

# 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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