Running Scared

Dead Moon

The imaginary line that we don't dare cross
That innocent side that might be lost
That dangerous beast that lies inside
That public cry, that never knowing
The dark at the top of the stairs
I'm running scaredThat fading youth that leaves no trace
That tick-tick-ticking that leaves no trace
That final design, that self-destruct
That condescending critic who's out for blood
The dark at the top of the stairs
I'm running scaredThat twilight flash, that one-night stand
That grand illusion, that radar scan
That piece by piece, that bit by bit
That electric whine by mechanical lips
The dark at the top of the stairs
I'm running scared

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