

# Monumentum, Reaping For Abel

THE SKY LOOKED LIKE AN AUTUMN FIELD  
SHIMMERING GRAIN AND LIQUID GOLD  
MY FAMILY AND ME, FLEW WITH THE BUS

WE TOOK OF ON THE RUNWAY,  
BID THE EARTH FAREWELL  
WE ACCELERATED TOWARDS THE WATER  
AT A FRIGHTENING PACE I HUMBLY WENT FORWARD

WE SANK IN THE STRAIT BETWEEN  
THE TWO FACTORIES  
I PLAYED IN AS CHILD

WE WERE REAPING FOR ABEL  
WHEN HIS WICKED MACHINE  
CAME UPON US IN AMBUSH

SPEEDING TOWARDS US DOWN THE STEEP HILLSIDE  
SKINNING THE SOIL OF ITS  
BLESSED OWNER I AM CAIN

FOUNDER OF THE CITY  
I AM CAIN  
CIVILISATION WITHOUT PITY