

# Pieta

## St. Vincent

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

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