

The Birthday Massacre, Violet

the tragic comedy divine
paints the way to peace of mind
leaving shallow lovers far behind
past uncertainties combine
bringing tears to sleepless eyes
memory runs the course of time
blood runs cold beyond

the violet prison for violent visions
and so the broken record plays
as you throw us away
we're never enough
we're drowning in clichs
so desperate to love
we're twisting every word they say
so we sleep through the days

within the heat of passion's war
lust is spilled upon the floor
staining red the wasted metaphor
the selfish need for something more
claws in vain at closing doors
scarring faces once adored
tracing circles in the

violet prison for violent visions
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