

Paranoia

Swollen Members

It's all in your head, you need to unwind
Your losing your grip, the paranoia never ends
It's all in your head, what you see in your mind
There's no reason to trip, the paranoia never ends

Sometimes I stare at the wall when I'm alone in my room
I'm an abusive reclusive like Dr. Doom
Parts of darkness descend and consume me
You wont believe the gloomy thoughts that run through me
I'm proof 20 minutes but if you spend the night
Leave the next day like "I don't think his heads on right"
Try to talk to myself but I don't listen
I've got split personalities and competition
And which one's a man that I... I've got issues
I could be standing in front of your face and I'm not with you
Schizophrenia, Shane's brains distorted
Sort of compulsive, obsessive, disorder
Mathematical pattern addict of depraved mind
Before I go to bed I hit the light switch seven times
Yes, um, never mind, put the knife back
Mad Child I'm outta my mind, but I'll be right back

There's no one behind you, there's no one beside you
There's no one beside you, you know as well as I do
There's no voice inside you, that shadow isn't moving
You must be losing to confusion having illusions
Still you wanna prove it, paranoia
That someone might be coming for you, no ones trying to kill you stupid
There's no Norman Bates, peeking in your window
There's no Patrick Bateman trying to pick you up in limos
You pop another pill, to try and calm your nerves
But prescriptions make the descriptions a lot worse
Your seeing red bursts, and then your head hurts
You should have checked under the bed first
Crawling on all fours, locking all the doors
You must have flown over the cuckoos nest and lost your course
I thought I told ya, don't let that shit control ya
'Cause paranoia will destroy ya just a lesson for ya

When your mind is acting wild
And you swear your insane
Can't nothing help you out
Of this trap your in
You don't know which way to turn
And your head is in pain
Can't nothing help you out
Of this insanity
Yo it's paranoia in your brain cell
You think the worlds looking at you but you can't tell
You need to find yourself a hobby or something and stop frontin'
Nobody's out to get you, nobody wants nothin'
I think you got a chemical imbalance
When theres silence, you swear you hear cops and their sirens
Maybe it's a different environment that you need
But whatever it is, your minds dying to be free
Your trying to perceive with the usual procedures
Your chests feeling tight, you think your having seizures

Maybe your just trying to hard to fit in
You need to let that shit go and get counselling my friend

The paranoia never ends, the paranoia never ends.