

Kagamine Rin

"Cinderella Syndrome"

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The clock ticks sugar-sweet time
Reminding me nothing in life is predestined
But all the same I fear the bell that will declare
tomorrow
I dust off the ashes blackening my heart
Running down countless steps of the staircase
These glass slippers really aren't that comfortable

This piercing loud voice spins it's lies
Untrue words slipped together in a gorgeous language
Recently I was looking in a mirror
The reflection dancing in this fake dress

The clock that pointed it's thin hands at twelve
Will reveal you magic
How that will hurt
Everything filling with a paling color
The world is starting to blur
It's all drying up

Inside of this world
I cling to an uncertain voice
Again I'm sorry tomorrow isn't predestined
My heart filling with ashes
I guess I'm fragile I crumble too much
The remains of my glass slippers pierce through my
veins

My breaking heart
Tip-toes through the dark
It turns around again
Unravels
And grows deformed
Recently I was looking at a mirror
As I forgot the meaning of happiness

The clock that pointed it's thin hands at twelve
Will reveal your magic
How that will hurt
Everything filling with a pale color
Is it all disappearing

Even the best of days

The clock that pointed it's thin hands at twelve
Will reveal your magic
How that will hurt
Sayonara
Maybe what I was seeing
Was just a happy fantasy

The clock that points it's thin hands at twelve
Will reveal your magic
How that will hurt
Everything filling with a pale color
It's all starting to fade
My world it's drying up

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