

Pieta

Illnath

Your smile so dim, your eyes alive
A gesture hides a vicious lie
Your face so clean, but deep inside
I know you're hiding something
A trace so faint, a chisel's scar
Carved piece by piece who you are
His head held high, but deep inside
I know you're hiding something

Pieta, you're the one and only truly holy sculpture
So now... sentenced by the divine tool I wheel he falls down

A crack and crackle, a thin black sear
Upon the surface pale and raw
Frozen for now, neatly carved
Deep in silence, clutching at straws
I crush the face, the crumbling lines
An expanding maze that seems alive

Again alone, you're face is gone
Still I see no confession coming from
Your soul, your core, your hand, your son
Still I know you're hiding something
I sit and wait, then un-create
My mind confused and filled with hate
I marvel at our common fate
Still I know you're hiding something

Pieta, you're the one and only truly holy sculpture
So now... sentenced by the divine tool I wheel he falls down

Another crack upon the marble
Disfigurement I don't even enjoy
I see it now, though in vain
I see how perfect art is pain
And as I make you dissolve
I see the secret that I have destroyed