

# One (Metallica cover)

## Korn

The cerebrum has suffered massive and reparable damage  
You never know what has happened to him  
If I have not been sure of this, I would not have permitted him to live  
Where am I? Father, what happened? I need help What is democracy? What is democracy?  
It got something to do with young men killing each other, Arthur  
What if its my turn, will you want me to go?  
For democracy, any man would give his only begotten son It is impossible for any severed individual to  
experience pain  
Pleasure, memory, dream or thought of any kind  
This young man will be as unfeeling as unthinking as the dead  
Until the day joins them I don't know weather I'm alive or dreaming or dead or remembering  
How can you tell what's a dream and what's real  
When you can't even tell when your awake and when your asleep  
Where am I?  
I cant remember anything  
Can't tell if this is true or dream  
Deep down inside I feel to scream  
This terrible silence stops with me Now that the war is through with me  
I'm waking up, I cannot see  
That there's not much left of me  
Nothing is real but pain now Hold my breath as I wish for death  
Oh, please God, wake me They kept my head and chopped off everything  
Oh, God, please make them hear me  
They won't listen, they wont hear me  
They got to wake me up Ill be like this for years, hear me Back in the womb it's much too real  
In pumps life that I must feel  
But can't look forward to reveal  
Look to the time when I'll live  
Fed through the tube that sticks in me  
Just like a wartime novelty  
Tied to machines that make me be  
Cut this life off from me Hold my breath as I wish for death  
Oh, please God, wake me  
It's like a piece of me  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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