

Linkin Park, Keys To The Kingdom

No control / no surprise
Tossed the keys to the kingdom
Down that hole in my eye
I'm my own / casualty
I fuck up everything I see
Fighting in futility

We start the final war
Tell me what's worth fighting for
When we know there's nothing more
We take the hand or fist
Just to sell ourselves for this
The path we least resist

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I give you what you came for / this is not the same though
Got a different method but I still can bring the pain so
Y'all stuck in that same flow / I got that insane flow
High as y'all can get you're never really in my range though
Yes I'm half anglo / half fried panko
All prime-time rhymer / let the bass bang low
All you fucking lames go / aiming at my name, know
Careful what you shoot because you might hit what you aim for

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I'm my own
Casualty