

The Birthday Massacre, Looking Glass

Waiting as I'm wanting to.
Speaking as I'm spoken to.
Changing to your point of view.
Fading as I follow you.

A boyish notion of false emotion.
These words are spoken despite my love.
A fool's devotion was set in motion.
My eyes are open now.

It's a glass cage so I can't pretend.
You hide beneath the physical.
I see it coming.
But I can't defend.
You cut so deep,
My belief is gone.
My belief is gone.
My belief is...

Tell me what I want to say.
Save me for another day.
Break me, it's the game you play.
Hate me as I turn away.

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