

# What I've Done

Linkin Park

In this farewell,  
There's no blood,  
There's no alibi.  
'Cause I've drawn regret,  
From the truth,  
Of a thousand lies.

So let mercy come,  
And wash away...

What I've done.  
I'll face myself,  
To cross out what I've become.  
Erase myself,  
And let go of what I've done.

Put to rest  
What you thought of me.  
While I clean the slate,  
With the hands,  
Of uncertainty.

So let mercy come,  
And wash away...

What I've done.  
I'll face myself,  
To cross out what I've become.  
Erase myself,  
And let go of what I've done.

For what I've done  
I start again,  
And whatever pain may come.  
Today this ends,  
And forgiving what I've done.

I'll face myself,  
To cross out what I've become.  
Erase myself,  
And let go of what I've done.  
What I've done.

Forgiving What I've done.  
(Na na na na na na na)