

My skin is a story  
With marks and lines, it makes me feel weary  
My face is like a galaxy  
With spotty freckle stars and no sense of gravity  
But even with the good  
The bad feels so much stronger  
My inner demons, they always win  
And in my mind they saunter  
So many things that I've come to hate  
They line my body and caress my face  
I feel so frail and empty too  
Like a china tea cup with dried out glue

I am made of porcelain  
I'm cracking now and then, it wears my down  
And I am made of porcelain  
I look okay but I am breaking down  
Over and over again  
Oh, over and over again

Stretches and patches corrupt my flesh  
Slowly eating away any confidence that's left  
And I really wish I wouldn't let  
My appearance dictate how much I fret  
Because they say what's inside is what really matters  
But I really can't seem to ignore  
The parts of me that I abhor  
It makes me feel like I am weak and battered

'Cause I am made of porcelain  
Cracking now and then, it wears my down  
And I am made of porcelain  
I look okay but I am breaking down  
Over and over again  
Oh, over and over again

Oooooo, oo-oo-oo-oo-oooo-oo-oo  
Oo-oo-oo-oo-oooo-oo-oo, oo-oo, oo-oo  
Oooooo, oo-oo-oo-oo-oooo-oo-oo  
Oo-oo-oo-oo-oooo-oo-oo, oo-oo, oo-oo  
Oo-oo-oooo