Clayman

Broken Betty

Your self control makes me feel alone
I've tried confidence, had it for breakfast today
I've lost the perfection, a mess without words
(And) As the seasons change I'll continue to ignore
The image I project - me without me
The picture that I scanned is borrowed

After the education you stopped making sense to me
Seems to me that it's all the same, time and time again
Slowly, all that I believed in, turning into a lie
To aim and miss, my supernatural art
Spending too much time with myself
Trying to explain who I am

How come it's possible
I wish there was a way
(Suddenly) I feel so invincible
I'm the sculpture made out of clay

I need someone to break the silence
Before it all falls apart
I need something to cling onto
Before I break you in parts

So afraid of what you may think
And all the plastic people that surrounds me
I have to find the path to where it all begins
To teach the world my supernatural art

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