

Korn, You

Living life
Don't you cry
My life
Pain is gone
Many nights
Painful thoughts occur
You yell at me, again I'm wrong.

In denial
I tried to be your friend
I tried to be a good boy
All I see
A hate deep inside
Startle me
Someone save me.

Now these memories
Fill my heart
They bury me.

All I want to do.
You are not my real mother.
Is kill you.
Should I beat and stab and fuck her?
Should I beat and stab and fuck her?
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Should I beat and stab and fuck her?

Looking back
I was never ever right
You were my step mom
Who always wanted me out of your sight
I would come walkin' in and I'd say "Hello"
But you would slap me
And you would make some fucked-up comment about my clothes
But I tried to let it pass
But the pictures in my head were with you
With a knife up your ass laying dead
So I popped some more caps in your ass.
Now your son, is that your fault?
Muthafucking bitch never try to play me!

You make my life
Not so good.

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Is kill you.
All I want to do
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I Wish! Ha ha!
You! Ha...
Were dead! Ha ha!
Now! Ha ha!

How I know...
How can I cry over someone I never loved?
How I know...
How can I cry over someone I never loved?

Never loved.
Never loved.