

Skycamefalling, The Fall Of Cain's Countenance

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 cant feel and you cant speak,

you keep asking for answers when all i can give you are memories.

It tears clean.

I pay for all my sins.