

Birthday Massacre, The

"Pale"

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I'm looking at a face, a pointed chin
Towards the sky, an arrogance
It easily betrays the closest friend
No moment lost, no consequence

The circle starts again, away from you
Deception pulls us in, away from you
Away from you, away from you...

An imitation, a fabrication
A pretty fake, a counterfeit
An empty carcass behind the artist
Is there a trace of innocence?

So how do you portray the sentiment?
A ruse is brought, the truth is bent
And much to our dismay, they're ignorant
The more that we make up the more it fits

This doesn't feel right
Feels like everything's further away
Dead as the nightlife, hindsight, watching another
mistake
You never feel right, long nights
Following into the day
Pale as the street light, pure white
Washing the color away

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