

# Linkin Park, Feeling

Feeling up my shirt, these wounds they will not heal  
Fear is how I fall, confusing what is real  
There's something inside you  
That pulls beneath the ocean  
Consuming, consuming  
This lack of control  
I fear is ending  
Controlling, I can't seem  
To find myself again, my walls aren't closing in  
(Without a sense of confidence  
I'm convinced that there's just too much pressure to take)  
I've felt this way before, your insecure  
Feeling up my shirt, these wounds they will not heal  
Fear is how I fall, confusing what is real  
Discomfort endlessly has pulled itself upon me  
Distracting, reacting  
Against my will I stand beside my own reflection  
It's haunting how I can't seem  
To find myself again, my walls are closing in  
(Without a sense of confidence  
I'm convinced that there's just too much pressure to take)  
I've felt this way before, so insecure  
Feeling up my shirt, these wounds they will not heal  
Fear is how I fall, confusing what is real  
Feeling up my shirt, these wounds they will not heal  
Fear is how I fall, confusing, confusing what is real  
(There's something inside me  
That pulls beneath the surface, consuming)  
Confusing what is real  
(This lack of self control I fear is never ending  
Controlling)  
Confusing what is rea-----I