

Paranoid

Alana Grace

I'm not crazy, I know what I see
I hear them staring at me
You can't make me feel, I'm out of my mind
I can hear them whisper

Paranoid, see it through my eyes
I'm paranoid, through the twisted lies
Insanity, it a real fine line
And I want you to know
It's schizophrenic psychoanalytical nightmares
But who's to say their not out there

It rained paper, I tore every piece apart
So they can't read me
I stopped speaking so my words can't be misused
They won't come back to haunt me

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Walls have ears, and pictures follow me
Can't you see they're trying to swallow me?

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