

Fill in the gaps

I did my time, and I want out!	The preservation 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 (1) graves!	The (6) of the dead
Then fill your mouth (2) all the money you will save	Fate! Cannot (7) this lie (psychosocial)
Sinking in, getting smaller again	I've tried to tell you thrice! (psychosocial)
I'm done! It has begun, I'm not the only one!	Your (8) 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 preservation of the martyr in me	I'm not the only one!
Psychosocial, psychosocial	And the rain will kill us all
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 (3) filth, the secret death gone	The (9) 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 could (4) over	The preservation of the (10) 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 (5) threat	The limits of the dead
I think we're done, I'm not the only one!	
And the rain will kill us all	
Throw ourselves against the wall	
But no-one else can see	



- 1. your
- 2. with
- 3. devil
- 4. start
- 5. self
- 6. limits
- 7. catch
- 8. hurtful
- 9. preservation
- 10. martyr

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