

# 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

Songwriters

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