

# Children Of Stone

Marianne Faithfull

How can we cool devotions of the night,  
bring endless labyrinths of vines to light.  
Your silent spell won't bring you home tonight.  
You couldn't open up your veins to light.

All that blossoms, all that blooms lies fallow in the  
night,  
waits for a golden sunlight.  
All that blossoms, all that blooms lies fallow in the  
night,  
waits for a golden sunlight.

How can we cool devotions of the night,  
desanguinate limbs veined with valleys of ice.  
Children of stone your crystal cages align.  
Crown of creation bring me into the light.

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