

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