

# Mark the Graves

Linkin Park

There's a fragile game we play  
With the ghosts of yesterday  
If we can't let go, we'll never say goodbye

No trace of what remains  
No stones to mark the graves  
Only memories we thought we could deny

There was so much more to lose  
Than the pain I put you through  
In my carelessness I left you in the dark

And the blood may wash away  
But the scars will never fade  
At least I know somehow I made a mark

In the dark  
In the light  
Nothing left  
Nothing right

In the dark  
In the light  
Nothing left  
Nothing right

In the dark  
In the light  
Nothing left  
Nothing right

In the dark  
In the light  
Nothing left  
Nothing right