

Holiday

The Birthday Massacre

It's getting late, it all just wanes and pales
And fades away if we just want
It too much and what a shame if all
There is, is all that's gone away There's nothing left here for us
Dead light holiday killing time to make
Us stay hollow as the promises of yesterday
On and on the music Plays memories in paraphrase
Falling past my window
Like the morning rain
It's all the same So many words remaining always
Too late, it never seems worth taking
And all the days and all the nights lost sleeping
And in the end the secrets not worth keeping

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