

Jeff Finlin, The Perfect Mark Of Cain

She walked the aisle in eggshell blue
Compromising white
While the purple thistles twisted
In the fading spring twilight
She said I do to Gene her boy
As a thunderstorm blew in
Then they ducked inside to beat that rain and let their lives begin

Gene he worked the diamond mines
He knew not much else at all
Shed dig the dirt, fatten the herd
Then whack their heads in fall
If this life she ever questioned
Shed recall that wedding day
And the words the preacher spoke
Before he sent them on their way

He said isnt it a wonder the sun it rise and then it falls
Isnt it a wonder, yeah love it conquers all
Isnt it a wonder, let your conscience be your plain
And you will come to see these golden rings
As the perfect mark of Cain

Well their love fell to a whisper, it almost never sang at all
And as fate would have it late one night
A stranger came to call
She had killed and fried the fatted beast
For Gene and all his hounds
Then tucked them in and took a walk
To the bar outside of town
He was standing in the neon in a black morticians hat
Rhinestones flashing in the mirror
Over the wooden bar in back
He laid all that he had on her
Which was little more than change
A few kisses and an understanding
Of the perfect mark of Cain

Isnt it a wonder the sun it rise and then it fall
Is it any wonder she felt nothing for so long
Is it any wonder she stood laughing in the morning rain
With an aching head and a new tattoo
Of the perfect mark of Cain.

Well she packed that ugly morning
With all her worn and tattered things
And paid the ticket master
With a single golden ring
As the train pulled from the station
A wino stumbled past the door
And she knew that losing everything
Was the only hope of finding more
Gene he found her goodbye note
On the nightstand by the bed
And killed the pain of his broken heart
With a gunshot to the head
The familyd thought their love was perfect
As they washed them splattered doors
Until they read the note she left him
They found crumpled on the floor

It said isnt it a wonder hellos just like goodbye
Isnt it a wonder the calm lies in the eye
Is it any wonder living and dyings just the same

And it was signed with a teardrop
The perfect mark of Cain