

But no-one else can see

Fill in the gaps

| I did my time, and I want out! | The preservation of the martyr in me |
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| 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 (1) dawn | The limits of the dead |
| Go to your deserts, go dig your graves! | The limits of the dead |
| Then (2) your mouth with all the money you | Fate! Cannot catch this lie (psychosocial) |
| (3) save | I've tried to tell you thrice! (psychosocial) |
| Sinking in, getting smaller again | Your hurtful (5) are giving out (psychosocial) |
| I'm done! It has begun, I'm not the only one! | Can't stop the killing (6) (psychosocial) |
| And the rain will kill us all | If it's something secret (psychosocial) |
| Throw ourselves against the wall | Is (7) what you want? (psychosocial) |
| But no-one else can see | I'm not the only one! |
| The preservation of the martyr in me | And the (8) (9) kill us all |
| Psychosocial, psychosocial | Throw ourselves against the wall |
| Psychosocial, psychosocial | But no one else can see |
| Oh, there are (4) in the road we lay | The preservation of the martyr in me |
| But we're the devil filth, the secret death gone mad | And the rain will kill us all |
| This is nothing new, but would we kill it all? | Throw ourselves against the wall |
| The hate was all we had! | But no one else can see |
| Who needs another mess, we could start over | The preservation of the martyr in me |
| Just look me in the eyes and say I'm wrong! | The limits of the dead |
| Now there's only emptiness, burn elicit self threat | The limits of the dead |
| I think we're done, I'm not the only one! | |
| And the rain will kill us all | |
| Throw ourselves against the wall | |



- 1. before
- 2. fill
- 3. will
- 4. cracks
- 5. lies
- 6. idea
- 7. this
- 8. rain
- 9. will

Fill in the gaps