

## Fill in the gaps

He's got fasting black lungs
Made of clove splintered shardes
They're the kind that (1) talk
Through a wheezing of coughs
And I hear him every night
In every pore
And every time he just makes me warm
Freeze (2) an answer
Free from all the shame
Must I hide?
Cause I'll never
Never (3) alone
Look at how (4) flock to him
From an isle of open sores
From an isle of open sores
From an isle of open sores  He knows that the (5) is such
From an isle of open sores  He knows that the (5) is such  Such to die for
From an isle of open sores  He knows that the (5) is such  Such to die for  And I hear him every night
From an isle of open sores  He knows that the (5) is such  Such to die for  And I hear him every night  On every street
From an isle of open sores  He knows that the (5) is such  Such to die for  And I hear him every night  On every street  The scales (6) do slither

Then I'll hide

Cause I'll never Never sleep alone Oh lord Said I'm bloodshot for sure Pale runs the ghost Swollen on the shore Every night \_\_\_\_ pore in (7)\_\_ The scales that do slither Deliver me from... Freeze without an answer Free from all the shame Then I'll hide Cause I'll never Never sleep alone Freeze without an answer Free from all the shame Let me die Cause I'll never Never sleep alone



- 1. will
- 2. without
- 3. sleep
- 4. they
- 5. taste
- 6. that
- 7. every

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