

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