## **And One (Alter-Native Mastering)**

### **Linkin Park**

Where should I start? Disjointed heart I've got no commitment to my own flesh and blood

Left all alone far from my home

No one to hear me, to heal my ill heart

I keep it locked up insideCannot express to the point I've regressed

If anger's a gift then I guess I've been blessed

I keep it locked up inside

Keep my distance from your liesIt's too late to love me now

You helped me to show me

It's too late to love me now

You don't even know meBreaking a part of my heart to find release

Taking you out of my blood to bring me peace

Breaking a part of my heart to find release

Taking you out of my blood to bring me peaceBreaking a part of my heart to find release, break

Taking you out of my blood to bring me peace, me

Breaking a part of my heart to find release, too

Taking you out of my blood to bring me peaceKeep it locked up inside

Keep my distance from your liesBreaking a part of my heart to find release, break

Taking you out of my blood to bring me peace, me

Breaking a part of my heart to find release, too

Taking you out of my blood to bring me peaceBreaking a part of my heart to find release

Taking you out of my blood to bring me peace

Breaking a part of my heart to find release

Taking you out of my blood to bring me peaceKeep my distance

Keep my distance

Keep my distance

Keep my distanceSpit drips from the jaw of the witless witness

Cryptic colloquialism shifts your midriff

Dark all I do embark the shadows

Involved with my thought catalog, analogue, rap catalogKeep my distance, and fear resistance, hurt by persistence

The twisted web of tangled lies

Strangles my hope to waste and numbs the taste

And I'm forced to face these hate crimes Against the state of being

Feeling the weightlessness pressed between the ceiling

Reeling around room, riding a bubble of sound proof

It's the frequency making you sha-shake with every boomInvoluntary muscle contraction

Ignoring and drinking musical gas fueled euphoria

The sound pounds to make the dead flush

#### To have you a head rush with red thoughts and said stuff

#### Songwriters

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