

## Prowl Great Cain

### The Mountain Goats

Gather jewels from graveyards, when I get home bury them again  
Wonder if you'll ever get the chance to ask me why I turned you  
in

I saved my own skin but I live to fight, I live to fight another  
day

Still remember how brave you were when they came to take you away

And I feel guilty but I can't feel ashamed  
Prowl through empty fields, great Cain

Thought I see the ghost up on the boulevard, between the broken  
bits

It's hard to tell gifts of the spirit from clever counterfeits  
Sleepwalk through my days and mark the hours until these dark times  
fade

Like a caterpillar crawling out along the surface of the blade

And I feel guilty but I can't feel ashamed  
Prowl through empty fields, great Cain

Rummage through the gutter storehouse now  
And lick the sweat from my brow

Saw the trucks roll out this morning, not sure when they're coming  
back again

Feel the prickings of my conscience in my chest every now and then

Sometimes a great wave of forgetfulness rises up and blesses me  
And other times the sickness howls and I despair of any remedy

And I feel guilty but I can't feel ashamed  
Prowl through empty fields, great Cain