

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