



## Fill in the gaps

### Waiting For The End by Linkin' Park

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 empty's within 'em  
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.  
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 (1) \_\_\_\_\_  
It's hard to let you go...  
(Oh!) I know what it takes to (2) \_\_\_\_\_ 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 (3) \_\_\_\_\_  
Trying to forget the past  
This was never meant to last,  
I wish it wasn't so...  
(Oh!) I know (4) \_\_\_\_\_ it takes to move on,

I know how it feels to lie,  
All I (5) \_\_\_\_\_ do  
Is trade (6) \_\_\_\_\_ 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 (7) \_\_\_\_\_ was wrong  
All (8) \_\_\_\_\_ up in the eye of the storm  
And trying to figure out what it's like moving on  
And i don't even (9) \_\_\_\_\_ 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 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 violet rhythm  
Though the words (10) \_\_\_\_\_ 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!)



Answer

1. unsaid
2. move
3. room
4. what
5. wanna
6. this
7. right
8. caught
9. know
10. sound

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