

Empty

Emilie Autumn

This empty space cannot be filled
Your kind words bleed right through me
And I could cry but I'd only lose my tears
Just another form of release
Release what? I'm empty
You could pass your hand right through my body
And touch the wall behind me
But who, for all my emptiness,
Who would have the strength to lift me up?
My faith in mortal man is badly bruised
The gods have proven to be deaf
Or else they have a perverse sense of humor
Apparently these are European gods
For there is nothing funnier than a fat man in a tutu

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