

Porcelain

Tow'rs

Look up darling, look the sky has turned to gold
As you dreamt in porcelain, the sun went down
And there's a heart on the ground

Take me to that hidden place
Promise me the glass will break
Fragility is a gift that we don't see
Brought to life by the storms that wreck the sea

Days revolving on a spinning stilt that we can't reach
And phones they ring, bringing lovers to their knees
And their questioning

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