Sleepwalking

The Birthday Massacre

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 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 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,
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A street I've never walked on,
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