

## Fill in the gaps

I did my time, and I (1) out!	The preservation of the martyr in me
So effusive fade	Psychosocial, psychosocial
It doesn't cut, this soul 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 your deserts, go dig your graves!	The limits of the dead
Then fill your (2) with all the money you will save	Fate! Cannot catch this lie (psychosocial)
Sinking in, getting smaller again	I've (6) 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 (7) the (8) idea
Throw (3) against the wall	(psychosocial)
But no-one (4) 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 rain will (9) 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 (10) 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 (5) kill us all	The limits of the dead
Throw ourselves against the wall	
But no-one else can see	



- 1. want
- 2. mouth
- 3. ourselves
- 4. else
- 5. will
- 6. tried
- 7. stop
- 8. killing
- 9. kill
- 10. preservation

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