

(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

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

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