

Fill in the gaps

I'm waking up to ash and dust
I wipe my brow and I sweat my rust
I'm breathing in the chemicals
I'm (1) in, shaping up
Then checking out on the (2) buzz
This is it, the apocalypse
I'm waking up, I feel it in my bones
Enough to make my systems blow
Welcome to the new age, to the new age
Welcome to the new age, to the new age
I'm radioactive, radioactive
I'm radioactive, radioactive
I raise my flags, (3) my clothes
It's a revolution, I suppose
We're painted red
To fit right in
I'm breaking in, (4) up
Then (5) out on the prison buzz
This is it, the apocalypse

I'm waking up, I feel it in my bones	
Enough to (6) my systems blow	
Welcome to the new age, to the new age	
Welcome to the new age, to the new age	
I'm radioactive, radioactive	
I'm radioactive, radioactive	
All systems go	
The sun hasn't died	
Deep in my bones	
Straight (7) inside	
I'm waking up, I feel it in my bones	
Enough to make my (8)	blow
Welcome to the new age, to the new age	
Welcome to the new age, to the new age	
I'm radioactive, radioactive	
I'm radioactive, radioactive	



- 1. breaking
- 2. prison
- 3. done
- 4. shaping
- 5. checking
- 6. make
- 7. from
- 8. systems

Fill in the gaps