

# Swans, New Mind

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.