

Linkin Park

"Wretches And Kings"

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"There's a time, when the operation of the machine
becomes so odious.
Makes you so sick at heart, that you can't take part,
you can't even passively take part.
And you've got to put your bodies upon the gears and
upon the wheels,
upon the levers,
upon all the apparatus. And you've got to make it stop!"

To save face, how low can you go?
Talk a lotta game, but yet you don't know.
Static on the wind, makes us all say whoa!
The people up top push the people down low.
Get down, and obey every word.
Steady, get in line if you haven't yet heard.
Wanna take what I got, don't be absurd.
Don't fight the power, nobody gets hurt.
If you haven't heard yet, then I'm lettin' you know
There ain't shit we don't run when the guns unload
And no one make a move, unless my people say so
Got everything outta control, now everybody go

Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey

Feel alone, final blow
We, the animals, take control
Hear us now, clear and tall
Wretches and kings, we come for you

So keep face, how slow can you go?
Talk a lotta shit, and yet you don't know.
Fire on the wind, makes you all say whoa!
The people up top and the people down low.
Get down, and I'm runnin' it like that.
The front of the attack is exactly where I'm at.
Somewhere in between the kick and the hi-hat
The pen and the contract, the pitch and the contact
So get with the combat, I'm lettin' them know
There ain't shit you can say to make me back down, no.
So push the button, let the whole thing blow.
Spinning everything outta control, now everybody go.

Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey

Feel alone, final blow
We, the animals, take control
Hear us now, clear and tall
Wretches and kings, we come for you
Still alone, fight our blow
Filthy animals beat down low
Steel and bone, black and blue
Run at the sunshine, we come for you

From the front to the back and to side to side
If you feel what I feel, put'em up real high
Front to the back and to side to side
If you feel what I feel, put'em up real high

"There's a time, when the operation of the machine
becomes so odious.
Makes you so sick at heart, that you can't take part,
you can't even passively take part.
And you've got to put your bodies upon the gears and
upon the wheels,
upon the levers,
upon all the apparatus. And you've got to make it stop!
And you've got to indicate to the people who run it, to
the people who own it.
And unless you're free, the machine will be prevented
from working at all! "

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