

But no-one else can see

## 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 (1) deserts, go dig your graves!               | The limits of the dead                          |
| Then (2) your mouth with all the money you will      | Fate! (6) catch this lie (psychosocial)         |
| save   | I've (7) to tell you thrice! (psychosocial)     |
| Sinking in, getting smaller again                    | Your hurtful lies are giving out (psychosocial) |
| I'm done! It has begun, I'm not the only one!        | Can't stop the killing (8) (psychosocial)       |
| And the (3) (4) kill us all                          | If it's something secret (psychosocial)         |
| Throw ourselves against the wall                     | Is (9) what you want? (psychosocial)            |
| But no-one else can see                              | I'm not the only one!                           |
| The preservation of the martyr in me                 | And the rain will kill us all                   |
| Psychosocial, psychosocial                           | Throw ourselves against the wall                |
| Psychosocial, psychosocial                           | But no one (10) can see                         |
| Oh, there are cracks in the (5) we lay               | The preservation of the martyr in me            |
| But we're the devil filth, the secret death gone 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 start over          | The preservation of the martyr 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 self 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                     |   |



- 1. your
- 2. fill
- 3. rain
- 4. will
- 5. road
- 6. Cannot
- 7. tried
- 8. idea
- 9. this
- 10. else

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