

Born and Raised

Alexisonfire

All blossoms die in the light of our new culture
Find your belief in that which cannot be discovered
Countless lessons lie in every fever dream
A million voices asking, what does it all mean?

I've lost all direction
I've lost all my direction
And now I wish, that I would have believed
Could have believed

Escape, escape
Nature's indifferent hand
Retreat, retreat
To the bliss of our creation

We were born and raised
To live beyond
The heft and weight of a world undone
Like a bird from the north
Our hearts will roam in search of warmth

Two hands come together to pray for greater yields
Two poles of a compass guided by a field
In the mind of every man, two ghosts dance
Was this place made, or was it here by chance?
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Uncountable numbers written in new fallen snow
I can hear the claws of the beast tapping at my window
Nihilist sleeps and in dreams he sees god's face
Realize even disbelief requires a leap of faith
From birth to death, we search for what's yet to be known
We and hope and pray and ask, but we are never shown

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