

# Suicide and Mania

## Primal Fear

I see their faces, they're hunting me  
It's like a bullet flying over me

Despite the time they waste on me  
There's no way out, no breaking free  
I chase the shadow on the wall  
I am a prisoner of myself  
Just look at me

No doctor, no healing  
There's only disbelieving  
The naked truth, no fantasy  
No doctor, no healing  
This poison gas I'm breathing  
No other choice, than suicide and mania

Too many changes have ripped out my heart  
Edge of insanity, I am the evil part

This must be real no fantasy  
They're watching and destroying me  
I'll crash my car against a wall  
A silent scream, a final call  
A funeral march

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