

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
The 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 going
But we know that we're getting there

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
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

We don't know where we're going
But we know, we're getting there

No rest for the blessed
Long life for the wicked

Like a car crash
Like a landmine
Like mixing drugs, we are dangerous

Like a snake's tooth
Like thin ice
Like mixing blood, we are dangerous

No rest for the blessed
Long life for the wicked