

# Hands Held High

## LINKIN PARK

Turn my mic up louder, I got to say something  
Lightweights steppin' aside when we come in  
Feel it in your chest, the syllables get pumping  
People on the street then panic and start running  
Words on loose leaf sheet, complete coming  
I jump in my mind, I summon the rhyme I'm dumping  
Healing the blind, I promise to let the sun in  
Sick of the dark ways we march to the drumming  
Jump when they tell us that they wanna see jumping  
Fuck that, I wanna see some fists pumping  
Risk something, take back what's yours  
Say something that you know they might attack you for  
'Cause I'm sick of being treated like I had before  
Like it's stupid standing for what I'm standing for  
Like this war's really just a different brand of war  
Like it doesn't cater to rich and abandon poor  
Like they understand you, in the back of their jet  
When you can't put gas in your tank, these fuckers  
Are laughing their way to the bank, and cashing their check  
Asking you to have compassion and have some respect  
For a leader so nervous in an obvious way  
Stuttering and mumbling for nightly news to replay  
And the rest of the world watching at the end of the day  
In the living room, laughing like, "What did he say?"

Amen

Amen

Amen

Amen Amen In my living room watching it, But I am not laughing  
'Cause when it gets tense, I know what might happen  
The war is cold, the bold men take action  
Have to react to get blown into fractions  
At 10 years old, there's something to see  
Another kid my age drugged under a Jeep  
Taken and bound and found later under a tree  
I wonder if he had thought 'the next one could be me'  
Do you see the soldiers that are out today?  
They brush the dust from bulletproof vests away  
It's ironic, at times like this you'd pray  
But a bomb blew the mosque up yesterday  
There's bombs on the buses, bikes, roads  
Inside your market, your shops, and your clothes  
My dad, he's got a lot of fear, I know

But enough pride inside not to let that show  
My brother had a book he would hold with pride  
A little red cover with a broken spine on the back  
He hand-wrote a quote inside  
"When the rich wage war, it's the poor who die"  
Meanwhile, the leader just talks away  
Stuttering and mumbling for nightly news to replay  
The rest of the world watching at the end of the day  
Both scared and angry, like "What did he say?" Amen  
Amen Amen  
Amen

Amen With hands held high into a sky so blue  
The ocean opens up to swallow you  
With hands held high into a sky so blue  
The ocean opens up to swallow you  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>