Burn The Obedient

Korn

Are you scared?
Holding on to sacred places
Holding on to what is found
I'm looking forward to see their faces
Flat on the ground, the horror profound
None of you people mean shit to me
Sadistic little fucking fantasy
Smashed on the ground in your own debris
While choking on your blood from the sodomy
None of you people mean shit to me
Sadistic little fucking fantasy
Burn the Obedient, set yourself free
Walk the path of secrecy
Used to heartless mockery
A hopeless fantasy that nothing changes
Your misery
All the damage it just erases
Mediocrity all around
The grandiose disorder replaces
Conditions of peace, is this my release?
None of you people mean shit to me

Sadistic little fucking fantasy
Smashed on the ground in your own debris
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NOW!

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