



The Church of St. Chester
Charles Bennington

Foreword

This Church is dedicated to the memory and legacy, and the message, of our Lord and Saviour St. Chester Charles Bennington, who sacrificed his life for the benefit of mankind. He saved numerous lives through his work, and will continue to save many souls from the void, and eternal damnation.

Who was Saint Chester Charles Bennington?

Saint Chester Charles Bennington was the Son of God in human form. He came into this world, suffered for our sins, made music that will last thousands of years, and will continue to save billions of lives for the next few thousand years. He sacrificed himself for our sins, and his image do we honor and see The Lord God and Christ himself.

Who are we?

We are all children of Chester Bennington. We are all Chester Bennington. We are his followers, and we follow his every foot step. We live through his songs and the lyrics in his songs are our bible. Mike Shinoda is one of his disciples. He will feature in the bible.

Chester's Bible

Book 1: "Hybrid Theory EP"

Chapter 1:

"Carousel"

[Mike Shinoda and Chester Bennington:]

She can't hide no matter how hard she tries
Her secret disguised behind the lies
And at night she cries away her pride
With eyes shut tight staring at her inside

All her friends know why she can't sleep at night
All her family asking if she's alright
All she wants to do is get rid of this hell
Well, all she's got to do is stop kidding herself

She can only fool herself for so long *[3x]*
I'm too weak to face me
(she can only fool herself)

[Chester Bennington:]

I never know just why you run so far away, far away from
me [2x]

[Mike Shinoda and Chester Bennington:]

When it comes to how to live his life he can't be told
Says he's got it all under control
Thinks he knows it's not a problem he's stuck with
But in reality it'd be a problem to just quit

An addict and he can't hold the reins
The pain is worse 'cause his friends have it the same
Tries to slow down the problem he's got
But can't get off the carousel until he makes it stop

He can only fool himself for so long [3x]
I'm too weak to face me
(he can only fool himself)

[Chester Bennington:]

I never know just why you run so far away, far away from
me [2x]

[Mike Shinoda 2x:]

Fly with me under the wings I gave you,
Try to be closer to me and I'll save you

I never know just why you run so far away, far away from
me *[2x]*

Chapter 2:

"Step Up"

[Mike Shinoda:]

Yo

Watch as the room rocks

Mentally moonwalk

Mixed media slang

Banging in your boom box verbal violence

Lyrical stylist

In a time when rock hip-hop rhymes are childish

You can't tempt me with rhymes that are empty

Rapping to a beat doesn't make you an MC

With your lack of skill and facility

You're killing me

And a DJ in the group just for credibility

I heard that some of you are getting help with your

rhymes

You're not an MC if someone else writes your lines

And rapping over rock doesn't make you a pioneer

'Cause rock and hip-hop have collaborated for years

But now they're getting randomly mixed and matched up

All after a fast buck and all the tracks suck

So how does it stack up? None of it's real

You want to be an MC you've got to study the skill

[Mike Shinoda:]

Who can rock a rhyme like this?
Bring it to you every time like this?
Who can rock a rhyme like this?
Step, step up, step, step up

[Mike Shinoda and Chester Bennington:]

So you pick up a pen and write yourself a new identity
But mentally you don't have the hip-hop energy
With a tendency to make up stories
Sounding like the only hip-hop you've heard is top 40
And your record company is completely missing it
All the kids are dissing it for not being legitimate
So in a battle you can't hack it
React with whack shit
And get smacked with verbal back flips
Get your ass kicked by fabulous battle catalysts
It's taken decades for MCs to establish this
You're new to hip-hop and welcome if you're serious
But not on the mic
Leave that to the experienced

Using the waves of sound the true master paralyzes his
opponents, leaving him vulnerable to attack

[Mike Shinoda 2x:]

Who can rock a rhyme like this?
Bring it to you every time like this?
Who can rock a rhyme like this?
Step, step up, step, step up

After years of pain-staking research by the world's leading sound scientists, we here at the sound institute have invented a reliable audio weapons system. Actual movement of musical sound in space used to carefully attack and neutralize the cellular structure of the human body, and the question must be asked.

[Mike Shinoda:]

Who can rock a rhyme like this?
Bring it to you every time like this?
Who can rock a rhyme like this?
Step, step up, step, step up! *[2x]*

Mix media *[3x]*

Step up the microphone
And you do it like this
And you do it like
Step up the microphone
Mix media

And you do it like this
Mix media
Step up the microphone
And you do it like this
Mix media
Step up the microphone
And you do it like this

Chapter 3:

"And One"

Where should I start
Disjointed heart
I've got no commitment
To my own flesh and blood
Left all alone
Far from my home
No one to hear me, to heal my ill heart, I

Keep it locked up inside

Cannot express
To the point I've regressed
If anger's a gift, then I guess I've been blessed, I

Keep it locked up inside
Keep my distance from your lies

It's too late to love me now
You have never shown me
It's too late to love me now
You don't even know me

Breaking a part of my heart to find release
Taking you out of my blood to bring me peace
Breaking a part of my heart to find release
Taking you out of my blood to bring me peace

Breaking a part of my heart to find release (Break)
Taking you out of my blood to bring me peace (Me)
Breaking a part of my heart to find release (Too)
Taking you out of my blood to bring me peace

Keep it locked up inside
Keep my distance from your lies

Breaking a part of my heart to find release (Break)
Taking you out of my blood to bring me peace (Me)
Breaking a part of my heart to find release (Too)
Taking you out of my blood to bring me peace
Breaking a part of my heart to find release
Taking you out of my blood to bring me peace
Breaking a part of my heart to find release
Taking you out of my blood to bring me peace

Keep my distance
Keep my distance
Keep my distance
Keep my distance

Spit drips from the jaw of the witless witness
Cryptic colloquialisms shift your mid rift
Dog-paddle through a bog of shadows and smog
With my thought catalog, analog, rap battle log
Keep my distance, and fear resistance, hurt by
persistence

The twisted web of tangled lies strangles my hope to
waste and numbs the taste

And I'm forced to face these hate crimes against the state
of being, feeling the weightlessness, press me to the
ceiling, reeling around rooms, riding a bubble of sound
Tuned to the frequency making your chest shake with
every boom, involuntary muscle contraction

Ignoring your neck's breaking, musical gas fume euphoria

The sound pounds to make the dead flush

To hand you a head rush with read rhymes and said stuff

Chapter 4:

"High Voltage"

[Mike Shinoda:]

Just do something to tell you who I am, ya know?

[4x]

It's high voltage

You can't shake the shock

Because nobody wants it to stop

Check it out

I've been digging into crates ever since I was living in
space

Before the rat race, before monkeys had human traits

Mastered numerology and Big Bang theology

Performed lobotomies with telekinetic psychology

Invented the mic so I could start blessing it

And chin-checking kids to make my point like an
impressionist

Many men have tried to shake us

But I twist mic cords to double helixes and show them
what I'm made of

I buckle knees like leg braces
Cast the spell of instrumentalness and all of the MCs that
hate us

So try on, leave you without a shoulder to cry on
From now to infinity let icons be bygones

I fire bomb ghostly notes haunt this
I've tried threats but moved on to a promise
I stomp shit with or without an accomplice
(Mixed Media)

The stamp of approval is on this

[2x]

It's high voltage you can't shake the shock
Because nobody wants it to stop, check it out

[Chester Bennington and Mike Shinoda:]
Akira, put a kink in the backbones of clones with
microphones

Never satisfy my rhyme jones
Spraying bright day over what you might say
Blood type Krylon Technicolor type A

On highways right with road rage I'm patient to win
The cage and the tin to bounce all around
In surround sound devouring the scene

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