

Linkin Park

"Frgt/10(feat. Alchemist, Chali 2na"

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From the top to the bottom
Bottom to top I stop
At the core Ive forgotten
In the middle of my thoughts
Taken far from my safety
The pictures there
The memory wont escape me

Were stuck in a place so dark
You can hardly see
The manner of matter that splits with the words I
breathe
And as the rain drips acidic questions around me
I block out the sight and the powers that be
And duck away into the darkness
Times up
I wind up in a rusted world with eyes shut so tight that it
blurs into the world of pretend
And the eyes ease open
And its dark again

From the top to the bottom
Bottom to top I stop
At the core Ive forgotten
In the middle of my thoughts
Taken far from my safety
The pictures there
The memory wont escape me
But why should I care?

In the memory youll find me
Eyes burning up
The darkness holding me tightly
Until the sun rises up

Listen to the sound
Dizzy from the ups and downs
Im nauseated by the polluted rock thats all around
Watching the wheels of cars that pass
I look past to the last of the light and the long shadows
it casts

A window grows and captures the eye
And cries out a yellow light as it passes me by
And a young shadowy figure sits in front of a box
Inside a building of rock with antennae on top, now
Nothing can stop in this land of the pain
The sane lose not knowing they were part of the game
And while the insides change
The box stays the same and the figure inside could
bear anybody's name
The memories I keep are from a time like then
I put on my paper so I could come back to them
Someday I'm hoping to close my eyes and pretend
That this crumpled up paper can be perfect again

Yo, from the top to the bottom
Bottom to top I stop
At the core I've forgotten
In the middle of my thoughts
Taken far from my safety
The pictures there
The memory won't escape me

I'm here at this podium talking
The ceremonial offerings dedicated to urban
dysfunctional offspring
What's happening?
City governments are eternally napping
Trapped in greedy covenants
Causing urban collapse
And bullets that scar souls with dark holds
Get more than your car stole, for real
This society's deprivation depends now on our
differences but the separation within
No preparation is made
Limited age and minimum wage
Living in a tenement cage for innocent pay
Tragedy within a parade
The darkness overspreads like a permanent plague
I'm the forgotten

In the memory you'll find me Eyes burning up
The darkness holding me tightly Until the sun rises up

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