Strong on your feet, you were blinded Building up a towar on shaking ground Once in a world full of colors Back to see just ruins there to be found

And now you're falling, crawling Diggin in the broken remains Of what had to be taken for strong Slowly it's been fading away

Come into the painting on the wall So the joker smiles
Come into the painting on the wall
No more crying
Illusions let you in from the rain
Follow Mr. Hopkins, get insane

Stories are told - wanna hear him Talking from the picture to your head Follow the call of a puppet Led into a black room painted red

Where life is painless, brainless You don't think of broken remains Of what had to be taken for strong Slowly it's been fading away

Look at the picture Point at the child there on the floor Realize that it's a looking glass