Donatello

Peon

Donatello
I'm gonna cut my strings and kill the puppeteer.
When I come to life I'll suck the air so deep.
That will be my first breath.
Then I'll walk on out of here.
Follow all those fingers pulling me.
I'll make sure nothing happens here.
I've felt your hands shaping me all wrong ways.
Stone it warms to flesh now.
When it all comes down, I can show you something you will not believe.
I'm long gone.
They'll come from far and wide to see an empty pedestal.
When it all comes down, we're gonna see a real masterpiece.
With an artist's eye and a killer's touch.
Takes a life to make one.
You had to get a grip, but I was caught inside of it.
Sure you made an impression.
Depression.

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