Cities Carved In Stone

Primordial

I lost my self, in those streets
A passenger of foreign tongue
The sun sets, in the same language
And rises just the same

There was no grand design
To get to this point
No absolutes, no given truths
We were not carved in stone

She sent the sun to heal me
She sent the moon to guide me
And when the words failed me
So she lay beside me

Sometimes I get to thinking of the past
When I've had more than a drink or two
Who knows where the days go
And would you ever want them back

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