

Vienna Teng, Augustine

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
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
Oh now I'm breaking down,
Every illusion in between
All the lies that I have seen
Oh let me be your Augustine