

# 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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