Violet (Live 2007)

The Birthday Massacre

The tragic comedy divine
Paints the way to peace of mind
Leaving shallow lovers far behindPast uncertainties combine
Bringing tears to sleepless eyes
Memory runs the course of timeBlood runs cold beyond
The violet prison
For violent visions
And so the broken record plays

As you throw us awayWe're never enoughWe're drowning in cliches

So desperate to love

We're twisting every word they saySo we sleep through the daysWithin the heat of passions war Lust is spilled upon the floor

Staining red the wasted metaphorThe selfish need for something more
Claws in vain at closing doors
Scarring faces once adoredTracing circles in the violet prison
For violet visions

And so the broken record plays
As you throw us away

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