

Monsters of Man

Living Things

Hey, hey, you, you
You got the skin of the tiger
I said, "Hey, hey, you, you
You got the head of the lion" You beg, steal a soul or leg
Of a hopeless child
You prey, feed, grow strong again
Repeat the cycle You're monsters
Monsters of man
You are the monsters
Monsters of man Training young monsters
To beat good men
You are the monsters
Monsters of man
And you're so gung-ho Hey, hey, you know
I got the hands of a fighter
I've drank the Dead Sea
I've drained the Nile I'll rise, fall, sin, repent
I'll die once silent
But you can't keep me young or old
In this sieve or fire 'Cause you're monsters
Monsters of man
You are the monsters
Monsters of man Training young monsters
To beat good men
You are the monsters
Monsters of man
And you're so gung-ho
So gung-ho, so gung-ho You're so gong-ho
You're dancin' with fire
Can't control
You can't stop my desire So gung-ho
Now I've spread my fire
Can't control
You can't stop my desire
You've lost control

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