

Fill in the gaps

| Once again I leave my grave | Do you hear a voice like velvet through the night sky? |
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| 0 70 | , |
| Dirt and daisies hit the pave | Do you hear the fickle hand of fate at my side? |
| No sooner (1) I have turned | And all those that God has sinned with hope in his stride |
| I hear the (2) cooking up a new storm | And watch out (watch out!) |
| My world ends on a regular basis | Watch for them (8) and crouch |
| Yeah I fed quick and lonesome places | in the shadows |
| But no sooner (3) I am dead | Oh (9) couldn't hold a candle up to you |
| I feel the ravens tugging at my hair | But they stand as tall as you in broad daylight too |
| Oh! Hark! | Oh! Hark! |
| Do you hear a (4) like velvet through the night | |
| sky? | Oh! Hark! |
| Do you hear the fickle hand of fate at my side? | Do you a hear a voice like velvet through the night sky? |
| And all those that God has sinned with hope in his stride | Do you (10) the fickle hand of fate at my side? |
| And watch out (watch out!) | And all those that God has sinned with hope in his stride |
| Watch for them camouflaged and crouched in the shadows | |
| Oh they couldn't hold a candle up to you | And watch out (watch out!) |
| But they stand as (5) as you in (6) | Watch for them camouflaged and crouched in the shadows |
| daylight too | Oh they couldn't hold a candle up to you |
| Oh! Hark! | But they stand as tall as you in broad daylight too |
| | Oh! Hark! |
| Once again I leave my grave (leave my grave) | Oh! Hark! |
| Like a bird out of its cage (out of its cage) | |
| No sooner that I have won | |
| I feel the storm (7) plotting against the sun | |
| Plotting against the sun, plotting against the sun | |
| | |

Oh! Hark!



- 1. than
- 2. devil
- 3. that
- 4. voice
- 5. tall
- 6. broad
- 7. clouds
- 8. camouflaged
- 9. they
- 10. hear

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