

# Killing

Korn

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

Are we killing them with lies?  
Are they fighting for their lives?  
Killing them with thoughts?  
Can we 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 fears my name  
I have worshiped some false gods  
I run to them like Pavlov's dogs  
To hide my shame  
and fan the flame

Are we killing them with lies?  
Are they fighting for their lives?  
Killing them with thoughts?  
Can we never get enough?  
Killing them are we killing killing every single feeling?  
It's a trained response

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 IT?  
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