

# Impaled Nazarene, How The Laughter Died

When you have painted yourself in the corner  
You wish you were a spider so you could escape  
No matter how hard you try to ignore  
It still has that iron grip around your neck

And the laughter died, torn from me  
Piece of me missing, mentally lost

Yet in my dreams, those big eyes protect me  
Leading the way to the safe nest

When everything has failed, all things come to an end  
It's time to understand your reality check failed  
This deep buried pain, another sleepless night  
There's no easy way out from all your fears

And the laughter died, torn from me  
Piece of me dead, emotionally fucked

Yet in my dreams, those big eyes protect me  
Leading the way to the safe nest