

Birthday Massacre, The

"Velvet"

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Happy in her soft red dress
The worst nightmare there ever was
I wake up, shaking
Thinking of her big black eyes that shone like stars

Bashed her head against the wall
I pulled out mostly all her hair
Dragged her through the dirt and grass
But Velvet never seemed to care

Plastic hands that held and moved, and
Eyes that gleamed with trusting light,
And I, all adolescent dumb
Abandoned Velvet in the night

I am so guilty I can't speak
And though she's never far from mind
It's far too late to change this end
My Velvet's crushed and left behind

So beautiful and I destroyed you
So innocent and I ruined you
So trusting and I betrayed you
So precious and it's all my fault

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