uh
Uh
Uh