

# 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-smeared 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