

## Fill in the gaps

i did my time, and i want out!	The preservation of the martyr in me
So effusive fade	Psychosocial, psychosocial
It doesn't cut, this (1) is not so vibrant	Psychosocial, psychosocial
The reckoning, the sickening	The limits of the dead
Back at your subversion	The limits of the dead
Pseudo-sacred sick before dawn	The limits of the dead
Go to your deserts, go dig your graves!	The limits of the dead
Then fill your mouth with all the money you will save	Fate! Cannot catch (6) lie (psychosocial)
Sinking in, getting smaller again	I've tried to tell you thrice! (psychosocial)
I'm done! It has begun, I'm not the only one!	Your hurtful lies are giving out (psychosocial)
And the rain will kill us all	Can't stop the killing idea (psychosocial)
Throw ourselves against the wall	If it's something secret (psychosocial)
But no-one else can see	Is this what you want? (psychosocial)
The (2) of the martyr in m	e I'm not the only one!
Psychosocial, psychosocial	And the (7) will kill us all
Psychosocial, psychosocial	Throw (8) against the wall
Oh, there are cracks in the road we lay	But no one (9) can see
But we're the devil filth, the secret death gone mad	The preservation of the martyr in me
This is nothing new, but (3) we kill it all?	And the rain will kill us all
The hate was all we had!	Throw ourselves (10) the wall
Who needs another mess, we could start over	But no one else can see
Just look me in the (4) and say I'm wrong!	The preservation of the martyr in me
Now there's only emptiness, (5) elicit self thre	at The limits of the dead
I think we're done, I'm not the only one!	The limits of the dead
And the rain will kill us all	
Throw ourselves against the wall	
But no-one else can see	



- 1. soul
- 2. preservation
- 3. would
- 4. eyes
- 5. burn
- 6. this
- 7. rain
- 8. ourselves
- 9. else
- 10. against

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