

Blood stains on my hands
And I don't know where I've been

Fill in the gaps

Hello me, (1) the real me	I'm in trouble for the things
And my (2) way of life	I haven't got to yet
A dark (3) past is my	I'm (9) the axe
Most valued possession	And my palms are getting wet
Hindsight is always 20-20	Sweating bullets
But looking back it's still a bit fuzzy	Well, me, it's nice talking to myself
Speak of (4)(5)	A credit to dementia
destruction?	Some day you too will know my pain
Nice story, tell it to Reader's Digest!	And smile its black tooth grin
Feeling paranoid	If the war inside my head
True enemy or false friend?	Won't take a day off I'll be dead
Anxiety's attacking me	My icy (10) claw your back
And my air is getting thin	Here I come again
I'm in trouble for the things	Feeling paranoid
I haven't got to yet	True enemy or false friend?
I'm (6) at the bit	Anxiety's attacking me
And my palms are getting wet	And my air is getting thin
Sweating bullets	Once you committed me
Hello me, it's me again	Now you've acquitted me
You can subdue, but never tame me	Claiming validity
It gives me a migraine headache	For your stupidity
Thinking (7) to your level	I'm chomping at the bit
Yeah, just (8) on thinking it's my fault	I'm sharpening the axe
And stay an inch or two outta kicking distance	Here I come again
Mankind has got to know	(Whoa)
His limitations	Sweating bullets
Feeling claustrophobic	
Like the walls are closing in	



- 1. meet
- 2. misfits
- 3. black
- 4. mutually
- 5. assured
- 6. chomping
- 7. down
- 8. keep
- 9. sharpening
- 10. fingers

Fill in the gaps