

Alexisonfire, Old Crows

Old crows ride in the mouth of the beast
Sleep beneath its tongue, cradled by its teeth
We roam from shore to shore
From the open sky to the ocean floor
The more we move, the less we are ourselves
And when we finally stop, we've changed to something else
As rapid as a river flows
As frigid as the cold wind can blow
As devious as the devil's grin
Our blood is cold and we've shed our skin
Now we are not the kids we used to be
Stop wishing for yesterday
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Stop wishing for yesterday
The crows are calling, seems the end is near
They're spelling out their names, yet we have no fear
All the damage a man can do
When ambition takes over his search for the truth
Sometimes life just gets the best of us
Some things in life will get the best of us
Now we are not the kids we used to be
Stop wishing for yesterday
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We are not the kids we used to be
Stop wishing for yesterday
Wishing for yesterday
Every skyline beats in my chest
Somewhere between love and sadness
This is our fate, this is our test
We ride in the mouth of madness
As rapid as a river flows
As frigid as the cold wind can blow
As devious as the devil's grin
Our blood is cold and now we've shed our skin
We are not the kids we used to be
Stop wishing for yesterday
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Stop wishing for yesterday
We are not the kids we used to be
Stop wishing for yesterday
Wishing for yesterday, wishing for yesterday