

## Fill in the gaps

| Walking after dark                               | Running running red                               |
|--|---|
| In the New York (1) park                         | The bullet (7) you asked for killing you to death |
| Your thoughts are so unholy                      | Unless you someone kill the DJ                    |
| In the holiest of old                            | Shoot the fu**ing DJ, someone kill the DJ         |
| Onward Christian soldiers                        | Shoot the fu**ing DJ, someone kill the DJ         |
| Filled with jiving mind control                  | Shoot the fu**ing DJ                              |
| The blood left on the dance floor                | Hold him underwater till that mother****er drowns |
| Running running red                              | We are the vultures, the dirtiest kind            |
| The bullet that you (2) for killing you to death | The culture war's in your heart and your minds    |
| (3) you someone kill the DJ                      | -Someone's gonna get you boy-                     |
| Shoot the fu**ing DJ, someone kill the DJ        | Shoot (8) fu**er down                             |
| (4) the fu**ing DJ, someone kill the DJ          | Someone kill the DJ, shoot the fu**ing DJ         |
| Shoot the fu**ing DJ                             | Someone kill the DJ, shoot the fu**ing DJ         |
| Voices in my head are saying                     | Someone kill the DJ, shoot the fu**ing DJ         |
| Shoot that fu**er down                           | Someone kill the DJ, shoot the fu**ing DJ         |
| We are the vultures, the dirtiest kind           | Someone kill the DJ -Shoot (9) fu**er down-       |
| The culture war's in your heart and your mind    | Someone (10) the DJ, shoot the fu**ing DJ         |
| Walking (5) dark                                 | Someone kill the DJ, shoot the fu**ing DJ         |
| In the New York city park                        | Someone kill the DJ, shoot the fu**ing DJ         |
| I'll pick up what's left in the club             | Voices in my head are saying                      |
| My pocket full of pills                          | Shoot that fu**er down                            |
| Sodom and (6) in the century of thrills          |   |
| The blood left on the dance floor                |   |



- 1. City
- 2. asked
- 3. Unless
- 4. Shoot
- 5. after
- 6. Gommorah
- 7. that
- 8. that
- 9. that
- 10. kill

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