

Korn, Do What They Say

Walk away when you're angry
Brace yourself, there's nothing to gain
Old enough to know the outcome
More blood, it's always the same.

Aren't we cool and aren't we calm
For facing death we run head-on
Aren't we cool and aren't we calm
For God we search for something so long
Aren't we cool and aren't we calm
For facing death we run head-on.

Do what they say
Or they take it away
I'd rather be dead than carry on

Wait
Bite your lip, don't be cussing
We must
We musn't take God's name in vain
In vain
Blun your knife, pull the curtain
Impulse
Impulses you must refrain.

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So I carry on with this burden
I can't remember anything
I can't be certain

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For facing death we run head-on

Do what they say
Or they take it away
I'd rather be dead than carry on.