Augustine

Nicholas Tremulis Orchestra

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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