

Mountain Goats, The "Prowl Great Cain"

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Gather you wolves 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 save 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'd seen a ghost up on the boulevard between
the broken bricks
It's hard to tell a gifts of the spirit from clever
counterfeits
Sleep walk 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 gutted storehouse now and lick
the sweat from my brow
Saw the trucks roll out the 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

