

Emilie Autumn

"Rant 2"

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What is feeling if it can be smashed so easily? Have I built up anything in the course of a happy day that cannot be torn down by tomorrow's inevitable sorrows? Am I so fragile that a word from the outside of the transparent orb that encloses my physical self, being said, pricks the invisible dome and leaves me utterly defenseless against the onslaught of everyday realities? And what is to be said for rebuilding that shell? Will it provide me anything more than a few short hours of divine oblivion? Ah, but what can be accomplished in a few short hours? Many great things, and these things, if carefully constructed, may perhaps furnish a sort of hospital waiting room wherein, when I am next divested of my orb, I might pass the time in slightly more comfortable surroundings than had I been rushed directly to the operating table.

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