

Linkin Park

"Frgt/10 Reanimation Remix Of Forgotten"

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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 picture's there
The memory won't escape me

We're 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 of the powers that be

And duck away into the darkness, time's 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 it's dark again

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
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

Listen to the sound, dizzy from the ups and downs
I'm nauseated by the polluted rock that's 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, 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 antennas 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 'em on 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
This ceremonial offering's dedicated
To urban dysfunctional offspring
What's happening? City governments are eternally
napping

Trapped in gritty covenants causing urban collapse
and
Bullets that scar souls leave dark holes
Get more than your car stole
Some hearts be blacker than charcoal, for real

This society's deprivation depends not
On outward differences but the separation within
No reparation is made
Limited aid and minimum wage

Living in a tenement cage where rent isn't paid
Tragedy within a parade
The darkness overspreads like a permanent plague
On the forgotten

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

