

Night Time

The Birthday Massacre

I think it happened at nighttime
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 fairytales 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

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A magic made for tragic minds
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And I would end up on my own