

# 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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