

Raising Cain

[Jeffrey Foucault](#)

I'm sick and tired of this masquerade
I'm bored to death by the games we play
For too long now it's been a charade
Don't wanna stay around to piss on parade Gotta get the hell outta here
Too late now to wrap me up in chains
Too late now to bite my tongue, stop me
Raising Cain The chip on your shoulder is a monkey on my back
You steal the glory, I'll take the flak
Can't stand your accusations, your recriminations
It's time to jump this train cos we've crashed the station Don't wanna take this ride no more
Too late now to wrap me up in chains
Too late now to bite my tongue, stop me
Raising Cain The gift of masque was like pearls before swine Too late now to wrap me up in chains
Too late now to bite my tongue, stop me
Raising Cain

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