

Sweeper, A child's birthday waltz

Imagine a room painted all white
And two girls in the middle playing quietly with a knife
And it seems this room is empty, just a window on the wall
In the silent conversation, what a strange place to call home

A million screams and accusations want to hear the way she prays
Want to hear the way she whispers promises of better days

It all started pretty weirdly with a burial in the garden,
Two dead butterflies were carefully placed in graves by a small child

Someone took away her wishes, without saying pretty please
Cut them into a hundred pieces, saying that's the way it is
Someone took away her wishes, without saying pretty please

She held candles in her hands, never lit and never used
There's no flame above the table dripping wax, what's the excuse?

Someone took away her wishes, without saying pretty please
Cut them into a hundred pieces, saying that's the way it is
Someone took away her wishes

There's two ?birds? in the white room playing with the birthday knife
And both singing Happy Birthday, what a miserable life