

The tragic comedy divine
Paints the way the piece of mind
Leaving shallow lovers behind

At some certainties combined
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 in love
We're drowning in cliches
So desperate to love
We're twisting every word they say
So we sleep through the days

Within the heat of passion war
Lust is spilled upon the floor
Staining red the waisted metaphore
The selfish need for something more
Causing vain at closing doors
Scarring faces once adored
Tracing circles in the violet prison
For violent visions
And so the broken record plays
As you blow us away

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So we sleep through the days