

Masterpiece

David Dunn

Strokes on a canvas
Clay on the floor
In the hands of an artist
They become something more

Cause, my life is a series of misses
Of constantly kissing perfection goodbye
My life is a work that's unfinished
A heart that keeps quitting
A cup that runs dry

You, make, a symphony
From broken melodies
You do it beautifully
You, take, the mass of me
Make it a masterpiece
You make a masterpiece

When the works in progress
It doesn't look like much, no
I'm in the hands of an artist
I either fight or trust, yeah

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Yeah, yeah uh
People change when the pain of staying the same is greater
If I'm created who am I to question the creator
I try to figure the reasons for his decisions
But end up being frustrated because infinite intuition is not a part of my psyche
I'm well aware I just might be a product of his divinely dream of being so finely tuned
To hear the beauty of what he's doing through me
Composing the inner new me
A masterpiece I am truly, a masterpiece I am truly, yeah

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