

Pretty in Porcelain

Famous Last Words

I stand alone in the dark I feel glued cause I can't move
My heart it pounds in my chest fast as he takes his first step into the room.
My stomach drops deeply
His eager eyes they stare undressing me
I'm nauseous so sickly
Am I dead, am I dreaming?
Oppressive caressing
Paralyzed, gotta wake up from this nightmare misery But the nightmare's not over
It's only just begun
As he starts to arrange me
Does it all for fun
(I'll have you know)
I'm not a game you can play
A fucking doll to manipulate
His fingers feel like blades as they run up my thighs
He paints my face, changes my dress, I'm ready for his night,
but not through my eyes.
I'm stuck imprisoned and paralyzed
Count to three open my eyes and see
The world around me is still a nightmare
I gotta wakeup from this dream
What could it be this visions's trying to tell me
I can't see it clearly
Feel it try to break me With his touch I feel the burn of a thousand suns
I try to scream I try to move but I just can't run
He's playing with me like a porcelain doll
But there's nothing I can do I just feel so small
Makeup running down my face
From the tears and the sweat I feel so disgraced
As he dresses and undresses me I fear I may die
Wake up, wake up, wake up!
But the nightmare's not over
It's only just begun
As he starts to arrange me
Does it all for fun
(I'll have you know)
I'm not a game you can play
A fucking doll to manipulate
His fingers feel like blades as they run up my thighs

He paints my face, changes my dress, I'm ready for his night,
but not through my eyes.
I'm stuck imprisoned and paralyzed I'm stuck imprisoned and paralyzed.
I know to you that I just seem like an inanimate being
Deep down inside I am alive and you are torturing me! The suffering you've inflicted
You're addicted
Cause you're head's sick
Actions wicked
Sick and twisted
Scars will heal but I'll still feel it! But the nightmare's not over
It's only just begun
As he starts to arrange me
Does it all for fun
(I'll have you know)
I'm not a game you can play
A fucking doll to manipulate
(Please wake me up)
His fingers feel like blades as they run up my thighs
He paints my face, changes my dress, I'm ready for his night,
but not through my eyes.
I'm stuck imprisoned and paralyzed
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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