

# PRIMITIVE ETCHINGS

*Music: Martinsen*

*Lyrics: Schau*

Stranger rhymed with danger  
Knowing nothing would change her  
I chose to let her be  
Just a stranger to me

Didn't see her in years  
Then out of nowhere  
I wake up to find  
Her body next to mine

The thin scars on her arms  
Shows me how she's been  
The most primitive of etchings  
In an algebra of skin  
If all her prayers are heard  
The past will fade away  
But it is not for heaven  
But for destruction that she prays

So, what are you little princess?  
Monster, victim or witness?  
Will I ever know  
What made you loose hope

Your body's broke, and you can't mend it  
Your life is over, but you can't end it  
Being two  
Won't rescue you

The thin scars on her arms  
Shows me how she's been  
The most primitive of etchings  
In an algebra of skin  
If all her prayers are heard  
The past will fade away  
But it is not for heaven  
But for destruction that she prays

*Drums: Henrik Odde Gustavsen*

*Bass: Roar Nilsen*

*Percussion: Kenneth Simonsen*

*Keys: Stefan Höglin*

*Guitar: Mads Martinsen*

*Vocals: Kristopher Schau*

*Harmonica: Kenneth Simonsen*

*Tubular bells: Roar Nilsen and Mads Martinsen*