

Fill in the gaps

I did my time, and I (1) out!	The preservation of the (7)	_ in me
So effusive fade	Psychosocial, psychosocial, psychosocial	
It doesn't cut, (2) soul is not so vibrant	Psychosocial, psychosocial, psychosocial	l
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 mouth with all the money you will save	Fate! Cannot catch this lie (psychosocial)	
Sinking in, getting smaller again	I've (8) to tell you thrice! (psychosocial)	
I'm done! It has begun, I'm not the (3) one!	Your hurtful lies are giving out (psychosocial)	
And the rain will kill us all	Can't stop the killing idea (psychosocial)	
Throw ourselves against the wall	If it's something secret (psychosocial)	
But no-one (4) can see	Is this what you want? (psychosocial)	
The preservation of the martyr in me	I'm not the (9) one!	
Psychosocial, psychosocial	And the rain will kill us all	
Psychosocial, psychosocial	Throw ourselves against the wall	
Oh, there are cracks in the road we lay	But no one else can see	
But we're the devil filth, the secret death (5) mad	The preservation of the martyr in me	
This is nothing new, but would we kill it all?	And the rain will kill us all	
The hate was all we had!	Throw ourselves (10) t	he wall
Who needs another mess, we could start over	But no one else can see	
Just look me in the eyes and say I'm wrong!	The preservation of the martyr in me	
Now there's only emptiness, (6) elicit self threat	The limits of the dead	
I think we're done, I'm not the only one!	The limits of the dead	
And the rain will kill us all		
Throw ourselves against the wall		
But no-one else can see		



- 1. want
- 2. this
- 3. only
- 4. else
- 5. gone
- 6. burn
- 7. martyr
- 8. tried
- 9. only
- 10. against

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