

## Fill in the gaps

I did my time, and I want out!		
So effusive fade		
It doesn't cut, this soul is not so vibrant		
The reckoning, the sickening		
Back at your subversion		
Pseudo-sacred sick (1) dawn		
Go to your deserts, go dig your graves!		
Then fill your mouth with all the money you will save		
Sinking in, getting smaller again		
I'm done! It has begun, I'm not the only one!		
And the rain will kill us all		
Throw ourselves against the wall		
But no-one else can see		
The preservation of the martyr in me		
Psychosocial, psychosocial		
Psychosocial, psychosocial		
Oh, there are cracks in the road we lay		
But we're the devil filth, the secret death gone mad		
This is nothing new, but (2) we kill it all?		
The hate was all we had!		
Who needs another mess, we could (3) over		
Just look me in the (4) and say I'm wrong!		
Now there's only emptiness, burn elicit self threat		
I think we're done, I'm not the only one!		
And the rain will kill us all		
Throw ourselves against the wall		
But no-one else can see		

The preservation of the martyr in me			
Psychosocial, psychosocial			
Psychosocial, psychosocial			
The limits of the dead			
The limits of the dead			
The limits of the dead			
The limits of the dead			
Fate! Cannot catch this lie (psychosocial)			
I've tried to tell you thrice! (psychosocial)			
Your hurtful lies are giving out (psychosocial)			
Can't stop the killing idea (psychosocial)			
If it's something secret (psychosocial)			
Is this (5) you	ı want? (psychoso	cial)	
I'm not the only one!			
And the rain will kill us al	I		
Throw ourselves (6)	the	wall	
But no one else can see			
The preservation of the martyr in me			
And the rain (7)	_ kill us all		
Throw ourselves (8)	the	wall	
But no one else can see			
The preservation of the martyr in me			
The limits of the dead			
The (9) o	of the dead		



- 1. before
- 2. would
- 3. start
- 4. eyes
- 5. what
- 6. against
- 7. will
- 8. against
- 9. limits

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