

Rasputina "My Orphanage"

Visit "[My Orphanage](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I have been held in this orphanage for longer than my years.

I am made to eat this horrid porridge.

They box me on the ears.

How often I vow to flee, to go.

But this is the only home I know.

My stammered speech, my one suitcase,

My Orphanage, My hateful place.

Like that case, this place I carry

Inside of me.

It's not so very heavy for a stocky child.

They said my mama's loose.

They said she was wild.

Though I never knew or saw that woman sent with me
this fatal flaw.

My strange and puffy moon-like face,

My Orphanage,

My hateful place.

My stringy hair, my lack of grace,

My Orphanage,

My hateful place.

I could have been lucky like them

Happy families

Look in my

Dark, rotted hardenened heart and you will see:

The downcast glance, the empty embrace

Of my orphanage,

My hateful place.

I'm an evil thing.

I am way full of something

That was left by the side of the road.

I am chipped, curly-lipped.

Never any kindness was shown.

No one else is here,

My Orphanage, My Dear.

It's in me. It's a part.

My Orphanage, My Heart.

Visit [Rasputina](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.