

# Linkin Park

## "Forgotten 10"

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From the top to the bottom, bottom to top, I stop  
At the core IÃ¢Ä™ ve forgotten, in the middle of my  
thoughts  
Taken far from my safety, the picture's there  
The memory won't escape me, but why should I care?

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Theres a place so dark you can't see the end  
Skies cock back and shock that which can't defend  
The rain then sends dripping, acidic questions,  
forcefully  
The power of suggestion, then with the eyes shut

Looking through the rust and rot and dust  
A small spot of light floods the floor  
And pours over the rusted world of pretend  
And the eyes ease open and it's dark again

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Taken far from my safety, the picture's there  
The memory won't escape me, but why should I care?

In the memory you'll find me, eyes burning up  
The darkness holding me tightly, until the sun rises up

Moving all around, screaming of the ups and downs  
Pollution manifested in perpetual sound the wheels go  
round  
And the sunset creeps behind street lamps  
Chain link and concrete

A little piece of paper with a picture drawn  
Floats on down the street till the wind is gone  
And the memory now is like the picture was then  
When the paper's crumpled up, it canÃ¢Ä™ t be

perfect again

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Now you got me caught in the act, you bring the  
thought back  
I'm telling you that, I see it right through you

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