

Pale

The Birthday Massacre

I'm looking at a face, a pointed chin
Towards the sky, an arrogance
It easily betrays the closest friend
No moment lost, no consequence A circle starts again
(Away from you)
Deception pulls us in
(Away from you)
Away from you
(Away from you) Imitation, a fabrication
A pretty fake, a counterfeit
An empty carcass behind the artist
Is there a trace of innocence? So how do you portray the sentiment?
The ruse is brought, the truth is spent
And much to our dismay, they're ignorant
The more that we make up, the more it fits A circle starts again
(Away from you)
Deception pulls us in
(Away from you)
Away from you
(Away from you) Imitation, a fabrication
A pretty fake, a counterfeit
An empty carcass behind the artist
Is there a trait of innocence? This doesn't feel right, feels like
Everything's further away
Dead as the nightlife, hindsight
Watching another mistake We never feel right, long night
Following into the day
Dead as the street light, pure white
Washing the color away Imitation, a fabrication
A pretty fake, a counterfeit
An empty carcass behind the artist
Is there a trait of innocence?

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