

Flogging Molly "Lightning Storm"

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This lonely existence paves the way
For the heart of hearts must beat be brave
While this quiet lightning storm
Wrecks the harvest gold we try to sow

And so it begins
The way the blood still dances
Beneath the skin
As the messenger from hell says
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
Ignorance bliss defend
Let's stay the course

Puncture the skin
And see it's blood run cold
On desert sand
Come hear the men from 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 descends on shadows without their 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

But the days they come, but the years they go

So take care of you freedom
They'll never know

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