

This, My Porcelain Life

Rasputina

This letter you get it,
You burn it,
Forget it
It's not what I meant to say
You might think me a scapegrace
Really a fugitive in decay
I exist here on an acre of nature
In the diminutive
But I'll be thinking of you, I would wager
My favorite hypocrite

You are a master of the commerce of friendship
So I put all of my feathers on
I wrote you this letter, I send it
And this foul weather is gone
Of your last words to me I am thinking
And of the depth of your eyes
But you can't halt the profound shrinking
Of this, my porcelain life

If axed that I reject your protection
Well I abhor captivity
I want to live alone in my little section
So very wild and watery
How to preserve my own mistaken perfection?
Oh you refine vulgarity
I want to tenuously ask this question
Out of a census for clarity

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My porcelain life
My porcelain life

I find it very breakable

My porcelain life