

# Augustine

## The Slow Show

As the bell tower blocks the summer light  
All the seeds in our garden fight  
To break and blossom, all to be adored  
And look, your skirt is torn  
And there's blood on our sheets  
As comes the long arm of the law  
Fist tight, banging on the door  
And knocking me down on its way in  
As I pass out into a dream  
Of whooping cranes and wooden beams  
Great white wings beating  
In an attic, in a house, in the dead of night  
Singing  
Oh, my Augustine, Augustine  
Oh, is this forever, ever?  
Oh, oh my sweet Augustine, Augustine  
What does this mean for us?  
Does it mean that I can never change my ways?  
And that's why, love, you shouldn't stay  
Still you will and love me  
Like a mother or a maid bringing you down, down  
Down on your brazen knees  
Watering the worms and the weeds  
Thinking, why does love leave me so damn cold?  
Now I'm getting old and is this what it should be?  
Well, is it?  
Oh, my Augustine, Augustine  
Oh, is this forever, ever?  
Oh, oh, sweet Augustine, Augustine  
Or do we kill this one tonight?  
And now come the tears, heavy and hot  
As it comes clear, this is all we got  
As I hold you to my bed like a cancer, or a curse  
Now be my loving nurse  
As we fall back into the impossible dream

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