

Fill in the gaps

I did my time, and I want out!		The preservation of the martyr in me
So effusive fade		Psychosocial, psychosocial, psychos
It doesn't cut, this soul is not so vibrant		Psychosocial, psychosocial, psychos
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 (1)	all the money you will save	Fate! Cannot catch this lie (psychoso
Sinking in, (2) s	smaller again	I've tried to tell you thrice! (psychosol
I'm done! It has begun, I'm not the only one!		Your hurtful lies are giving out (psych
And the rain will kill us all		Can't (6) the killing idea (p
Throw ourselves against the wall		If it's (7) secr
But no-one (3) can see)	Is this what you want? (psychosocial)
The preservation of the martyr in me		I'm not the only one!
Psychosocial, psychosocial		And the (8) (9)
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 (4)	filth, the secret death gone	The preservation of the martyr in me
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 cou	ıld 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 (5) will kill us a	all	
Throw ourselves against the wall		
But no-one else can see		

Psychosocial, psychosocial		
Psychosocial, psychosocial		
The limits of the dead		
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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 (6) the killing idea (psychosocial)		
If it's (7) secret (psychosocial)		
Is this what you want? (psychosocial)		
I'm not the only one!		
And the (8) (9) kill us all		
Throw ourselves against the wall		
But no one else can see		
The preservation of the martyr in me		
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		
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- 1. with
- 2. getting
- 3. else
- 4. devil
- 5. rain
- 6. stop
- 7. something
- 8. rain
- 9. will

Fill in the gaps