

# Linkin Park, Forgotten

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 is there)  
The memory won't escape me  
(But why should I care)

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There's a place so dark you can't see the end  
(Skies cock back) and shock that which can't defend  
The rain then sends dripping, an acidic question  
Forcefully, the power of suggestion  
Then with the eyes shut looking through the rust and rot  
And dust, a small spot of light floods the floor  
And pours over the rusted world of pretend  
The eyes ease open and it's dark again

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In the memory you'll find me  
Eyes burning up  
The darkness holding me tightly  
Until the sun rises up

Moving all around, screaming of the ups and downs  
Pollution manifested in perpetual sound  
The wheels go 'round and the sunset creeps behind  
Street lamps, chain-link and concrete  
A little piece of paper with a picture drawn floats  
On down the street till the wind is gone  
And the memory now is like the picture was then  
When the paper's crumpled up it can't be perfect again

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Now you got me caught in the act  
You bring the thought back  
I'm telling you that  
I see it right through you

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