

# Swans, Fanletter

I, I've been lonely  
And I, I've been blind  
And I, I've learned nothing  
So my hands are firmly tied  
To the sinking leadweight  
of failure  
I've worked hard all my life  
Money slips through my hands  
My face in the mirror tells me  
It's no surprise that I'm  
Pushing the stone up the hill  
of failure  
They tempt me with violence  
They punish me with ideals  
And they crush me with an image of my  
life that's nothing but unreal  
Except on the goddamned slaveship  
of failure  
I'll drown here trying  
to get up for some air  
But each time I think I breathe  
I'm laid on with a double share  
of the punishing burden  
of failure  
I don't deserve to be down here  
But I'll never leave  
And I've learned one thing  
You can't escape the beast  
In the null and void pit  
of failure  
When I get my hands on some money  
I'll kiss it's green skin  
And I'll ask it's dirty face  
"Where the hell have you been?"  
"I am the fuel that fires the engine  
of failure."  
I'll be old and broken down  
I'll forget who and where I am  
I'll be senile or forgotten  
But I'll remember and understand  
You can bank your hard-earned money  
on failure  
I saw my father crying  
I saw my mother break her hand  
On a wall that wouldn't weep  
But that certainly held in  
The mechanical moans of a dying man  
Who was a failure  
My back hurts me when I bend  
Because I carry a load  
My brain hurts me like a knife-hole  
Because I've yet to be shown  
How to pull myself out from  
The sucking quicksand  
of failure  
Some people live in hell  
Many bastards succeed  
But I, I've learned nothing  
I can't even elegantly bleed  
Out the poison blood  
of failure