

Until It Breaks

Linkin Park

It goes a one, two, three
With the hunger of a lion, the strength of a sun
I don't need to sweat it when the competition come
Original style, like an eight of eight drum
So I don't run the track, no, I make the track run
My momma taught me words, my daddy built rockets
I hold 'em both together now, tell me what I got
It's a pretty small weapon, I can shoot it, I can drop it
But learn to respect it 'cause you clearly can't stop it
Like that
It ain't over 'cause the sharks on the left side, the
snakes on the right
And anything you do, they wanna get a little bite
It really doesn't matter if you're wrong or if you're right
'Cause once they get their teeth in nothing really fights
And razzle me I do it like I got nothing to lose
And you can run your mouth like you could try to fill my shoes
But steady little soldier, I ain't standing next to you
I can lay it on the ground before you're even in my view
Like that
Give me the strength of the rising sun
Give me the truth of the words unsung
And when the last bells ring, the poor men sing
Bring me to kingdom come
This is something for your people on the block to
Blackout and rock to, give you what you need
Like Papa, who shot ya
Seperate the weak from the obsolete
You're meek, I creep hard on impostors
And switch styles on the dime, quick-witted y'all
Quit tripping, I don't have time for your crying
I grind tough, sucka, make your mind up
Are you in the firing squad or are you in the line-up?
Bang, bang, little monkey man playing
With the big guns only get you slain
I ain't playing, I'm just saying
You ain't got a sliver of a chance
I get ill or I deliver while you quiver in your parents
So shake, shake down, money, here's the break down
You can play the bank, I'ma play the bank take down
And no mistakes now I'm coming to get you
I'm just a Banksy, you're a Brainwash, get the picture?
It's like that
We swim against the rising waves
That crash against the shore

The body bends until it breaks
The early morning sings no more
So rest your head
It's time to sleep
And dream of what's in store
The body bends until it breaks
And sings again no more
'Cause time has torn the flesh away
The early morning sings no more

Songwriters

COMBS, SEAN / WALLACE, CHRISTOPHER / BENNINGTON, CHESTER / BOURDON, ROB /
DELSON, BRAD / FARRELL, DAVE / HAHN, JOE / MAGIDSON, HERB / MYRICK, NASHIEM SA-
ALLAH / SHINODA, MIKE / WRUBEL, ALLIE

Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>