Linkin Park, Mark The Graves

There's a fragile game you play,
With the ghosts of yesterday,
If you can't let go, we'll never say goodbye,
No trace of what remains,
No stones to mark the graves,
Only memories we thought we could deny

There's so much more to lose,
Than the pain I put you through,
In my carelessness I left you in the dark,
And the blood may wash away,
The scars will never fade,
At least I know somehow I made a mark

In the dark
In the light
Nothing left
Nothing right