

Go!

Strange things happen in the nighttime hour  
Yesterday's buds are tomorrow's flowers  
Those who speak numbers, refuse the great forgiver  
And powerful men raise their 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  
Reign your innocence on me

One, two, three, four!

Strange things happen in the nighttime hours  
White tails graze and wolves devour  
Ghosts of old loves are blowing through the pines  
Nicotine babies being born with no 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

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Oh hear our songs  
Reign your innocence on me

Young cardinals take flight  
Return to nest in the black of night  
There are things you were not meant to know

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Oh