

## Fill in the gaps

| I did my time, and I want out!                       | The (14) of the                               |
|--|---|
| So (1) fade  | (15) in me                                    |
| It doesn't cut, this (2) is not so vibrant           | Psychosocial, psychosocial                    |
| The reckoning, the sickening                         | Psychosocial, psychosocial                    |
| 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 (3) all the money you will save | The (16) of the dead                          |
| Sinking in, (4) smaller again                        | Fate! Cannot catch this lie (psychosocial)    |
| I'm done! It has begun, I'm not the (5) one!         | I've tried to tell you thrice! (psychosocial) |
| And the rain will kill us all                        | Your (17) lies are giving out (psychosocial)  |
| Throw ourselves against the wall                     | Can't stop the killing (18) (psychosocial)    |
| But no-one else can see                              | If it's (19) secret (psychosocial)            |
| The preservation of the martyr in me                 | Is this what you want? (psychosocial)         |
| Psychosocial, psychosocial                           | I'm not the only one!                         |
| Psychosocial, psychosocial                           | And the rain will kill us all                 |
| Oh, there are cracks in the (6) we lay               | Throw (20) against the wall                   |
| But we're the devil filth, the (7) death gone        | But no one else can see                       |
| mad  | The (21) of the martyr in me                  |
| This is nothing new, but (8) we kill it all?         | And the rain will (22) us all                 |
| The hate was all we had!                             | Throw ourselves against the wall              |
| Who needs another mess, we (9) start over            | But no one else can see                       |
| Just look me in the (10) and say I'm wrong!          | The (23) of the martyr in me                  |
| Now there's (11) emptiness, burn elicit self threat  | The (24) 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 (12) the wall                        |   |
| But no-one (13) can see                              |   |



## 1. effusive

- 2. soul
- 3. with
- 4. getting
- 5. only
- 6. road
- 7. secret
- 8. would
- 9. could
- 10. eyes
- 11. only
- 12. against
- 13. else
- 14. preservation
- 15. martyr
- 16. limits
- 17. hurtful
- 18. idea
- 19. something
- 20. ourselves
- 21. preservation
- 22. kill
- 23. preservation
- 24. limits

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