

## **Birthdays Massacre**

### **"Nighttime"**

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I think it happened at nighttime  
A cold rain drizzled down from space  
Hiding tears from streetlight eyes  
I saw the same familiar face  
Something pseudo tv love  
A mixed up girl who's something of  
A fairytales romantic dream come true

She breaks my heart and blurs my eyes  
Her love is never easy  
A magic made for tragic minds  
And thinking back I should have known  
That she could see right through me  
And I would end up on my own

Gazing through my window  
She glittered like the starlit rain  
Whispering tales of broken hearts  
She told me things would never change  
There was only so much words could say  
We closed our eyes and dreamed away  
And for a time our love was almost real

She breaks my heart and blurs my eyes  
Her love is never easy  
A magic made for tragic minds  
And looking back I should have known  
That she could see right through me  
And I would end up on my own

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