

Fill in the gaps

this lie

I did my time, and I want out!	The preservation of the (5) 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! (6) (7) this
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 (8) 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 (9) (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 will 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 (1) gone mad	But no one else can see
This is (2) new, but would we kill it all?	The preservation of the martyr in me
The hate was all we had!	And the rain will kill us all
Who (3) another mess, we could start over	Throw ourselves against the wall
Just (4) me in the eyes and say I'm wrong!	But no one (10) can see
Now there's only emptiness, burn elicit self threat	The preservation of the martyr in me
I think we're done, I'm not the only one!	The limits of the dead
And the rain will kill us all	The limits of the dead
Throw ourselves against the wall	
But no-one else can see	



- 1. death
- 2. nothing
- 3. needs
- 4. look
- 5. martyr
- 6. Cannot
- 7. catch
- 8. hurtful
- 9. secret
- 10. else

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