

# Coil, Paranoid Inlay

Serenity is a problem  
When you get this close to Heaven  
But you really want to see  
The wonders of the underworld  
They caught Saint Peter's disease  
As he rattled his keys

Serenity is a problem  
Serenity is a problem  
Such a paranoid inlay  
Hand-painted, pain by numbers, just join the dots

Serenity is a problem  
Serenity is a problem  
Bloody British bulldozers  
These vegetables are suicidal

It seems concussion suits you  
It seems concussion suits you

Dear Diary, I must take risks  
I must not be afraid of failure  
What do I need to give up?  
Crystalline ladders, shiny things, mirror-balls

On a clear day I can see forever  
That the underworld is my oyster