

# Alana Grace, Paranoid

I'm not crazy, I know what I see, I hear them staring at me.  
You can't make me feel, I'm out of my mind.  
I can hear them whisper.  
Paranoid, see it through my eyes.  
I'm paranoid, through the twisted lies.  
Insanity, it's a real fine line.  
And I want you to know,  
It's schizophrenic psychoanalytical nightmares.  
But who's to say their not out there.  
It rained paper, I tore every piece apart so they can't read me.  
I stopped speaking so my words can't be misused.  
They won't come back to haunt me.  
Paranoid, see it through my eyes.  
I'm paranoid, through the twisted lies.  
Insanity, it's a real fine line.  
And I want you to know,  
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but who's to say their not out there.  
Walls have ears, and pictures follow me.  
Can't you see their trying to swallow me?  
Paranoid, see it through my eyes.  
I'm paranoid, through the twisted lies.  
Insanity, it's a real fine line.  
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