

Birthday Massacre, The

"Make Believe"

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Waiting for their minds to fall asleep
Sneaking out the door to the park I creep
Where my machine will wait for me
Open up the doors and stumble inside
Over a sleeping world we ride
To places I don't want to see

Don't pretend you feel
It turns your words to plastic
Don't pretend that this is real
It's all make believe

Waiters on tables are selling their lies
Drowning in the pubs till the night time dies
Whispering guilt into my ear
Looking for some cheap romance
Watching the girls in sparkles dance
Tonight could be your night my dear

Don't pretend you feel
It turns your words to plastic
Don't pretend that this is real
It's all make believe

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