

## Linkin Park "Hands Held High"

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Turn my mic up louder,  
I got to say something.  
Lightweights stepping aside,  
When we come in.  
Feel it in your chest,  
The syllables get pumping.  
People on the street,  
They panic and start running.  
Words on loose leaf,  
Sheet complete coming.  
I jump on my mind,  
I summon the rhyme I'm dumping.  
Healing the blind,  
I promise to let the sun in.  
Sick of the dark ways,  
We march to the drumming.  
Jump when they tell us  
They want to see jumping.  
Fuck that, I want to  
See some fist pumping.  
Risk something.  
Take back what's yours  
Say something that you know  
They might attack you for  
Cause I'm sick of being treated  
Like I had before.  
Like it's stupid standing for  
What I'm standing for.  
Like this war is really just  
A different brand of war.  
Like it doesn't cater the rich  
And an abandon the poor.  
Like they understand you  
In the back of the jet,  
When you can't put gas in your tank.  
These fuckers are laughing their way  
To the bank and cashing their cheque  
Asking you to have compassion and to have some  
respect.

For a leader so nervous  
In an obvious way

Stuttering and mumbling  
For nightly news to replay  
And the rest of the world  
Watching at the end of the day  
In the living room laughing  
Like what did he say?

Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen

In my living room watching,  
But I am not laughing.  
Cause when it gets tense,  
I know what might happen.  
The world is cold,  
The bold men take action.  
Have to react,  
Or get blown into fractions.  
10 years old is something to see,  
Another kid my age drugged under a jeep,  
Taken and bound and found later under a tree,  
I wonder if he thought the "next one could be me".  
Do you see?  
The soldiers they're out today.  
That brush the dust from bulletproof vests away.  
It's ironic,  
At times like this you pray,  
But a bomb blew the mosque up yesterday.  
There's bombs in the buses, bikes, roads,  
Inside your markets, your shops, your clothes,  
My dad, he's got a lot of fear I know  
But enough pride inside not to let that show.  
My brother had a book he would hold with pride  
A little red cover with a broken spine.  
In the back he hand wrote a quote inside,  
When the rich wage war, it's the poor who die.

Meanwhile, the leader just talks away  
Stuttering and mumbling  
For nightly news to replay  
And the rest of the world  
Watching at the end of the day  
Both scared and angry  
Like what did he say?

Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen.

With Hands Held High  
Into a sky so blue  
As the ocean opens up  
To swallow you.

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