

Monumentum, Reaping For Abel

THE SKY LOOKED LIKE AN AUTUMN FIELD
SHIMMERING GRAIN AND LIQUID GOLD
MY FAMILY AND ME, FLEW WITH THE BUS

WE TOOK OFF ON THE RUNWAY,
BID THE EARTH FAREWELL
WE ACCELERATED TOWARDS THE WATER
AT A FRIGHTENING PACE I HUMBLY WENT FORWARD

WE SANK IN THE STRAIT BETWEEN
THE TWO FACTORIES
I PLAYED IN AS CHILD

WE WERE REAPING FOR ABEL
WHEN HIS WICKED MACHINE
CAME UPON US IN AMBUSH

SPEEDING TOWARDS US DOWN THE STEEP HILLSIDE
SKINNING THE SOIL OF ITS
BLESSED OWNER I AM CAIN

FOUNDER OF THE CITY
I AM CAIN
CIVILISATION WITHOUT PITY