

**DJ Tomekk Afrob****"Frgt/10"**

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(Chorus / Linkin Park)

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

(Shinoda)

We're stuck in a place so dark, you could hardly see  
A 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  
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 it's dark again

(Linkin Park)

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  
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

(Shinoda)

Listen to the sound, dizzy from the ups and downs  
And nauseated by the polluted rock that's all around  
Watchin 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 yellow light as it passes me by  
And a young, shadowy figure sits in front of a box  
Inside a building of rocks with antennas on top  
Now, nothing can stop in this land of the pain  
The same 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 hopin to close my eyes and pretend  
That this crumpled up paper can be perfect again

(Linkin Park)

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(Chali 2na)

I'm here at the podium talking, the ceremonial  
offerings  
Dedicated to urban dysfunctional offspring  
What's happening  
City governments are eternally napping  
Trapped in greedy covenants, causin urban collapsing  
Bullets that scar souls, with dark holds, get more than  
your car stole  
Some hearts be blacker than charcoal  
For real, this society's deprivation depends  
not on our differences, but the separation within  
No preparation is made, limited aid, minimum wage  
Livin in a tenement cage where rent isn't paid  
Tragedy within a parade  
The darkness overspread like permanent plague  
In the forgotten

(Linkin Park)

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

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