

# When a Dead Man Walks

## Lacuna Coil

Paranoia

In which I think that I'm not confident  
Blood into my hands, blood into my hands,  
Blood in to 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 Once again Living in their cage, living in their cage,

They are killing me, killing me. 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

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