

Cry Of The Afflicted, My Renewing

His eye has caught me now I can't escape his gaze
The Artist holds me up under the light, appraising me
In shame, I cast my eyes down to the ground
He'll take hold of me, and flesh it out,
With purpose, with a vengeance, blade in hand
Carve me up, strip away, tear mine down, my shape is yet to come
When will I rouse, from the perfect rest he gives?
How will the world see me then, as his own, his masterpiece
His eye has caught me now I can't escape his gaze
The Artist holds me up under the light, appraising me
In shame, I cast my eyes down to the ground
My twisted shape and burdened thoughts will be severed
Sorrow will fade with my nature restored, my nature renewed
When will I rouse, from the perfect rest he give?
How will the world see me then, as his own, his masterpiece
The shape He wants, that I can't see,
Is the essence he grants I've carried the waste, shapeless and vague,
For so long it clings to me pieces will fall, be swept away;
The Artist will restore me back to media