

Linkin Park, Wastelands

This is war with no weapons,
Marching with no stepping,
Murder with no killing,
illing every direction.
First, no sequel, do the math
No equal
A John with no Yoko
More power, less people
And yeah I'm not afraid of that
Print in your paperback
Every rap is made in fact
To act as a delayed attack
Every phrase a razor blade
And save it till they play it back
Slay 'em leave 'em laying on the pavement
Bang
Fade to black

In the wastelands of today,
When there's nothing left to lose,
And and there's nothing more to take,
But you force yourself to choose,
In the wastelands of today,
When tomorrow disappears
When the future slips away,
And your hope turns into fear,
In the wastelands of today

Roll credits, forget it,
The show's done,
They're talking for just talking,
Meaning they got none,
None of you come proper,
They talk like a shotgun,
But how many of you got bred with integrity,
Not one
So no, I'm not afraid to see you suckers hold a blade to me,
Ain't no way to shake the ground I built before you came to be,
Take it how you take it, I'm the opposite of vacancy,
And this not negotiation, I can hear you,
Wait and see...

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And your hope turns into fear,
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In the wastelands of today!

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In the wastelands of today!
In the wastelands of today!