

(Hamill)

Oh, the Sisters of Blindness  
from the Convent of the Broken Heart,  
they want to smother it with kindness,  
they want to tear it all apart.  
And there's a rock of sterile virtu'  
in the centre of the bay....  
I'm so sorry he hurt you,  
but don't throw yourself away.

You only wanted to have some fun,  
you only wanted to try it;  
you only wanted to be someone,  
but everybody denies it.  
Why's it so hard to make you listen?  
Don't go and change your name...  
learning to lose can be  
the start of winning the game.  
You're so special, such sadness seems a shame.

I know that you've got a service to catch,  
I wouldn't want you to miss it,  
but there's something so mismatched,  
some motive inexplicit...  
is it the call of the Convent?

You only wanted to find someone  
or something more than pleasure;  
penitence for the Chosen One  
you can indulge at leisure -  
by the light of the sinking sun,  
don't turn your back on the treasure.  
Whether or not you want to face it, you're a beautiful girl  
and your lay-lady laughter has a right to be heard;  
but what can I give you if you've already got the Word?

Don't go  
don't start  
don't take on  
the Habit of the Broken Heart