

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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