

The Divine Comedy, Three Sisters

This Autumn breeze shall strip the trees
And freeze me to the bone
Why must these three sisters tease
Their lonely brother so?

Knowledge is a curse
But ignorance is worse I fear
Would you agree my dear?
I have watched you grow
From the same seed as my own shall grow
And they will never know how

How this Autumn breeze shall strip the trees
And freeze me to the bone
Why must these three sisters tease
Their lonely brother so?
I don't know
I don't know

Pleasure is a sin
And abstinence shall win this day
And that's the way it's gonna stay
Black Parisian lace
Your salvation-my disgrace
My God
Where did you go wrong?

I don't know if I can stop my eyes
From drifting slowly over holy temples of the soul
No self control

That Autumn chill is with me still