

Flogging Molly, Lightning Storm

This lonely existence paves the way
For the heart of hearts must beat be brave
While this quiet lightning storm
Wrecks the harvest gold we tried to sow

So it begins,
The way the blood still dances beneath the skin
As the messenger from hell says we're bound to win
As the days they come,
But the years they go,
So take care of your freedom
They'll never know

I sit on the wing, for a blackbird's song
To tell me where and when this all went wrong,
There's no resolution without remorse
With ignorance, bliss, defend "let's stay the course";

Puncture the skin
And see its blood run cold on desert sand,
Come hear the men from mothers with childless hands
As the days they come,
But the years they go,
So take care of your freedom
They'll never know

Take good care of your freedom
They'll never know

Take what you give
Until there is nothing left but forever live,
And night descends on shadows without their kill
As the days they come,
But the years they go,
So take care of your freedom
They'll never know

Yeah, Take good care of your freedom
They'll never know

As the days they come,
But the years they go,
So take care of your freedom
They'll never know