The Widow by The Mars Volta

Then I'll hide

Fill in the gaps

ie's got rasting black lungs	Cause III never
Made of clove splintered shardes	Never (7) alone
hey're the kind that (1) talk	Oh lord
hrough a wheezing of coughs	Said I'm bloodshot for sure
and I hear him every night	Pale (8) the ghost
n every pore	Swollen on the shore
and every (2) he (3) makes me warm	Every night
reeze without an answer	in every pore
ree from all the shame	The scales that do slither
flust I hide?	Deliver me from
Cause I'll never	Freeze without an answer
lever sleep alone	Free from all the shame
ook at how they flock to him	Then I'll hide
from an isle of (4) sores	Cause I'll never
le (5) the taste is such	Never sleep alone
Such to die for	Freeze without an answer
and I hear him every night	Free (9) all the shame
On every street	Let me die
he scales that do slither	Cause I'll never
Deliver me from	Never sleep alone
reeze without an answer	
ree from all the shame	



1. will

- 2. time
- 3. just
- 4. open
- 5. knows
- 6. that
- 7. sleep
- 8. runs
- 9. from

Fill in the gaps

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