

# The Birthday Massacre, The Dream

Her fabulous invention, what strange imagination shown  
Her glorious intentions, a sea of doubt beneath her own  
It said "you're not the first to dream this, little girl  
You know it's never happened once in this world  
It never crossed my mind that one so young could hope to find a power greater than my own"

She never did what they told her to  
And they'll never see her dream come true

The edge of revelation, believing all the stories told  
A final moment taken before this story's end unfolds  
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Now she flies over clouds in twilight skies  
Nothing to bind her, no one will find her this high  
Far above the rainy weather  
All plans have come together  
And for the first time she feels just fine