

Dedicated

Linkin Park

I have a dream of a scene between the green hills
Clouds pull away and the sunlight's revealed
People don't talk about keeping it real
It's understood that they actually will
And intoxicated and stimulated emcees
Staring in the trees, paranoid, are gone in the breeze
Watch them flee, hip-hop hits
Take a walk with me and what you'll see
Is a land where the sand is made up of crushed up wax
And the sky beyond you is krylon blue
And everybody speaks in a dialect of rhyme
And emcees have left materialism behind them
Meanwhile I just grip my mic
And hope me and my team make it do alright
Because say what you will, and say what you might
But don't ignore who it's for at the end of the night

Because this is dedicated to the kids
Dedicated to wherever music lives
Dedicated to those tired of the same ol' same
And dedicated to the people advancin' the game
What's real is the kids who know that something's wrong
What's real is the kids who think they don't belong
What's real is the kids who have nowhere to run
Who are hiding in the shadows waiting for the sun

I've seen a lot of shit, I've talked to a bum
Out on sunset strip, he asked me "How would you feel
If everybody acted like you didn't exist
You'd lose your grip, probably eventually flip."
So let it be known, the only reason that we do this
Is so you can pick it up and just bang your head to it
While emcees fight to see who can be the commonest
Be floatin overhead like a space odyssey monolith
Over seeing the game, over being part of the same ol' thing
It's all gonna change in a hurricane of darkness and pain
And acidic rain and promises that you won't do it again
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Pulling me close, the shadow is warm inside
This is where I feel at home, this is my place to hide
Pulling me close, the shadow is warm inside
This is where I feel at home, this is my place to hide

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This is dedicated to the kids
Dedicated to wherever music lives
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And dedicated to the people advancin' the game
What's real, everybody who doesn't feel safe
What's real, everybody who knows they're out of place
What's real, anybody with nowhere to run
Who hides in the shadows waiting for the sun