

Young Cardinals

Alexisonfire

Go!

Strange things happen in the nighttime hour
Yesterday's buds are tomorrow's flowers
Those who speak numbers, refuse the great forgiver
And powerful men raise their hands and deliver
All the superstitions to which we all cling
While high minds in Geneva ponder e8 vs. string
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 songs
Reign your innocence on me

One, two, three, four!

Strange things happen in the nighttime hours
White tails graze and wolves devour
Ghosts of old loves are blowing through the pines
Nicotine babies being born with no spines
The god of the sea is swinging his trident
We stoke our fires with the bones of tyrants
The sun, it retreats through the dust and the din
And waits for the dawn to reveal itself again

Oh young cardinals
Nesting in the trees
Oh hear our songs
Reign your innocence on me

Young cardinals take flight
Return to nest in the black of night
There are things you were not meant to know

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