

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