

Pieta

St. Vincent

Baptized in the shallow end
Of a Holiday Inn
Limbs dangled over my Pa
Like an inverse Pietà

Mother Nature cried
"You are Leviathan, my child
You are Leviathan inside"

And my lungs runneth over
With chlorinated water
And I pleaded with my Pa
But he said, "I can't carry you no more"

Mother Nature cried
"You are Leviathan, my child
You are Leviathan inside"

Mother Nature sighed
"What hell is this I made this time?
You are Leviathan in size"

Can I make a pet of you?
Dress you up for all the girls
Will I keep you begging now?
Or touch you with my gentle words?

Mother Nature cried
"You are leviathan, my child
You are Leviathan inside"

Mother Nature sighed
"What hell is this I made this time?
You are Leviathan in size"