

Prowl Great Cain

The Mountain Goats

Gather jewels from graveyards, when I get home bury them again
Wonder if you'll ever get the chance to ask me why I turned you
in

I saved my own skin but I live to fight, I live to fight another
day

Still remember how brave you were when they came to take you away

And I feel guilty but I can't feel ashamed
Prowl through empty fields, great Cain

Thought I see the ghost up on the boulevard, between the broken
bits

It's hard to tell gifts of the spirit from clever counterfeits
Sleepwalk through my days and mark the hours until these dark
times fade

Like a caterpillar crawling out along the surface of the blade

And I feel guilty but I can't feel ashamed
Prowl through empty fields, great Cain

Rummage through the gutter storehouse now
And lick the sweat from my brow

Saw the trucks roll out this morning, not sure when they're coming
back again

Feel the prickings of my conscience in my chest every now and then

Sometimes a great wave of forgetfulness rises up and blesses me
And other times the sickness howls and I despair of any remedy

And I feel guilty but I can't feel ashamed
Prowl through empty fields, great Cain