

Birthday Massacre, The

"Violet"

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The tragic comedy divine,
Paints the way to peace of mind.
Leaving shallow lovers far behind.
Past uncertainties combine.
Bringing tears to sleepless eyes.
Memory runs the course of time.
Blood runs cold beyond the violet prison, for violent
visions.
And so the broken record plays, as you throw us away.

We're never enough,
We're drowning in cliches.
So desperate to love,
We're twisting every word they say.
So we sleep through the days.

Within the heat of passions war,
Lust is spilled upon the floor.
Staining red the wasted metaphor.
The selfish need for something more,
Claws in vain at closing doors.
Scarring faces once adored.
Tracing circles in the violet prison, for violet visions.
And so the broken record plays, as you throw us away.

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