No Rest

Alexisonfire

We greet each day with bloodshot eyes
The dirt of our labor still clingin' to our hands
Filled with our warped intentions
The tread of our shoes filled with foreign sands
Sun laughs in all our faces
It shows a world that we can't save
So now armed with blades in hand
We cut a path from birth to grave
We don't know where we're goin'
But we know we will get there
No rest for the blessed
Long life for the wicked
No rest for the blessed
Long life for the wicked
No rest for the blessed
Long life for the wicked
No rest for the blessed
Long life for the wicked
We don't think like you think
And we move like no one moves
With a song on our lips across the land
Born to traverse
We don't think like you think
And we move like no one moves
With a song on our lips across the land
Born to traverse
We don't know where we're goin'
But we know we will get there
No rest for the blessed
Long life for the wicked
No rest for the blessed
Long life for the wicked
No rest for the blessed
Long life for the wicked
No rest for the blessed
Long life for the wicked
Like a car crash, like a land mine
Like mixin' drugs we are dangerous
Like a snake's tooth, like thin ice

Like mixin' blood we are dangerous
No rest for the blessed
Long life for the wicked
No rest for the blessed
Long life for the wicked
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No rest for the blessed
Long life for the wicked

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