Sacred Song
(for a voice à la Lou Reed)

The posture is the Pietà's.
That's a centurion, though,
who holds in his iron arms,
the carcass of a pale adolescent.
Helm in strong leather, sword at his side,
statuary look, tight shiny leggings.
And the young soul
(chorus: and the young soul)
and the young soul ales kes for a look,
and naked and pale
(chorus: and naked and pale)
the young soul protests it's too early,
it's too early, no, it's too early,
it's too early for him to die.
(chorus: it's too early for
him to die.)

"The two must die together..."
(Who says so?)
"The two must die together — body and soul..."

"Come in my arms, my son.
Die in my arms, my baby.
And I'll open my skies to your soul."

"That's too soon, please, not yet.
It's too soon, for me to come."

The posture is the Pietà's.
That's a centurion, though,
harnessed in tanned leather,
who holds in his arms his child.
And that's when the feeble body stretches
(chorus: that's when the feeble body stretches)
that the strong arms hold most tightly
(chorus: that the strong arms hold most tightly)
and at the single pang of death, a tear
(chorus: and at the single pang of death, a tear)
(voice and chorus:) burns down the last barrier,
burns down the last barrier.

"Come in my arms my son, my baby,
Die in my arms my son, my baby,
And I'll open my skies for you,
And I'll open my skies for you."

Armando Pajalich, 13/IV/1987
Thank heavens, it was polled — for if it had had horns, I do not think I would have survived. Even so, I was in severe trouble from the violence of its onslaught.