Thea Gilmore, I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine

I dreamed I saw St Augustine, live as you or me
Tearing through these quarters in the utmost misery
With a blanket underneath his arm and a coat of solid gold
Searching for the very souls who already have been sold

"Arise, arise." He spoke so loud in a voice pulled down with strain
"Come out, ye gifted kings and queens and hear my sad complaint
No mortal is among you know who you can call your own
So go on your way accordingly and call your Lord alone"

I dreamed I saw St Augustine live with fiery breath
I dreamed I was amongst the ones who called him unto death
Oh, I awoke in anger so I wasn't terrified
I put my fingers against the glass and bowed my head and cried
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