

My Renewing

Cry Of The Afflicted

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 to the ground
He'll take hold of me, and flesh it out, with vengeance, with a
purpose, 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 give?
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 to the ground
My twisted shape and burdened thoughts will be severed
Sorrow will fade with my nature restored, my nature renewed

The shape He wants, that I can't see