

Birthday Massacre, The

"Red Stars"

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Best of cruel intentions
Finding what they fail to mention
No truth, all pretension
Raise your hand to get attention

You give it, we take it
You build it, we break it
You suddenly erase it
You feel it, we fake it

It's my red star, stealing
It's my red star, I can't let go
It's my red star, concealing
It's my red star, oh no

Wasted education
Celebrating imitation
Misplaced admiration
Speaking for a generation

You give it, we take it
You build it, we break it
You suddenly erase it
You feel it, we fake it

It's my red star, stealing
It's my red star, I can't let go
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