Waiting For The End by Linkin' Park

Fill in the gaps

| 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 (1) sound steady |
| Something empty's within 'em |
| We say Yeah! |
| With (2) 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 dead it, Forget it, |
| Let it all disappear. |
| Waiting for the end to (3) |
| Wishing I had (4) 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 |
| (Oh!) I know what it takes to move on, |
| I know how it feels to lie, |
| All I wanna do |
| Is trade this life for something new |
| Holding on to what I haven't got |
| Sitting in an empty room |
| Trying to (5) the (6) |
| This was never meant to last, |
| I wish it wasn't so |

(Oh!) I know what it takes to move on,

| I know how it feels to lie, |
|---|
| All I wanna do |
| Is trade (7) 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 trying to (8) out what it's like moving on |
| And i don't even know what kind of things I've said |
| My mouth kept moving and my mind went dead |
| So, picking up the pieces, now where to begin? |
| The hardest part of ending Is starting again!! |
| All I wanna do |
| Is (9) 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 (10) |
| But you listen to the tone |
| And the violet rhythm |
| Though the words sound steady |
| Something empty's within 'em |
| (Holding on to what i haven't got) |
| 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 pain and the fear |
| Until we dead it, Forget it, |
| Let it all disappear |
| (Holding on to what i haven't got!) |



- 1. words
- 2. fists
- 3. come
- 4. strength
- 5. forget
- 6. past
- 7. this
- 8. figure
- 9. trade
- 10. revision

Fill in the gaps