

# Mark Of Cain

NOA

I am a young woman  
With callused hands and feet  
With an ever - growing problem  
Buried in me deep

It has stripped me of my beauty  
With an overwhelming pain  
And on yesterday's proud forehead  
It has burned the mark of Cain

It happened long ago  
Though it seems like only yesterday  
I had come back home  
After years of wandering astray  
Walked familiar streets  
Never knowing fate would find me there  
And ever since I've been crippled  
'Neath this burden I must bear.

The Mark of Cain  
The child of pain  
Of trouble and of war  
Mother Nature cannot comfort  
Nor the coolness of the sea  
Lord above, how can I love  
This thing that I abhor?  
Child of pain is growing in me

Within me he is waging war  
Battling for breath  
Battling for blood  
And a body of His own

I've considered the solution  
But that would be my death  
For while I've waited and debated  
He has grown

Deep in my heart  
I wish I could love him  
Erase our past with a mother's embrace  
I want to start fresh  
But within me I'm fearful..  
Will I find my oppressor in his tiny face?

The Mark of Cain  
The child of pain  
Of trouble and of war  
Mother Nature cannot comfort  
Nor the coolness of the sea

Lord above, how can I love  
This thing that I abhor?  
Child of rape  
Is growing in me.