Porcelain

Phildel

How long do I hold on?
How long do I hold on?

Here, wearing this dress,
Though my hair is a mess,
I'm hoping you'll see the distance in me.
Here, faced with the ice,
The cold of the sky
Freezing its way through the heart of the day.

You, neutral scene,
Turn colour down
Till I'm, I'm porcelain
And cracking now.

Here, treading ground that I know,
Bare over stone,
The circles I form on the landscapes are drawn,
Matching my mind in their endless design.
No, the pain's not your fault.
You say I'm made of salt:
You can't rub it in, it was born on my skin.

You, neutral scene,
Turn colour down
Till I'm, I'm porcelain
And cracking now.

How long do I hold on?
Wearing this dress I'm still holding my breath.
How long do I hold on?
Can you give me the faith to be heartless and brave?

You, neutral scene,
Turn colour down
Till I'm, I'm porcelain
And cracking now.

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