

# Blue

Linkin Park

In the dark days, I'll part ways with the blame.  
Trying to maintain, but it's still all the same, It's all a game.  
Hear my name in the rain and the pain, I wear on my face with a tear  
stain  
You feign fondness, honestly it's time to give you a piece of my mind  
and show you that you're blinded.  
And in the design of the world I called mine, know that you can't stand  
on both sides of the line.

Everything is my fault  
(It's all the same, just pass me the blame)  
The problems have two faces

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Pass all the blame over to me, it will come eventually  
Take the time out to examine all these questions honestly

With my eyes shut, I'm seeing the truth in your words  
They're absurd, slurred into beauty to be heard  
You swim through deceit, the lies that you tell  
The stories you sell, knowing you well, I keep distance  
And every instance you keep your thoughts concealed  
What I feel, just another spoke in the wheel  
Kneel or nothing, thrown down and trampled by your heel  
And eaten away by my own version of the real

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Who is to blame?

Nothing, thrown down  
It's all the same, just pass me the blame  
Trampled by your heel  
Play the game and wear a tear stain  
Eaten by my own  
Pass the blame cause you'll feel it if you don't  
Version of the real