

Dancing Dolls Of Porcelain

Bitter Ruin

Sad is the world when the wives are made to beg
Love is dead
'Pa is away as they tuck the kids in bed
Done by her instead
Money makes the house run smooth
So the kids are missing out on school
Am I the only one who's thinking this?
Where has our money gone? Where has our money gone?
I demand to know

I've been losing sleep
My bones are shattered from this dance
Because we are the dancing dolls of Porcelain
We dance the horah to their strings

Howl is the sound when we stare up to the skies
This life is lies
Thirst is the norm when we queue outside the vaults
We receive the payment, adds an injury to insult
If wealth could be a desert spring
And nourish drought this wasteland we live in
Am I the only one who's thinking this?
Could be a better place, could be a better place
Let the rapids flow

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My bones are shattered from this dance
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A pirouette-esque march
The constitution of this life
And we are whipped at heart
Because no one wants to starve
Pay the toll or die

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