

# Korn, Seed

Every day it gets a little harder, can't seem to get away.  
I remember there's a certain place, a place I wish I'd stay.  
I feel so lost within - pressured, I'm headed for that day.  
Just one thought in my head, really. Do I need this fame?

Every time, god damn, I look at my son (seed), I see something I can't be.  
Beautiful and care free, that's how I used to be.  
Like some god damn fucking freak, I'm so pressured, I'm so weak,  
Something takes a hold of me, something I can't believe.

I lay in bed at night and wonder, should I go on this way?  
It's the only thing I really got for now, and it's called fame.

Every time, god damn, I look at my son (seed), I see something I can't be.  
Beautiful and care free, that's how I used to be.  
Like some god damn fucking freak, I'm so pressured, I'm so worried,  
something takes a hold of me, something I can't believe.

So I see this face so innocent and fine... and so fine.  
So I see this face and I realize it's mine.

I feel the rattle...

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Beautiful and care free, that's how I used to be.  
Like some god damn fucking freak, I'm so pressured, I'm so worried,  
something takes a hold of me, something I can't believe.

Like some god damn fucking freak!