

Masterpiece

Meg & Dia

Too bad you knew me.
When I wasn't ready.
I wasn't ready.
Did I say, "Come and get me?"
Too bad I held on.
When you tried to tell me.
This was wrong.
Well, is this wrong?
I am no masterpiece where innocence is painted green.
Isn't it strange to think that you created 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 through 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.
You can't display me.
You know what dismay means.
I can't even try to.
Remember what I knew.
Before I became your.
Model to claim no.
I am no masterpiece.
So strange that you made all of me.
I grew tired.
You expired.
You finished me.
Now that I'm all that you planned.
Well tell me what do you think?
Too bad you knew me.
I wasn't ready.
I am no masterpiece at all.