

## Running Scared

Dead Moon

The imaginary line that we don't dare cross  
That innocent side that might be lost  
That dangerous beast that lies inside  
That public cry, that never knowing  
The dark at the top of the stairs  
I'm running scared

That fading youth that leaves no trace  
That tick-tick-ticking that leaves no trace  
That final design, that self-destruct  
That condescending critic who's out for blood  
The dark at the top of the stairs  
I'm running scared

That twilight flash, that one-night stand  
That grand illusion, that radar scan  
That piece by piece, that bit by bit  
That electric whine by mechanical lips  
The dark at the top of the stairs  
I'm running scared