

## Cathedrals

Damon Albarn

When cathedrals, they sink into the seas under sand  
The ghosts that are left in them  
They slip through the hand  
When the words in your head

And the old man is dead  
Then I'll look very hard  
At the passing of that day  
In my life

When the books of the desert  
They turn to sublime  
Beware of the emptiness  
It plays with the mind

When the goodbye is said  
And the old man is dead  
Then I'll look very hard  
At the passing of that day in my heart