

Killing

*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 ? (x6)
ARE WE KILLING ?*