

# Killing

## Wicked Jazz Sounds

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 we fighting for the life?  
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, it fanned the flame Are we killing them with lies?  
Are we fighting for the life?  
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 die, to die  
We're all preset to reset to die  
We're all preset to reset to die Somebody told me once  
Beat them 'til they start to get used to it  
Next thing, they're lining up Are we killing it?  
Are we killing it?  
Are we killing it?  
Are we killing it? Are we killing it?  
Are we killing it?  
Are we killing it?  
Are we killing it?  
Are we killing it?

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