

He's got fasting black lungs

Fill in the gaps

Made of clove splintered shardes		
They're the (1) that will talk		
Through a wheezing of coughs		
And I hear him every night		
In (2) pore		
And every time he just makes me warm		
Freeze without an answer		
Free (3) all the shame		
Must I hide?		
Cause I'll never		
Never sleep alone		
Look at how they flock to him		
From an isle of open sores		
He knows (4) the taste is such		
Such to die for		
And I hear him every night		
On every street		
The scales that do slither		
Deliver me from		
Freeze without an answer		
Free from all the shame		
Then I'll hide		

Cause I'll never	
Never sleep alone	
Oh lord	
Said I'm (5)	for sure
Pale runs the ghost	
Swollen on the shore	
Every night	
in (6) pore	
The scales that do slither	
Deliver me from	
Freeze without an answer	
Free from all the shame	
Then I'll hide	
Cause I'll never	
Never (7) alone	
Freeze without an answer	
Free from all the shame	
Let me die	
Cause I'll never	
Never sleep alone	



- 1. kind
- 2. every
- 3. from
- 4. that
- 5. bloodshot
- 6. every
- 7. sleep

Fill in the gaps