

Divine Comedy "Three Sisters"

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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
This autumn breeze
Can strip the trees
And freeze me to the bone
Why must these three sisters tease their lonely brother
so?
I don't know
Pleasure is a sin
And abstinence shall win this day
And that's the way it's gonna stay

Black Parisienne lace
Your salvation, my disgrace
My God
Where did you go wrong?
This autumn breeze
Shall strip the trees
And freeze me to the bone
Oh, why must these three sisters tease their lonely
brother so?
I don't know
I don't know if I can stop my eyes from drifting slowly
Over holy terrors of the soul
No self-control
That autumn chill
Is with me still

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