

Lightning Storm

Flogging Molly

This lonely existence paves the way
For the hard of hearts must beat, be brave
While this quiet lightning storm
Wrecks the harvest gold we try to sow
So it begins, the way the light still dances beneath the skin
There's the messenger from hell since we're bound to win
As the days they come but the years they go
So take care of your freedom, they'll never know
I sit on the wing for a blackbird song
To tell me where and when this all went wrong
There's no resolution without remorse
With ignorance, the least he found let state a course
Puncture the skin and see his blood run cold on desert sand
Come hear the meant for mothers with childless hands
As the days they come but the years they go
So take care of your freedom, they'll never know
Take good care of your freedom, they'll never know
Take what you give until there's nothing left but forever live
And night this is on shadows when after kill
As the days they come but the years they go
So take care of your freedom, they'll never know
Yeah, take good care of your freedom, they'll never know
As the days they come but the years they go
So take care of you freedom, they'll never know

Songwriters

Bridget Regan;David King;Dennis Casey;Robert Anthony Schmidt;George Edward Schwindt;Nathen
JeglinskiPublished by

26F GELLERT HILL MUSIC;TWENTYSIXF MUSIC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>