Primitive

Steffen Schleiermacher

Sweetheart, the sun has set
All red and primitive above our heads
Blood stained on an ageless sky
Wipe your tears and let the salt stains dry
Let them all run dry
All run dry
Sweetheart, take me to bed
That's where all our prayers are said
Whispered silent in the night
That's how all our dreams take flight
Let them all go by
All go by
For time will catch us in both hands
To blow away like grains of sand
Ashes to ashes rust to dust
This is what becomes of us
Sweetheart, send me to sleep
Pray to God our hopes to keep
Take fears and make us strong
Lead us to where we belong
And let it all go by
All go by

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