

The Birthday Massacre, Holiday

It's getting late
It all just wanes and pales and fades away
If we just want it too much
And what a shame
If all there is is all that's gone away
There's nothing left here for us

Deadlight holiday
Killing time to make us stay
Hollow as the promises of yesterday

On and on the music plays
Memories in paraphrase
Falling past my window like the morning rain

It's all the same
So many words remaining
Always too late
It never seems worth taking
And all the days
And all the nights lost sleeping
And in the end
The secret's not worth keeping

Deadlight holiday
Killing time to make us stay
Hollow as the promises of yesterday

On and on the music plays
Memories in paraphrase
Falling past my window like the morning rain
(x2)