

Excuse me, I lost myself, well this isn't me.
Well it is and it isn't to certain degrees.
An extreme lack of confidence, it has overcome me.
I guess you could say it's part of me.

These things run in circles,
Been here before,
It takes understanding
To pass through these closed doors.
Paranoia, (paranoia!) paranoia, (paranoia!)
Hide the madness that's inside, paranoia through bloodshot eyes
.
Paranoia, (paranoia!) paranoia, (paranoia!)
Hide the madness that's inside, paranoia through bloodshot eyes
.

They say the mystics and the schizophrenics swim in the same ocean,
One is drowning, the other is swimming.
Where does that leave the rest of us?
Bobbing along upon the surface?

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Step outside myself, stand back and observe
My emotions distort my vision, one day I will learn.