

## 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