

# When a Dead Man Walks

Lacuna Coil

Paranoia

In which I think that I'm not confident  
Blood into my hands, blood into my hands,  
Blood in to my hands I can't deny  
A buzz into my ears that makes me mad

But I don't look back

While I'm waiting to die  
I don't look back  
In a weird lullaby  
I'll carry on

And the hope in my heart is dry

But I don't look back  
And I cannot reply  
I don't look back  
While I'm waiting to lie  
I'll carry on  
While they want to decide for me

Once again, once again

Living in their cage, living in their cage,  
They are killing me

Once again

Living in their cage, living in their cage,  
They are killing me

Paranoia

In which I think I'm not that confident  
A tiny hope that burns into my breath  
A bitter smile delights me at the end

But I don't look back

While I'm waiting to die  
I don't look back  
In a weird lullaby  
I'll carry on

And the hope in my heart is dry

But I don't look back  
And I cannot reply  
I don't look back  
While I'm waiting to lie  
I'll carry on  
While they want to decide for me

Once again, once again

Living in their cage, living in their cage,  
They are killing me

Once again

Living in their cage, living in their cage,  
They are killing me, killing me.

But I don't look back

While I'm waiting to die  
I don't look back  
In a weird lullaby  
I'll carry on

And the hope in my heart is dry

But I don't look back  
And I cannot reply  
I don't look back  
While I'm waiting to lie  
I'll carry on  
While they want to decide for me

Once again, once again

Living in their cage, living in their cage,  
They are killing me

Once again

Living in their cage, living in their cage,  
They are killing me