

# Stabbing Westward, Can't Happen Here

Late last night I tripped in  
violent shades of green  
1000 voiceless faces were chasing me  
I ran through the air as thick as glue  
Through night as black as hate my spirit fled  
Through branches filled with thorns  
my eyes bled and bled  
How could I ever hope to win this race  
When everytime I close my eyes I see your face  
It just can't happen here [repeat]