

Night Time

The Birthday Massacre

I think it happened at night time
A cold rain drizzled down from space
Hiding tears from streetlight eyes
I saw the same familiar face
Something pseudo tv love
A mixed up girl who's something of
A fairytale's romantic dream come true
She breaks my heart and blurs my eyes
Her love is never easy
A magic made for tragic minds
And thinking back I should have known
That she could see right through me
And I would end up on my own
Gazing through my window
She glittered like the starlit rain
Whispering tales of broken hearts
She told me things would never change
There was only so much words could say
We closed our eyes and dreamed away
And for a time our love was almost real
She breaks my heart and blurs my eyes
Her love is never easy
A magic made for tragic minds
And looking back I should have known
That she could see right through me
And I would end up on my own

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