

Fill in the gaps

| Once again i leave my grave | Do you near a voice like velvet through the hight sky? |
|---|---|
| Dirt and daisies hit the pave | Do you hear the fickle hand of fate at my side? |
| No sooner than I have turned | And all those that God has sinned with hope in his stride |
| I hear the devil (1) up a new storm | And watch out (watch out!) |
| My world (2) on a regular basis | Watch for them (5) and crouched |
| Yeah I fed quick and lonesome places | in the shadows |
| But no sooner that I am dead | Oh they couldn't hold a (6) up to you |
| I feel the ravens tugging at my hair | But they stand as tall as you in broad (7) |
| Oh! Hark! | too |
| Do you hear a voice like (3) through the night | Oh! Hark! |
| sky? | |
| Do you hear the (4) hand of fate at my side? | Oh! Hark! |
| And all those that God has sinned with hope in his stride | Do you a hear a voice like velvet (8) the |
| And watch out (watch out!) | night sky? |
| Watch for them camouflaged and crouched in the shadows | Do you hear the fickle hand of fate at my side? |
| Oh they couldn't hold a candle up to you | And all those that God has sinned with hope in his stride |
| But they stand as tall as you in broad daylight too | |
| Oh! Hark! | And watch out (watch out!) |
| | Watch for them camouflaged and crouched in the shadows |
| Once again I leave my grave (leave my grave) | Oh they couldn't hold a candle up to you |
| Like a bird out of its cage (out of its cage) | But they stand as tall as you in (9) daylight too |
| No sooner that I have won | Oh! Hark! |
| I feel the storm clouds plotting against the sun | Oh! Hark! |
| Plotting against the sun, plotting against the sun | |
| Oh! Hark! | |



- 1. cooking
- 2. ends
- 3. velvet
- 4. fickle
- 5. camouflaged
- 6. candle
- 7. daylight
- 8. through
- 9. broad

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