

Linkin Park, Rhinestone

From the top to the bottom
Bottom to top, I stop
At the core of the rotten
Stopping just what I thought
But the sun has escaped us
So, I'm fighting the sky
And I'm far from awakeness
Thinking "why did I try?"

From the thread to the needle, middle-to-end
When skies cock back and shock that which couldn't defend
The rain then sends dripping an acidic question
Forcefully, the power of suggestion
Then, with the eyes tightly shut, looking through the rust
And rot and dust, a spot of light floods the floor
And pours itself upon the world of pretend
Then the eyes ease open and it's dark again

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In a minute, you'll find me
Eyes burn me up
You say you'll never forget me
But the lies have piled up

Moving all around, screaming of the ups and downs
Pollution manifested in perpetual sound
And as the wheels go 'round, the sunset creeps
Past the street lamps, cars, chainlinks and concrete
A window then grows and captures the eye
And cries out yellow light as it passes it by
A small black figure sits in front of a box
Inside a box of rock with the needles on top
Nothing stops in this land of the chain
When brains lose, not knowing they were part of the game
And then insides grow but the box stays the same
A shame - shovel up the pieces of the pain
You could try to hide yourself in the world of pretend
But when the paper's crumpled up, it can't be perfect again

Yeah, I got you caught in the act
You better step back
Telling me that I'm seeing right through you