

I did my time, and I want out! So effusive fade It doesn't cut, (1) \_\_\_\_\_ soul is not so vibrant The reckoning, the sickening Back at your subversion Pseudo-sacred sick before dawn Go to your deserts, go dig (2)\_\_\_\_\_ graves! Then fill your mouth with all the money you will save Sinking in, getting (3)\_\_\_\_\_ 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, psychosocial, psychosocial Oh, (4)\_\_\_\_\_ are cracks in the road we lay But we're the devil filth, the secret death gone mad This is nothing new, but would we kill it all? The hate 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 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

## Fill in the gaps

The preservation of the martyr in me Psychosocial, psychosocial, psychosocial Psychosocial, psychosocial, psychosocial 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) If it's something secret (psychosocial) Is (5)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 of The (6)\_\_\_ the (7)\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ in me And the rain will kill us all Throw ourselves (8)\_\_\_ the wall But no one else can see The (9)\_ of the martyr in me The limits of the dead The limits of the dead



- 1. this
- 2. your
- 3. smaller
- 4. there
- 5. this
- 6. preservation
- 7. martyr
- 8. against
- 9. preservation

## Fill in the gaps