

Meg & Dia, Masterpiece

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?

And I am no masterpiece where innocence is painted green
And 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 glad 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

And 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 through a soul still breaking
Aren't you proud you're the one that made me?
Aren't you glad you're the one that made me?

And I grew tired
You expired
You finished me
Now that I'm 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 through a soul still breaking
Aren't you proud you're the one that made me?
Aren't you glad you're the one that made me?

And too bad you knew me
I wasn't ready
I am no masterpiece at all