

# Alexisonfire, A Dagger Through The Heart Of St.

Plaid skirts that hide scars walk in single file.

Ties that restrict blood to the brain.

Passing notes in Math class. Freedom wear your scars of desire!

It's a coming of age story. Freedom wear your scars of desire!

Conflicting impulses. Freedom wear your scars of desire!

Cuts seem to bend the sky. I've read this book before.

Anxious eyes stare out of warped glass waiting for the three o'clock bell.

I'm trying hard to forget that cold October day,

When love challenged freedom to a fist fight, freedom looked victorious

But no one was prepared for what would happen on that baseball diamond

When love reached beneath her plaid jumper, pulled out a switchblade and drove it...

Directly through the heart of St. Angeles.

(So you say you're scaring me...)

Any notion of self government was left bleeding on the pitchers mound.

(And you won't be there to catch me...)