

## Waiting For The End by Linkin Park

| This is not the end                                      |
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| This is not the beginning                                |
| Just a voice like a riot rocking every revision          |
| But you listen to the tone and the violent rhythm        |
| Though the (1) (2) steady                                |
| Something's empty within them                            |
| We say yeah  |
| With fists flying up in the air                          |
| Like we're holding onto something that's invisible there |
| Cause we're living at the mercy of the (3) and the       |
| fear   |
| Until we dead it, forget it, let it all disappear        |
| Waiting for the end to come                              |
| Wishing I had strength to stand                          |
| This is not what I had planned                           |
| It's out of my control                                   |
| Flying at the speed of light                             |
| Thoughts were spinning in my head                        |
| So many things were left unsaid                          |
| It's hard to let you go                                  |
| I know what it takes to move on                          |
| I know how it feels to lie                               |
| All I want to do   |
| Is trade this life for (4) new                           |
| Holding on to what I haven't got                         |
| Sitting in an empty room                                 |
| Trying to forget the past                                |
| This was never meant to last                             |
| I wish it wasn't so                                      |

I know what it takes to move on I know how it feels to lie All I want to do Is trade this life for something new Holding on to what I haven't got What was left when that fire was gone I thought it felt right but that right was wrong All caught up in the eye of the storm And (5)\_ \_\_\_\_\_ to figure out what it's like moving on And I don't even (6) what kind of things I said My mouth (7) moving and my mind went dead So I'm picking up the pieces, now where to begin The hardest part of ending is starting again All I want to do Is trade this life for something new Holding on to what I haven't got... This is not the end, this is not the beginning Just a voice like a riot rocking every revision But you listen to the tone and the violent rhythm Though the words sound steady Something's empty within them We say yeah (8)\_\_\_\_\_ fists flying up in the air Like we're holding onto something that's invisible there Cause we're living at the mercy of the pain and the fear Until we (9) it, forget it let it all disappear



- 1. words
- 2. sound
- 3. pain
- 4. something
- 5. trying
- 6. know
- 7. kept
- 8. with
- 9. dead

## Fill in the gaps