

Throw ourselves against the wall

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
So effusive fade	Psychosocial, psychosocial, psychosocial
It doesn't cut, this soul is not so vibrant	Psychosocial, psychosocial, psychosocial
The reckoning, the sickening	The limits of the dead
Back at your subversion	The (7) of the dead
Pseudo-sacred sick before dawn	The limits of the dead
Go to your deserts, go dig (1) graves!	The limits of the dead
Then (2) (3) mouth with all the money	Fate! Cannot catch this lie (psychosocial)
you will save	I've tried to tell you thrice! (psychosocial)
Sinking in, getting smaller again	Your hurtful (8) are giving out (psychosocial)
I'm done! It has begun, I'm not the (4) one!	Can't stop the killing idea (psychosocial)
And the rain will kill us all	If it's something secret (psychosocial)
Throw ourselves against the wall	Is this 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 rain will kill us all
Psychosocial, psychosocial, psychosocial	Throw ourselves against the wall
Psychosocial, psychosocial, psychosocial	But no one else can see
Oh, there are cracks in the road we lay	The (9) of the martyr in me
But we're the devil filth, the secret death gone mad	And the rain (10) kill us all
This is (5) new, but (6) we kill	Throw ourselves against the wall
it all?	But no one else can see
The hate was all we had!	The preservation of the martyr in me
Who needs another mess, we could start over	The limits of the dead
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	
I think we're done, I'm not the only one!	
And the rain will kill us all	



- 1. your
- 2. fill
- 3. your
- 4. only
- 5. nothing
- 6. would
- 7. limits
- 8. lies
- 9. preservation
- 10. will

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