

Alexisonfire "No Rest"

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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

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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
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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

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Long life for the wicked
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