Psychosocial by Slipknot

But no-one else can see

Fill in the gaps

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



- 1. soul
- 2. with
- 3. kill
- 4. against
- 5. preservation
- 6. martyr
- 7. limits
- 8. catch
- 9. rain

Fill in the gaps