

# 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