

Video Kid

The Birthday Massacre

Next phase, next craze, next nothing new.
Got the pretty boy beat him up black and blue.
Broke the sissy boy's teeny toy heart in two.
Turned him into a video kid like you. I know we're just pretending.
There's no window for escape.
I know you see right through me.
There's no promise left to break. Shot the pretty boy killed him on commodore.
Need a new game, need a new something more.
Got a new face got a new way to score.
Got a voice like something I've heard before. The message misleading.
We're lying, we're cheating.
We're only repeating.
The motions preceding.

Songwriters

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