

Alexisonfire, Young Cardinals

Strange things happen in a lifetime
I was yesterday's voice, tomorrow's ours
Those who see numbers refuse the great forgiver
Powerful men raise your hands and deliver
Low superstition to which we all claim
The sun hides itself, concealing its grin
And waits for the dawn to reveal itself again
Oh, young cardinals
Nesting in the trees
Oh, hear our song
And rain your innocence on me
Strange things happen in the night time
I was twice as crazed and wolves devour
Ghosts of love are going through the blinds
Nicotine babies will pull those vines
The god of the sea is swinging his trident
We soak our clothes with the bones of tyrants
The sun, it retreats through the dust and the dead
And waits for the dawn to reveal itself again
Oh, young cardinals
Nesting in the trees
Oh, hear our song
And rain your innocence on me
Young cardinals
Take flight
We're turning this in the black of night
There were things you were not meant to know