

Protagonist

"Vampires Only Come Out At Midnight"

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Driving wooden stakes through black hearts.
The clock strikes midnight,
The dye has been cast,
And the sun sets once again.
Broken records spin love songs till dawn,
Press repeat on "Black Celebration"
It's the same old song and dance,
The needle scratches and the record skips.

Everything matters more to me,
I find the beauty in everything,
And I'm trying hard to let go,
Our scars are here to remind us that our past was real.

Everything is quickly fading
And I don't want to sit here waiting,
For life to pass me by.
I want to be acquainted with the night,
And find the solemn places where I can hide.
Screaming to myself so loud,
The white blisters in my throat, they hold me back.
Can you hear me screaming?
Turning whispers into shouts.

And I write these songs hoping
My words will help me through the night;
Pens are daggers and daggers swords,
I'm using ink as blood and I'm not the only one.
And the record skips, and the records skips,
Standing here with this dagger in my hand.
The broken record skips and it tells me love is dead.

The sun has turned it's back on me once again.
Broken mirrors she'd no reflections,
Just imperfections.
These broken shards cut me up.

No one can see me;
I find the beauty in everything,
And I want you to know that I hate growing up,
And watching people come and go.
I'm counting angels as they fall.

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