

# And One (Hybrid Theory EP)

## 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 inside Cannot 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 lies It'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 me Breaking 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 peace Breaking 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 peace Keep it locked up inside  
Keep my distance from your lies Breaking 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 peace Breaking 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 peace Keep my distance  
Keep my distance  
Keep my distance  
Keep my distance Spit 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 catalog Keep 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 boom Involuntary 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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