

Dead

The Birthday Massacre

I can't speak through these walls of lead
Built from broken thoughts
No one sees me
They all try to make me what I'm not.

I need to talk but not with them,
They won't like what I say.
I force it out, too corrupt,
They hate me anyway

I take back all the words I feel,
'Cause I can't let them know,
What I have to do to make the sound the way it so.

No time for open mind,
The honesty--it seems so weak.
TV comes at bedtime,
I kill the world to hear it speak

So kill me once, kill me twice,
I am already dead.
You can't hear the noise inside my head.
I'm living in a dead world,
Running out things to do.
What I wouldn't give for something new.

So kill me once, kill me twice,
I am already dead.
You can't hear the noise inside my head.
I'm living in a dead world,
Running out things to do.
What I wouldn't give for something new.