

Fill in the gaps

I did my time, and I want out!	The preservation of the martyr in me
So effusive fade	Psychosocial, psychosocial, psychosocial
It doesn't cut, this soul is not so vibrant	Psychosocial, psychosocial, psychosocial
The reckoning, the sickening	The (8) 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 (1) all the money you will save	Fate! Cannot catch this lie (psychosocial)
Sinking in, (2) smaller again	I've tried to tell you thrice! (psychosocial)
I'm done! It has begun, I'm not the only one!	Your (9) 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 (10) what you want? (psychosocial)
The preservation of the martyr in me	I'm not the only one!
Psychosocial, psychosocial, psychosocial	And the rain will kill us all
Psychosocial, psychosocial, psychosocial	Throw ourselves against the wall
Oh, (3) are (4) in the road we	But no one else can see
lay	The preservation of the martyr in me
But we're the devil filth, the secret death gone mad	And the rain will kill us all
This is nothing new, but (5) we (6) it	Throw ourselves against the wall
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 could start over	The limits of the dead
Just look me in the (7) and say I'm wrong!	The limits of the dead
Now there's only emptiness, burn 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 else can see



- 1. with
- 2. getting
- 3. there
- 4. cracks
- 5. would
- 6. kill
- 7. eyes
- 8. limits
- 9. hurtful
- 10. this

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