

The Paranoid

Ihsahn

Panic strikes in slow-motion
(...), refusal in pain

This smell of isolation
A hall of mirrors multiplying
Grotesque features of a golden idol
Melting fast in the fires of confession

And the shame feeds the anger
feeds the shame
feeds the anger
feeds the shame

Dim lights from a dying coal cast a silhouette upon
the soot-smearred window, the unsolvable crime

And the heart implodes like a faithless star
Beating backwards, beating fast into black coals of nothingness
Beyond redemption
And the shame feeds the anger
feeds the shame
feeds the anger
feeds the shame