

Birthday Massacre, The

"Sleepwalking"

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Wait dear
The time is getting late here
I'm all washed up
and graced with faint applause
Dressed in a cheap facade
I'm looking for a place I'll never see again

A night turns to a day
A street I've never walked on
I was never here
Just a faint reflection
A day turns to a month
A second of affection
I was never here
Just a faint reflection

Faking
There's nothing here worth taking
Just my reflection fading on the wall
Not the fairest one of all
I'm looking for a place I'll never see again.

A night turns to a day
A street I've never walked on
I was never here
Just a faint reflection
A day turns to a month
A second of affection
I was never here
Just a faint reflection

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