

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