

## Shades Of Fiction "Porcelain"

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Who he use to be could never find the truth on his  
own...  
The shades of sympathy, tattooed the irony to the  
bone...  
And what they were you see, was like dreaming meant  
nothing at all...  
Here he is again, always been here alone, on his own...  
Your as porcelain, as a china doll...  
So life like, yet so empty...  
Your hallow heart, is harboring the echos of each  
murderous word...  
These murderous words concealed...

What they use to be, turns out it never really was  
much...  
And as the tables turn he looks to me I would not  
budge...  
But he says right now is out of body and enraged...  
Here I am to blame, I've always been here...  
Always been here, alone, on his own...  
What goes around comes around...  
What goes around comes back around...  
It goes around, it comes around and goes back  
around...  
Your as porcelain, as a china doll...  
So life like, yet so empty...  
Your hallow heart, is harboring the echos of each  
murderous word...  
These murderous, your so murderous...  
Your as porcelain, as a china doll...  
So life like, yet so empty...

He never really was much of anything at all...  
But then you wake up and there you are, facing  
yourself...

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