

Fill in the gaps

I had handles on this
I could soften my guard
Behind false confidence
Just when I found
Humble pie insipid
Exempt from this blind side
And firmly in its grip
'Cause I'm seduced by reaction
And honour the influence
I'm slipping again
I'm up to old tricks off my way again
I have no defence, I'm wreaking havoc
Wreaking havoc
And consequence
I get reduced
By my own willfulness
As I reach for my usual God replacements
'Cause I am rich (1) sanction
And lax in my step

Just when I thought

I'm slipping again

im up to old tricks off my way again
I have no defence, I'm (2) havoc
Wreaking havoc
And consequence
If forgiveness is understanding (3) I
Affirm "Mia Culpa" for the (4) time
From (5) toppling (6) of cards of mine
I am beaten
By my impulsiveness
By this uncanny foreshadowing of regret
'Cause I'm (7) by restriction
At least that's my excuse
I'm (8) again
I'm up to old tricks off my way again
I have no defence, I'm wreaking havoc
Wreaking havoc
And consequence



- 1. with
- 2. wreaking
- 3. than
- 4. millionth
- 5. this
- 6. house
- 7. repulsed
- 8. slipping

Fill in the gaps