

One

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

Songwriters

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