

## Linkin Park

### "Blackbird"

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[Mike Shinoda freestyle]

Drop the mic, get up  
Take to the streets  
Of Iraq, yeah, get up  
Face full of teeth  
When it's hot, yeah, spit up  
Tasting the beat  
Like a beast

Rock on your block oversea

Speak from your gut  
Like a rush of blood  
Paint red on the stage  
To the ones above  
Lay the sick ones down  
And the bells will ring  
Put pennies on the eyes  
Let the dead men sing

[Chester Bennington]

I shiver and shake  
Through warm air cold  
I'm alone  
On my own  
In every mistake  
I dig this hole  
Through my skin  
And bones

It's harder starting over  
Then never to have changed

With blackbirds following me  
I'm digging out my grave  
They close in swallowing me  
The pain it comes in waves  
I'm getting back what I gave

I sweat through the sheets  
As daylight fades  
As I waste  
Away  
It traps me inside  
Mistakes I've made  
That's the price  
I pay

It's harder starting over  
Than never to have changed

With blackbirds following me  
I'm digging out my grave  
They close in swallowing me  
The pain it comes in waves  
I'm getting back  
What I gave

[Mike Shinoda]

I drop to the floor  
Like I did before  
Stop watching I'm coughing  
I can't be more  
What I want what I need  
Over constant war  
Like a well full of poison  
A rotten core  
The blood goes thin  
The fever stings  
And I shake from the hell  
That the habits bring  
Lay the sick ones down  
The bells will ring  
Put pennies on the eyes  
Let the dead men sing

[Chester Bennington]

Blackbirds following me  
I'm digging out my grave  
They close in swallowing me  
The pain it comes in waves  
I'm getting back  
What I gave

I'm getting back  
What I gave

I'm getting back

## What I gave

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