

My Own Hands

Swans

It's not easy to get at your mind.
You dig a hole in the bed and that's where you stay.
I'm alone and I'm burning slowly.
I don't regret a thing.
I loved something once, but it turned into something I don't recognize.
I loved something once, but it burned while I held it in my hand.
No matter how hard I try, you'll pull me back down again.
You'll betray me without any sense or shame.
You'll betray me and I'll burn for your memory again.
I'll burn for your memory; I'll burn for your shame; then I'll take myself
In my own hands.
Then I'll break myself down with my own hands.
I don't regret a thing.