

Fill in the gaps

I did my time, and I want out!	The (8) of the martyr in me
So effusive fade	Psychosocial, psychosocial
It doesn't cut, this soul is not so vibrant	Psychosocial, psychosocial
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 with all the money you will save	Fate! Cannot catch this lie (psychosocial)
Sinking in, getting (1) again	I've tried to tell you thrice! (psychosocial)
I'm done! It has begun, I'm not the only one!	Your hurtful lies are giving out (psychosocial)
And the rain will kill us all	Can't stop the killing idea (psychosocial)
Throw ourselves against the wall	If it's something secret (psychosocial)
But no-one else can see	Is this what you want? (psychosocial)
The (2) of the	I'm not the only one!
(3) in me	And the rain will (9) us all
Psychosocial, psychosocial	Throw ourselves against the wall
Psychosocial, psychosocial	But no one else can see
Oh, there are cracks in the road we lay	The preservation of the martyr in me
But we're the devil filth, the secret (4) gone 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 could start over	The preservation of the martyr in me
Just look me in the eyes and say I'm wrong!	The (10) of the dead
Now there's only emptiness, burn (5)	The limits of the dead
(6) threat	
I think we're done, I'm not the only one!	
And the rain will kill us all	
Throw ourselves (7) the wall	
But no-one else can see	



- 1. smaller
- 2. preservation
- 3. martyr
- 4. death
- 5. elicit
- 6. self
- 7. against
- 8. preservation
- 9. kill
- 10. limits

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