Young Cardinals

Alexisonfire

Strange things happen in nighttime hours
Yesterday's buds, tomorrow's flowers
Those who speak numbers, refuse the great forgiver
Powerful men raise your 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
And reign your innocence on me
Strange things happen in the nighttime hours
White tails graze and wolves devour
Ghosts of old loves are blowing through the pines
Nicotine babies are being born without 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 song
And reign your innocence on me
Young cardinals take flight
Return to nest in the black of night
There were things you were not meant to know
Young cardinals take flight
Return to nest in the black of night
There were things you were not meant to know
Oh, young cardinals
Nesting in the trees
Oh, hear our song
And reign your innocence on me
Oh, young cardinals
Oh, young cardinals
Oh, young cardinals
Oh

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