

The Birthday Massacre "Violet"

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The tragic comedy divine
Paints the way to peace of mind
Leaving shallow lovers far behind

Past uncertainties combine
Bringing tears to sleepless eyes
Memory runs the course of time

Blood runs cold beyond the violet prison
For violent visions
And so the broken record plays
As you throw us away

We're never enough
We're drowning in cliches
So desperate to love
We're twisting every word they say
So we sleep through the days

Within the heat of passions war
Lust is spilled upon the floor
Staining red the wasted metaphor

The selfish need for something more
Claws in vain at closing doors
Scarring faces once adored

Tracing circles in the violet prison
For violet visions
And so the broken record plays
As you throw us away

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