

# 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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Casualty