

# 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  
It makes nights endless

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  
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I end up with a deadache deadache deadache