

# Linkin Park, Hands Held High

Turn my mic up louder I got to say something  
Lightweights step to the side 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 in my mind and 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 drum and

Jump when they tell us that they wanna see jumping  
Fuck that I wanna see some fists 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 have before  
Like it's stupid standing for what I'm standing for

Like this war's really just a different brand of war  
Like it doesn't cater the rich and abandon 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 the check  
Asking you to have compassion and 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 their 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

World is cold, the bold men take action  
Have to react or get blown into fractions

Ten years old it's something to see  
Another kid my age dragged under a jeep

Taken and bound and found later under a tree  
I wonder if he had thought the next one could be me

Do you see, the soldiers they're out today  
They brush the dust from bullet proof 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 market, 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

On the back, he hand wrote a quote inside  
&quot;When the rich wage war it's the poor who die&quot;

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: &quot;What did he say?&quot;

Amen, amen, amen, amen, amen

With hands held high into a sky so blue  
As the ocean opens up to swallow you

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