

# 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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Long life for the wicked

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