

Fill in the gaps

I did my time, and I want out!	The (7) of the
So effusive fade	(8) in me
It doesn't cut, (1) soul 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 with all the money you will save	The limits of the dead
Sinking in, getting smaller again	Fate! Cannot catch this lie (psychosocial)
I'm done! It has begun, I'm not the only one!	I've tried to tell you thrice! (psychosocial)
And the rain will kill us all	Your hurtful (9) are giving out (psychosocial)
Throw (2) against the wall	Can't stop the killing idea (psychosocial)
But no-one else can see	If it's something 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 road we lay	Throw ourselves against the wall
But we're the (3) filth, the secret death	But no one else can see
(4) mad	The preservation of the martyr in me
This is nothing new, but would we (5) it all?	And the rain will kill us all
The (6) was all we had!	Throw ourselves against the wall
Who needs another mess, we could start over	But no one else can see
Just look me in the eyes and say I'm wrong!	The preservation of the (10) in me
Now there's only emptiness, burn elicit self threat	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. this
- 2. ourselves
- 3. devil
- 4. gone
- 5. kill
- 6. hate
- 7. preservation
- 8. martyr
- 9. lies
- 10. martyr

Fill in the gaps

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