Swans, (She's A) Universal Emptiness

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 On To 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 FIII 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 FIII It She's A Universal Emptiness A Universal Emptiness She's A Universal Emptiness And A Total Lack Of Faith