

Masterpiece

Meg & Dia

It's too bad you knew me
When I wasn't ready
And I wasn't ready
Did I say, "Come and get me?" And too bad I held on
When you tried to tell me
This was wrong
Well, is this wrong? I'm telling you, I am no masterpiece
Where innocence is painted green
And isn't it strange to think
That you created all of me? It's done by the hands of a broken artist
You painted black where my naked heart is
I finally know what wrong is
Now, I finally know that you bleed for nothing Carved like a stone with your hands still shaking
On display though a soul still breaking
Aren't you proud you're the one that made me?
Aren't you proud you're the one that made me? You can't erase these
Lines, you can't save me
Oh, you can't display me
Oh, oh, you know what dismay means I can't even try to
Remember what I knew
Before I became your
Model, I claim no And so I am no masterpiece
So strange that you made all of me Done by the hands of a broken artist
You painted black where my naked heart is
I finally know what wrong is
Now, I finally know that you bleed for nothing Carved like a stone with your hands still shaking
On display though a soul still breaking
Aren't you proud you're the one that made me?
Aren't you proud you're the one that made me? And I grew tired
And you expired
Oh, you finished me Now that I am all that you planned
Well, tell me what do you think? Done by the hands of a broken artist
You painted black where my naked heart is
I finally know what wrong is
Now, I finally know that you bleed for nothing Carved like a stone with your hands still shaking
On display though a soul still breaking
Aren't you proud you're the one that made me?
Aren't you proud you're the one that made me? Too bad you knew me
I wasn't ready

I am no masterpiece at all

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