

# Linkin Park, Rhinestone

From the top to the bottom  
Bottom to top, I stop  
At the core of the rotten  
Stopping just what I thought  
But the sun has escaped us  
So, I'm fighting the sky  
And I'm far from awakeness  
Thinking "why did I try?"

From the thread to the needle, middle-to-end  
When skies cock back and shock that which couldn't defend  
The rain then sends dripping an acidic question  
Forcefully, the power of suggestion  
Then, with the eyes tightly shut, looking through the rust  
And rot and dust, a spot of light floods the floor  
And pours itself upon the world of pretend  
Then the eyes ease open and it's dark again

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In a minute, you'll find me  
Eyes burn me up  
You say you'll never forget me  
But the lies have piled up

Moving all around, screaming of the ups and downs  
Pollution manifested in perpetual sound  
And as the wheels go 'round, the sunset creeps  
Past the street lamps, cars, chainlinks and concrete  
A window then grows and captures the eye  
And cries out yellow light as it passes it by  
A small black figure sits in front of a box  
Inside a box of rock with the needles on top  
Nothing stops in this land of the chain  
When brains lose, not knowing they were part of the game  
And then insides grow but the box stays the same  
A shame - shovel up the pieces of the pain  
You could try to hide yourself in the world of pretend  
But when the paper's crumpled up, it can't be perfect again

Yeah, I got you caught in the act  
You better step back  
Telling me that I'm seeing right through you