

# The Birthday Massacre, Kill The Lights

This story's missing a wishing well.  
No mirror to show and tell.  
No kiss that can break the spell.  
I'm falling asleep.

Every prince is a fantasy.  
The witch is inside of me.  
Her poison will wash away the memory.

We kill the lights and put on a show.  
It's all a lie.  
But you'd never know.  
The star will shine,  
And then it will fall  
And you will forget it all.

And after midnight we're all the same.  
No glass shoe to bring us fame.  
Nobody to take the blame.  
We're falling apart

Every story's a waiting game.  
A flower for every name.  
Their colors are paling in the falling rain.

We kill the lights and put on a show.  
It's all a lie.  
But you'd never know.  
The star will shine,  
And then it will fall  
And you will forget it all.

Now you know.

It's so much better to pretend there's something waiting for you here.  
Every letter that you wrote has found its way to me, my dear.  
You can make believe that what you say is what I want to hear.  
I'll keep dancing through this beautiful delusional career.  
Faking every tear.  
Looking like a compromise suicide.  
Keeping all my dreams alive.