

## 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