The Widow by The Mars Volta

Fill in the gaps

He's got fasting black lungs	Cause I'll never
Made of clove splintered shardes	Never sleep alone
They're the kind that will talk	Oh lord
Through a wheezing of coughs	Said I'm bloodshot for sure
And I (1) him every night	Pale runs the ghost
In every pore	Swollen on the shore
And every (2) he (3) makes me warm	Every night
Freeze without an answer	in every pore
Free (4) all the shame	The scales that do slither
Must I hide?	Deliver me from
Cause I'll never	Freeze without an answer
Never sleep alone	Free from all the shame
Look at how they flock to him	Then I'll hide
From an isle of (5) sores	Cause I'll never
He (6) (7) the taste is such	Never sleep alone
Such to die for	Freeze without an answer
And I hear him (8) night	Free from all the shame
On every street	Let me die
The scales that do slither	Cause I'll never
Deliver me from	Never (10) alone
Freeze without an answer	
Free (9) all the shame	
Then I'll hide	



- 1. hear
- 2. time
- 3. just
- 4. from
- 5. open
- 6. knows
- 7. that
- 8. every
- 9. from
- 10. sleep

Fill in the gaps