

Swans, Unreal

When you are old and tired, and sickness breeds in you, I hope you forget me then, forget what I've done to you.

You were my only friend.

Then I was half alive.

That's more than I could ever ask, but I took your trust and ruined you.

If you were here with me in this room, I'd stand right in front of you, and beg you to forget, I was ever inside you.

You were the only thing I ever owned, worth anything at all, and still I took your heart and held it and turned it to stone.

When you are sick and tired, and you're confined to your memory, throw me out of your mind:

I've been turned to stone.