

Ms. Dynamite F/ Keon Bryce**"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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