

The Vanishing Game

The Birthday Massacre

Tonight the footsteps and the shadows stay
Inside a windowless hideaway
Just long enough for memories to flash and fade
But when the falling tears make the quiet flame burn out

And the silhouettes that we walk, that we trace in design
And the characters we've played before reappear in a different
life
Neither wanna be reborn if it resembles the other side
And we whisper in the dark for the last time

We cover our faces, we black out our names
They say that it's dangerous to play the vanishing game
And they see what they want to believe
Am I safe in this haven when we play the vanishing game?

The vanishing game

And when the storm comes down again
Shifting all shapes like the sleight of hand
We'll be pieces of glass sticking out of the sand
To validate the fears that they don't understand, oh, oh

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