

## Augustine

Patrick Wolf

As the belltower blocks the sunlight  
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 my sheets  
Here comes a long arm of the law  
Fist tight, banging on the door  
And knocking me down on it's weight  
And I let him in

As I pass out into a dream  
Whooping cranes and woodland beings  
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  
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?  
And 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  
Do we kill this one tonight?

And now come the tears, heavy and hot  
It becomes 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