

# My Orphanage

## Rasputina

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 heartened 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.

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