

# Across the Line

Linkin Park

In this desert  
In darkness  
Lying with the gun across his chest  
Pretending  
He's heartless  
As the fire flashes in the sky  
He was fragile  
And frozen  
When the bullet took away his friend  
And now he's somehow  
More broken

He's pulling his weapon to his side  
Loading it full of his goodbyes  
Holding an enemy across the line  
He's pulling his weapon to his side  
Loading it full of his goodbyes  
Holding an enemy across the line

Sweating  
And shaking  
Lying with her hands across her chest  
She wakes with  
Her cravings  
As the fire flashes in her eye  
She was fragile  
And frozen  
When the needle took away her friend  
And now she's somehow  
More broken

She's pulling her weapon to her side  
Loading it full of her goodbyes  
Holding an enemy across the line  
She's pulling her weapon to her side  
Loading it full of her goodbyes  
Holding an enemy across the line

With every battle he's choosing  
With every fight he's losing  
His enemy's not far behind  
With every promise she's broken  
With every lie she's spoken  
Her enemy's not far behind

It's your time  
It's your time  
It's your time  
It's - your - TIME!

He's pulling his weapon to his side  
Loading it full of his goodbyes  
Holding an enemy across the line

She's pulling her weapon to her side  
Loading it full of her goodbyes  
Holding an enemy across the line

With every battle he's choosing  
With every fight he's losing  
His enemy's not far behind  
With every promise she's broken  
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