

Next in Line

Korn

It hurts to breathe but I don't care
The weight of the world, the thoughts I couldn't bear
The city sleeps, I'm making plans
The less you know, the better understand

Then I look and see that place
It fools me every time
Digging deeper pulls me under
Am I wasting time, or next in line?

I pace and fret, my blood, it burns
The reason we know but still we never learn
The clocks are still, my legs grow weak
It says it's done, I beg it not to speak

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It fools me every time
Digging deeper pulls me under
Am I wasting time, or next in line?

First you're gonna get your memory, you're a fucking fray
Never wanna, never gonna end up in that display

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