

# Primitive

## SQL

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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