

Hands Held High

Linkin Park

Turn my mic up louder,
I got to say something.
Lightweights stepping aside,
When we come in.
Feel it in your chest,
The syllables get pumping.
People on the street,
They panic and start running.
Words on loose leaf,
Sheet complete coming.
I jump on my mind,
I summon the rhyme I'm dumping.
Healing the blind,
I promise to let the sun in.
Sick of the dark ways,
We march to the drumming.
Jump when they tell us
They want to see jumping.
Fuck that, I want to
See some fist pumping.
Risk something.
Take back what's yours
Say something that you know
They might attack you for
'Cause I'm sick of being treated
Like I had before.
Like it's stupid standing for
What I'm standing for.
Like this war is really just
A different brand of war.
Like it doesn't cater the rich
And an abandon the poor.
Like they understand you
In the back of the jet,
When you can't put gas in your tank.
These fuckers are laughing their way
To the bank and cashing their check
Asking you to have compassion and to have some respect. For a leader so nervous
In an obvious way

Stuttering and mumbling
For nightly news to replay
And the rest of the world
Watching at the end of the day
In the living room laughing
Like what did he say? Amen, amen, amen, amen, amen In my living room watching,
But I am not laughing.
'Cause when it gets tense,
I know what might happen.
The world is cold,
The bold men take action.
Have to react,
Or get blown into fractions.
Ten years old is something to see,
Another kid my age drugged under a jeep,
Taken and bound and found later under a tree,
I wonder if he thought the "next one could be me".
Do you see?
The soldiers they're out today.
That brush the dust from bulletproof vests away.
It's ironic,
At times like this you pray,
But a bomb blew the mosque up yesterday.
There's bombs in the buses, bikes, roads,
Inside your markets, your shops, your clothes,
My dad, he's got a lot of fear I know
But enough pride inside not to let that show.
My brother had a book he would hold with pride
A little red cover with a broken spine.
In the back he hand wrote a quote inside,
When the rich wage war, it's the poor who die. Meanwhile, the leader just talks away
Stuttering and mumbling
For nightly news to replay
And the rest of the world
Watching at the end of the day
Both scared and angry
Like what did he say? Amen, amen, amen, amen, amen. With hands held high
Into a sky so blue
As the ocean opens up
To swallow you. With hands held high
Into a sky so blue
The ocean opens up
To swallow you. With hands held high
Into a sky so blue
The ocean opens up

To swallow you. With hands held high
Into a sky so blue
The ocean opens up
To swallow you. With hands held high
Into a sky so blue
The ocean opens up
To swallow you. With hands held high
Into a sky so blue
The ocean opens up
To swallow you.

Songwriters

BENNINGTON, CHESTER CHARLES / BOURDON, ROBERT G. / DELSON, BRAD / SHINODA, MIKE /
FARRELL, DAVE / HAHN, JOSEPH

Published by
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>