

## The Birthday Massacre "Holiday"

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It's getting late  
it all just wanes and pales and fades away  
if we just want it too much  
and what a shame  
if all there is is all that's  
gone away  
there's nothing left here for us

deadlight holiday  
killing time to make us stay  
hollow as the promises of yesterday  
on and on the music plays  
memories in paraphrase  
falling past my window like  
the morning rain

it's all the same  
so many words remaining  
always too late  
it never seems worth taking  
and all the days  
and all the nights lost sleeping  
and in the end the secret's not worth keeping.  
deadlight holiday  
killing time to make us stay  
hollow as the promises of yesterday  
on and on the music plays  
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