

# Wastelands

Linkin Park

This is war with no weapons,  
Marching with no stepping,  
Murder with no killing,  
Illing every direction.  
First, no sequel,  
do the math, No equal  
John with no Yoko  
More power, less people  
And no I'm not afraid of that  
Print in your paperback  
Every rap is made in fact  
To act as a delayed attack  
Every phrase a razor blade  
That's saved until they play it back  
To slay and leave 'em laying on the pavement  
Bang  
Fade to black

In the wastelands of today,  
When there's nothing left to lose,  
And and there's nothing more to take,  
But you force yourself to choose,  
In the wastelands of today,  
When tomorrow disappears  
When the future slips away,  
And your hope turns into fear,  
In the wastelands of today

Roll credits, to get it,  
The show's done,  
They're talking for just talking,  
But meaning they got none,  
None of 'em come proper,  
They talk like a shotgun,  
But how many got bred with integrity,  
Not one  
So no, I'm not afraid to see these suckers hold a blade to me,  
Ain't a way to shake the ground I built before you came to be,  
Take it how you take it, I'm the opposite of vacancy,  
And this is not negotiation, y'all can hate and  
And wait and see...

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In the wastelands of today!

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In the wastelands of today!  
In the wastelands of today!