

## Fill in the gaps

| Bombs go off (1)              | _ me  |      | Where my mind (8)                   | take me      |  |
|-------------------------------|-------|------|-------------------------------------|--------------|--|
| Bullets (2) my head           |       |      | Never coming near                   |              |  |
| Demonscene hellscape          |       |      | Scared my heart would (9)           | vould (9) me |  |
| Try to not get dead           |       |      | Why am I here                       |              |  |
| From the cradle I was in      |       |      | Where my mind would take me         |              |  |
| Straight for the firing line  |       |      | Never coming near                   |              |  |
| By the teeth of my skin       |       |      | Scared my heart would break me      | Э            |  |
| Dragon and the serpent (3)    | SI    | wine | Why am I here                       |              |  |
| Never quite ready             |       |      | Why am I here                       |              |  |
| It just becomes your turn     |       |      | Come on                             |              |  |
| Evertight steady              |       |      | Bombs go off around me              |              |  |
| No more light to burn         |       |      | Bullets chase my head               |              |  |
| A lie has no feet             |       |      | Demonscene hellscape                |              |  |
| Cannot stand alone            |       |      | Try to not get dead                 |              |  |
| A cry in the street           |       |      | From the cradle I was in            |              |  |
| Who cast the first stone      |       |      | Straight for the firing line        |              |  |
| With dirt between my teeth    |       |      | By the teeth of my skin             |              |  |
| I (4) the devil sell his soul |       |      | Dragon and the serpent versus swine |              |  |
| (5) that he can bleed         |       |      | With dirt between my teeth          |              |  |
| Moon goes dark sun grows col  | d     |      | I made the devil (10)               | his soul     |  |
| Where my mind (6)             | _ (7) | _ me | I know that he can bleed            |              |  |
| Never coming near             |       |      | Moon goes dark sun grows cold       |              |  |
| Scared my heart would break n | ne    |      |                                     |              |  |
| Why am I here                 |       |      |                                     |              |  |



- 1. around
- 2. chase
- 3. versus
- 4. made
- 5. know
- 6. would
- 7. take
- 8. would
- 9. break
- 10. sell

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