Killing

Korn

Birds are circling above
They're called back to a waiting glove
Oh, why don't they
fly away?
Surely they have guessed by now
There is no gun to shoot them down
And still they stay
for what they say

Are we killing them with lies?
Are they fighting for their lives?
Killing them with thoughts?
Can we never get enough?
Killing them are we killing killing every single feeling?
It's a trained response

Birds are circling above
They're called back to a waiting glove
This sordid game
It fears my name
I have worshiped some false gods
I run to them like Pavlov's dogs
To hide my shame
and fan the flame

Are we killing them with lies?
Are they fighting for their lives?
Killing them with thoughts?
Can we never get enough?
Killing them are we killing killing every single feeling?
It's a trained response

We're all preset to reset to
DUMB
TO DUMB

WE'RE ALL PRESET TO RESET TO DUMB
WE'RE ALL PRESET TO RESET TO DUMB

Somebody told me once
Beat them 'til they start to get used to it
Next thing they're lining up

ARE WE KILLING IT?
ARE WE KILLING IT?
ARE WE KILLING IT?
ARE WE KILLING IT?
ARE WE KILLING IT?
ARE WE KILLING IT?
ARE WE KILLING IT?
ARE WE KILLING?

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - šetříme na pojištění!