Empathy

Swans

You were wrong to resist nem
I was wrong to forgive.
Now I loathe my own weakness,
But you praise me for this.
There's a place in your future,
Where the wound will be healed,
And the children you injured,
Will rise up, purified,
Then kill your name...
You're afraid of the mirror,
So you can crawl on the floor,
Where you count your perversions,
Then you rise up, filthy, with remorse...

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/