

Paranoid Inlay

Coil

Serenity is a problem
When you get this close to Heaven
But you really want to see
The wonders of the underworld
They caught Saint Peter's disease
As he rattled his keys

Serenity is a problem
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Such a paranoid inlay
Hand-painted, pain by numbers, just join the dots

Serenity is a problem
Serenity is a problem
Bloody British bulldozers
These vegetables are suicidal

It seems concussion suits you
It seems concussion suits you

Dear Diary, I must take risks
I must not be afraid of failure
What do I need to give up?
Crystalline ladders, shiny things, mirror-balls

On a clear day I can see forever
That the underworld is my oyster