

## I did my time, and I want out! It doesn't cut, this soul is not so vibrant The reckoning, the sickening Back at your subversion Pseudo-sacred sick before dawn Go to your deserts, go dig your graves! Then fill your mouth with all the money you will save Sinking in, getting smaller again I'm done! It has begun, I'm not the only one! And the rain will kill us all Throw ourselves against the wall But no-one else can see The preservation of the martyr in me Psychosocial, psychosocial Psychosocial, psychosocial Oh, there are cracks in the (2)\_\_\_\_\_ we lay

But we're the devil filth, the secret death gone mad This is nothing new, but would we kill it all? The (3)\_\_\_\_\_ was all we had!

Who needs another mess, we could start over
Just look me in the eyes and say I'm wrong!
Now there's only emptiness, burn elicit self threat

Throw (4)\_\_\_\_\_ against the wall

I think we're done, I'm not the only one!

And the rain will kill us all

But no-one else can see

Fill in the gaps

The preservation of the martyr in me

Dayshagaigl paychagaigl paychagaigl
Psychosocial, psychosocial
Psychosocial, psychosocial
The limits of the dead
The (5) of the dead
The limits of the dead
The limits of the dead
Fate! Cannot catch this lie (psychosocial)
I've tried to tell you thrice! (psychosocial)
Your hurtful lies are giving out (psychosocial)
Can't stop the killing idea (psychosocial)
lf it's (6)(7)
(psychosocial)
Is this what you want? (psychosocial)
I'm not the only one!
And the rain will kill us all
Throw ourselves against the wall
But no one else can see
The preservation of the martyr in me
And the rain will kill us all
Throw (8) against the wall
But no one else can see
The preservation of the martyr in me
The limits of the dead
The (9) of the dead



- 1. effusive
- 2. road
- 3. hate
- 4. ourselves
- 5. limits
- 6. something
- 7. secret
- 8. ourselves
- 9. limits

## Fill in the gaps