

Sister Cain

Lyric by Denis Trusov

Sister Cain, I'm sister Abel,
Can you hear me?
Sister Cain, here in heaven
I'm so lonely,
Can you hear me?

Through scarlet clouds,
Through unread emails,
Bleeding poems, twisted bodies,
Happy hipsters, can you hear me?

And in the skies - it's all free
You should come here one day
Come and see

Sister Cain, oh sister-sister
Through sonic ping-pong
Tic Toc vomit, Latin proverbs
Russian missiles
Can you hear me?
Through piles of fossils
Oil and opium, bones and flowers,
Supermen and hyperwomen
Can you hear me? `

Sister Abel, I'm your echo
Just a reflection of your voice
No, no, no, no
No one hears you

And I know that in those skies
It's all free
And I was there one day
So I could see

