Psychosocial by Slipknot

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



- 1. fill
- 2. else
- 3. road
- 4. secret
- 5. could
- 6. burn
- 7. else
- 8. giving
- 9. preservation
- 10. ourselves

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