

Alexis Y Fido

"Young Cardinals"

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Strange things happen in nighttime hours
Yesterday's buds, tomorrow's flowers
Those who speak numbers, refuse the great forgiver
And 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 it's 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

Oh, young cardinals
Take flight
Return to nest in the black of night
There were things you were not meant to know

Oh, young cardinals
Oh, young cardinals
Oh, young cardinals
Oh, young cardinals

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