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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