

## Skycamefalling "The Fall Of Cain's Countenance"

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Last night i dreamt of her jaundice discolorations  
And how she sheltered me from damnation.  
I beleived you, i tore those chords for you.  
But still you slice at my wrists to watch me bleed  
And to drown in your sea of misfortune.  
The bleedings never ending.  
My veins will spill blood red to feel your touch again  
(so i tore your hands from me becuase yours were  
coverd in shame).  
And i can't feel and you can't speak,  
You keep asking for answers when all i can give you  
are memories.  
It tears clean.  
I pay for all my sins.

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