

The Republic Of Wolves "Cardinals"

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Reach in for it
Your rusted iron covered claws
Pour out your breath into the furnace again
And I think I've found a better way to live
And I think I've found a better way to die

And I've been fitting myself into that small space
That you set out for
The screaming of the wind
Cause that is all I've ever been

Sorting through it
I never saw something so clear
As your hands bound up in prayer behind a closed door
But I thought I walked a better road alone
Till I found my feet set into stone
And that's when I turned back

You put me back in my place
So I won't be afraid
I won't be afraid

And I've been fitting myself into that small, small space
That you set out for
The screaming of the wind
Cause that is all I've ever been

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