

# Cain

## The Choir

Wicked words embrace the darkness  
For reasons too cruel  
They hide in the throats of cowards who wait  
In the shadows with knives for fools  
Angry words lie still on the script  
And wait for their scene  
They leap from the lips of lovers' betrayal  
Too bitter to blame on caffeine  
Love waved a white flag  
Fear ran her through  
What could I do?

I washed my robe in the river  
I washed my hands in the rain  
I washed my robe in the river  
I cursed the crime and the stain

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Love waved a white flag  
Fear raised a gun  
What have I done?

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I washed my hands in the rain  
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