

# Frgt/10

## Linkin Park

From the top to the bottom, bottom to top, I stop  
At the core I've forgotten, in the middle of my thoughts  
Taken far from my safety, the picture's there  
The memory won't escape me We're stuck in a place so dark, you can hardly see  
The manner of matter that splits with the words I breathe  
And as the rain drips acidic questions around me  
I block out the sight of the powers that be And duck away into the darkness, times up  
I wind up in a rusted world with eyes shut  
So tight that it blurs into the world of pretend  
And the eyes ease open and it's dark again From the top to the bottom, bottom to top, I stop  
At the core I've forgotten, in the middle of my thoughts  
Taken far from my safety, the picture's there  
The memory won't escape me but why should I care? In the memory you'll find me, eyes burning up  
The darkness holding me tightly until the sun rises up Listen to the sound, dizzy from the ups and downs  
I'm nauseated by the polluted rock that's all around  
Watchin' the wheels of cars that pass, I look past  
To the last of the light and the long shadows it casts A window grows, captures the eye  
And cries out a yellow light as it passes me by  
And a young shadowy figure sits in front of a box  
Inside a building of rock with antennas on top Now, nothing can stop in this land of the pain  
The sane lose not knowing they were part of the game  
And while the inside's changed, the box stays the same  
And the figure inside could bear anybody's name The memories I keep are from a time like then  
I put on my paper so I could come back to them  
Someday, I'm hoping to close my eyes and pretend  
That this crumpled up paper can be perfect again Yo, from the top to the bottom, bottom to top, I stop  
At the core I've forgotten, in the middle of my thoughts  
Taken far from my safety, the picture's there  
The memory won't escape me I'm here at this podium talking the ceremonial offerings  
Dedicated to urban dysfunctional offspring  
What's happening? City governments are eternally napping  
Trapped in greedy covenants, causing urban collapsing Bullets that scar souls with dark holds, get more than  
Your car stole, some hearts be blacker than charcoal  
For real, this society's deprivation depends  
Not on our differences but the separation within No preparation is made, limited aid and minimum wage  
Living in a tenement cage where rent isn't paid  
Tragedy within a parade, the darkness overspreads  
Like a permanent plague, I'm the forgotten In the memory you'll find me, eyes burning up  
The darkness holding me tightly until the sun rises up

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