

Lordi, Deadache

She's over by my place as decoration
I preserved her face for inspiration

Flashlights from authorities
Lanterns brighten up the scene
Familiar faces of the long dead

The Mad Butcher goes bump in the night
And loneliness
It makes nights endless

The farm bathes in the thumping moonlight
It incubates my grief and madness

And sometimes
I end up with a deadache
I end up with a deadache

I can't feel myself I'm sinking deeper
Mother's not really gone, I'm dressing in her

Dusty musty shrine to Ma
Boards the doors so she'll keep long
There's no way that she'll be leaving me

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And loneliness
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The farm bathes in the thumping moonlight
It incubates my grief and madness

And sometimes
I get a deadache ya
Sometimes
I get a deadche ya
Sometimes

In November I lost my family
They took away all my friends and blamed insanity

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And sometimes I end up with a deadache
I end up with a deadache
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I end up with a deadache deadache deadache