

Swans, Universal Emptiness

Another day will be gone
another day for me to turn
Another man is dying for the hunt
the hunt you call it fun, he is no one
another man is begging you for help
you see his life like fun, he is no one
Another tear falls from your eyes
another laugh you cannot hide
Another man steals all your joy
he wishes to enjoy, he is no one
another one is ready to begone
the noose is waiting on, he is no one
You think you can help me
I don't need your help
You think you can help me
I just need myself