

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 Pavlovs 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?

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