

Mark the Graves (Instrumental)

LINKIN PARK

There's a fragile game you play
If the ghosts of yesterday
If we can't let go whenever, say goodbye
No trace of what remains
No stones to mark the graves
Only memories we thought we could deny
There's so much more to lose
Than the pain I put you through
And my carelessness left you in the dark
And the blood may wash away
But the skies will never fade
At least I know somehow I made a mark
In the dark, in the light
Nothing left, nothing right
In the dark, in the light
Nothing left, nothing right
In the dark, in the light
Nothing left, nothing right
In the dark, in the light
Nothing left, nothing right

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