

411**"Renewing"**Visit "[Renewing](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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.

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