

Hellicopters, A Cross For Cain

Out of key with my time
Banned from streets of gold 'cause of my rhyme
So tell me is there still a world to win
Or am I just a captive of the original sin

You know I always hit rock bottom
God I know it's true
The Ides of March
Is there nothing I can say or do

Again I'm heading east of Eden
Hounded by the driving rain
You know I'm bound
To carry that old cross for cain

Kicked out of the promised land
I'm a boogier in a forsaken band
In the ditch I got both feet in the grave
I'm still a roller but I was born a slave

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