

Birthday Massacre, The

"Goodnight"

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First place on a classroom wall
Every turn of the face can help to break
The fall from a domestic disgrace
Every rumor displaced
Is lost and found

A lack of discipline
One hand to cut the other
So unprofessional
You're not a friend
You're just a lover

Nothing exceptional
This is correctional

Mirror on the wall
Frame the picture
Reflect this kiss
To wish us all goodnight

First day in a victim's chair
Every surface replaced
Can help to keep you
Fair for a corrected gaze
Every feature displayed
Will match your crowd

A loss of innocence
One hand to wash the other
Be a perfectionist
You're nothing if
You're just another

Something material
This isn't personal

We're all dancing
To the same sad song
And we're not sleeping
But it won't take long

Illicit conviction
Confessions incomplete
Correction
Submissive restriction
Instructions will repeat
Direction

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