

# Queensryche, The Killer

Mother hides her face.  
She drops to her knees,  
her sacrifice complete.  
The last of her line.  
What's left of her name?  
Nothing will ever be the same.  
I'm not sorry for what I had to do.  
It must be done.  
You know g'd rewards the winner.  
Now I'm on my knees again,  
give me strength to win.  
If I stop to listen,  
I hear "Voices" in the wind.  
"Shoot him!" They say,  
Who will be the killer?  
Who will be the winner?  
"Shoot him!"  
Who will be the killer?  
Can't give in!  
You know you can't begin to  
imagine where I've been,  
until you've walked a while in my shoes.  
Surrounded and outnumbered.  
Children wearing bombs?  
I'm crying.  
Oh, now I can't stop to sympathize.  
Would you trade your eyes for mine?  
I'll give you more time to answer.  
I'll give you some time to rethink.  
but there's never time when  
the bullets are flying.  
You duck your head and hit the ground!  
"Shoot him!"! Yeah!  
Who will be the killer?  
Who will be the winner?  
"Shoot him!" Yeah,  
I've got to be the killer!  
I've got to LIVE!  
They say hit the ground hard  
when you feel it.  
Open your eyes so you can see it.  
Don't try to think just believe it.  
Then you'll know you're not dreaming!  
"Shoot him!" Yeah,  
Who will be the killer?  
Am I dreaming?