

# Linkin Park, And One

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 is 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

[music slows to rap solo...]

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 weight-less-ness 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