

Mark Of Cain

NOA

I am a young woman
With callused hands and feet
With an ever - growing problem
Buried in me deep

It has stripped me of my beauty
With an overwhelming pain
And on yesterday's proud forehead
It has burned the mark of Cain

It happened long ago
Though it seems like only yesterday
I had come back home
After years of wandering astray
Walked familiar streets
Never knowing fate would find me there
And ever since I've been crippled
'Neath this burden I must bear.

The Mark of Cain
The child of pain
Of trouble and of war
Mother Nature cannot comfort
Nor the coolness of the sea
Lord above, how can I love
This thing that I abhor?
Child of pain is growing in me

Within me he is waging war
Battling for breath
Battling for blood
And a body of His own

I've considered the solution
But that would be my death
For while I've waited and debated
He has grown

Deep in my heart
I wish I could love him
Erase our past with a mother's embrace
I want to start fresh
But within me I'm fearful..
Will I find my oppressor in his tiny face?

The Mark of Cain
The child of pain
Of trouble and of war
Mother Nature cannot comfort
Nor the coolness of the sea

Lord above, how can I love
This thing that I abhor?
Child of rape
Is growing in me.