

# 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  
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I find it very breakable

My porcelain life