Psychosocial by Slipknot

But no-one else can see

Fill in the gaps

did my time, and I want out!	The preservation of the martyr in me
So effusive fade	Psychosocial, psychosocial
t doesn't cut, this soul is not so vibrant	Psychosocial, psychosocial
The reckoning, the sickening	The (4) of the dead
Back at your subversion	The limits of the dead
Pseudo-sacred (1) before dawn	The limits of the dead
Go to your deserts, go dig your graves!	The limits of the dead
Then (2) your mouth with all the money you will	Fate! (5) catch this lie (psychosocial)
save	I've tried to tell you thrice! (psychosocial)
Sinking in, getting smaller again	Your hurtful lies are (6) out (psychosocial)
'm done! It has begun, I'm not the only one!	Can't stop the killing idea (psychosocial)
And the rain will kill us all	If it's something secret (psychosocial)
Throw ourselves against the wall	Is this what you want? (psychosocial)
But no-one else can see	I'm not the only one!
The preservation of the martyr in me	And the rain will kill us all
Psychosocial, psychosocial	Throw ourselves against the wall
Psychosocial, psychosocial	But no one else can see
Oh, there are cracks in the road we lay	The preservation of the martyr in me
But we're the devil filth, the secret death gone mad	And the rain will kill us all
This is nothing new, but would we kill it all?	Throw (7) (8) the
The hate was all we had!	wall
Who needs another mess, we could start over	But no one (9) 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 limits of the dead
think we're done, I'm not the only one!	The limits of the dead
And the rain (3) kill us all	
Throw ourselves against the wall	



- 1. sick
- 2. fill
- 3. will
- 4. limits
- 5. Cannot
- 6. giving
- 7. ourselves
- 8. against
- 9. else

Fill in the gaps

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