

## Alexisonfire "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  
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

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Return to nest in the black of night  
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Oh, young cardinals  
Nesting in the trees  
Oh, hear our song  
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Oh

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