

# Mark the Graves

## 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 that 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  
Demon  
Let this grow

In the dark  
In the light  
The demon  
The demon

In the dark  
In the light  
Demon  
Let this grow

In the dark  
In the light  
The demon  
The demon

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