(She's A) Universal Emptiness

Swans

And she sits there by the wall Making holes where I just stood And her hands, they touch her face Like her face is made of wood

And she holds onto a memory
Of something I never said
But she still can't quite remember
If my eyes are blue or dead

She's the mother of us all She's the victim of my sadness And the more she tries to know it The more she'll never fill it

She's a universal emptiness A universal emptiness She's a universal emptiness And a total lack of faith

And I saw her once before
Down on her bended knees
Through a window of the church at night
Confessing to the broken priest

She is holy, as all women are And she suffers like a saint Yeah, she touched my hand with cruelty But I was punished far too late

She's the mother of us all She's the victim of my sadness And the more she tries to know it The more she'll never fill it

She's a universal emptiness A universal emptiness She's a universal emptiness And a total lack of faith