

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