

Your self control makes me feel alone
I've tried confidence, had it for breakfast today
I've lost the perfection, a mess without words
As the seasons change I'll continue to ignore
The image I project is living in me
The picture that I scanned is borrowed

After the education, you stopped making sense to me
Seems to me that it's all the same, time and time and time and
time again
Slowly, all that I believed in, turning into a lie
To aim and miss, my supernatural art
Spending too much time with myself
Trying to explain who I am

How come it's possible?
I wish there was a way
I feel so invincible
I'm the sculpture made of clay

I need someone to break the silence
before it all falls apart
I need something to cling onto
before I break you in parts

So afraid of what you may think
And all the plastic people that surrounds me
I have to find the path to where it all begins
To teach the world my supernatural art

How come it's possible?
I wish there was a way
I feel so invisible
I'm the sculpture made of clay