

But no-one else can see

Fill in the gaps

| I did my time, and I want out! | The preservation of the martyr in me |
|---|---|
| So (1) fade | Psychosocial, psychosocial |
| It doesn't cut, this (2) 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 (3) deserts, go dig (4) graves! | The limits of the dead |
| Then fill your mouth with all the money you will save | Fate! Cannot catch this lie (psychosocial) |
| Sinking in, getting smaller again | I've tried to tell you thrice! (psychosocial) |
| I'm done! It has begun, I'm not the only one! | Your hurtful lies are giving out (psychosocial) |
| And the rain will kill us all | Can't stop the killing (8) (psychosocial) |
| Throw ourselves against the wall | If it's something secret (psychosocial) |
| But no-one else can see | Is this what you want? (psychosocial) |
| The preservation of the martyr in me | I'm not the only one! |
| Psychosocial, psychosocial | And the rain will kill us all |
| Psychosocial, psychosocial | Throw ourselves against the wall |
| Oh, there are cracks in the road we lay | But no one else can see |
| But we're the devil filth, the secret death gone mad | The preservation of the martyr in me |
| This is (5) new, but would we kill it all? | And the rain will kill us all |
| The (6) was all we had! | Throw ourselves against the wall |
| Who needs (7) mess, we could start over | But no one (9) 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 | |



1. effusive

- 2. soul
- 3. your
- 4. your
- 5. nothing
- 6. hate
- 7. another
- 8. idea
- 9. else
- 10. martyr

Fill in the gaps