

Fill in the gaps

I did my time, and I want out!	The preservation of the (4) 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! (5) (6) this	lie
Sinking in, getting smaller again	(psychosocial)	
I'm done! It has begun, I'm not the only one!	I've tried to tell you thrice! (psychosocial)	
And the rain will kill us all	Your hurtful lies are giving out (psychosocial)	
Throw ourselves against the wall	Can't stop the killing idea (psychosocial)	
But no-one else can see	If it's something secret (psychosocial)	
The preservation of the martyr in me	Is this what you want? (psychosocial)	
Psychosocial, psychosocial	I'm not the only one!	
Psychosocial, psychosocial	And the rain (7) kill us all	
Oh, there are cracks in the road we lay	Throw ourselves against the wall	
But we're the devil filth, the secret death gone mad	But no one else can see	
This is nothing new, but would we kill it all?	The preservation of the martyr in me	
The hate was all we had!	And the rain will (8) us all	
Who (1) another mess, we could start over	Throw ourselves against the wall	
Just look me in the eyes and say I'm wrong!	But no one else can see	
Now there's only emptiness, burn (2) self	The (9) of the	
threat	(10) in me	
I think we're done, I'm not the only one!	The limits of the dead	
And the rain (3) kill us all	The limits of the dead	
Throw ourselves against the wall		
But no-one else can see		



- 1. needs
- 2. elicit
- 3. will
- 4. martyr
- 5. Cannot
- 6. catch
- 7. will
- 8. kill
- 9. preservation
- 10. martyr

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