

Mark the Graves

LINKIN PARK

There's a fragile game you play with the ghosts of yesterday,
If we 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 was 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 but the scars will never fade,
At least I know somehow I made a mark. In the dark, in the light!
Nothing left, nothing right!
In the dark, in the light!
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Nothing right!
Nothing right!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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