

Korn, Killing

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

Are they killing them with lies
Are they fighting for their lives?
Killing them with thoughts
Scared they'll 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 bears my name
I have worshipped some false gods
I've run to them like Pavlov dogs
To hide my shame
They'd fan the flame

Are they killing them with lies
Are they fighting for their lives?
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Scared they'll never get enough
Killing them
Are we killing, killing
every single feeling
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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 them?
Are we killing them?
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Are we killing them?