

The Birthday Massacre, Weekend

Lights out
Boys sleepwalking on the weekend.
Black out
Two nights killing off a best friend

Fall out like soldiers walking off to the deep end
Hands out
Don't stop marching til the hearts rend

The time goes by
And sets the stage
They play their parts
And act their age
They never forget the lines that they say

Speaking slowly

I promise you one day
I promise you always
We'll make it out one day
I promise you always

Nights out
Girls keep on walking on the east end
White out
Two lights shining on a dead end

Drawn out
Like circles trailing off the pavement
Stand out
Don't stop marching til the hearts mend