

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



- 1. money
- 2. against
- 3. martyr
- 4. think
- 5. limits
- 6. only
- 7. ourselves
- 8. limits

Fill in the gaps