

Lacuna Coil, When A Dead Man Walks

Paranoia

In which I think that I'm not confident
Blood into my hands I can't deny
A buzz into my ears that makes me mad

But I don't look back

While I'm waiting to die
I don't look back
In a weird lullaby
I'll carry on

And the hope in my heart is dry

But I don't look back
And I cannot reply
I don't look back
While I'm waiting to lie
I'll carry on
While they want to decide for me

Once again
Once again

Living in their cage
Living in their cage
They are killing me

Once again

Living in their cage
Living in their cage
They are killing me

Paranoia

In which I think I'm not that confident
A tiny hope that burns into my breath
A bitter smile delights me at the end

But I don't look back

While I'm waiting to die
I don't look back
In a weird lullaby
I'll carry on

And the hope in my heart is dry

But I don't look back
And I cannot reply
I don't look back
While I'm waiting to lie
I'll carry on
While they want to decide for me

Once again
Once again

Living in their cage
Living in their cage
They are killing me
Killing me