

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?
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