

Brand Of Cain

[SITD:]

We are deflected from our path
A tempting demon, a face unmasked
My brow is marked with the brand of Cain
A steady downpour soaked through with rain

You wait to hear me say forgive
The more I suffer, the more you live
My confidence, your jealousy
I'm cursed - bound - lost in slavery

I couldn't go along with that
I feel so cold, if I were dead

Collected moments may last for years
Our diary brings me to tears
Drifting apart, no renaissance
I bid farewell to a second chance

I couldn't go along with that
I feel so cold, if I were dead

I couldn't go along with that
I curse the day on which we met