

Modern Day Cain

I Dont Know How But They Found Me

Dance
Dance
That's enough

A modern concussion
The room is on fire
You're an upstanding model
Of a modern day Cain
With impeccable style

So now you've done a little wrong
And you need to be forgiven
By the vicar and the company you keep
And then you conjure up a fiction
To get the pretty girl to listen

This is the sin
That I will confess to release myself
From consequence
And everyone can tell

The moral objections
To something so profane
Oh but the deepest of convictions
Are the darkest positions
Little remissions for the varicose vain

So now you've done a little wrong
And you swear you didn't do it
But volition left you burdened with a curse
And then you conjure up a fiction
To get the pretty girls to listen

This is the sin
That I will confess to release myself
From consequence
And everyone can tell

This is the sin
That I will confess to release myself
From consequence
And everyone can tell
This is the sin
That I will confess to release myself
From consequence
And everyone can tell
And everyone can tell
And everyone can tell