

I built myself a small cocoon
To stop my heart from craving you
Of sandalwood and vetiver
Of silkworm spit and mother's hair
The inside made of rosemary
The kind that won't bend easily
Or break beneath this bane of trust
Or turn that awful shade of rust

These days, when you wear my skin
I feel somehow overdressed

I cut my teeth when I broke out
And spread my wings to flee the doubt
The dust lay stagnant in the air
But I have all my back to bare

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