

Augustine

Vienna Teng

Oh, my God what have I done?
Chasing some mirage in my Mojave sun
Don't say every chance is lost
Please don't say anything at all In sand and thorns I'm walking forth
Bare and blinking as the day that I was born
Bells in spires of China white
Ring for an Augustine tonight Oh, now I'm breaking down, breaking down
Oh, now I'm breaking down, breaking down
Oh, now I'm breaking down
Oh, let me be, let me be your Augustine Lead me now, I understand
Faith is both the prison and the open hand
Bells on low on high
Will you ring for Augustine tonight

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