

Fill in the gaps

I did my time, and I want out!		The preservation of the (7) in me
So (1) fa	de	Psychosocial, psychosocial
It doesn't cut, this soul is not so vibrant		Psychosocial, psychosocial
The reckoning, the sickening		The limits of the dead
Back at your subversion		The limits of the dead
Pseudo-sacred sick before dawn		The limits of the dead
Go to your deserts, go dig (2) graves!		The limits of the dead
Then fill your mouth with all the money you will save		Fate! Cannot catch this lie (psychosocial)
Sinking in, (3) smaller again		I've tried to tell you thrice! (psychosocial)
I'm done! It has begun, I'm not the only one!		Your hurtful lies are giving out (psychosocial)
And the rain will kill us all		Can't stop the killing idea (psychosocial)
Throw ourselves against the wall		If it's something secret (psychosocial)
But no-one else can see		Is this what you want? (psychosocial)
The preservation of the martyr in me		I'm not the only one!
Psychosocial, psychosocial		And the rain will (8) us all
Psychosocial, psychosocial		Throw ourselves against the wall
Oh, there are cracks in the (4) we lay	But no one else can see
But we're the devil filth, the secret death gone mad		The preservation of the martyr in me
This is nothing new, but would we kill it all?		And the rain will kill us all
The hate was all we had!		Throw (9) against the wal
Who needs another mess, we (5) start over		But no one (10) 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
I think we're done, I'm not the only one!		The limits of the dead
And the rain will kill us all		
Throw (6)	against the wall	
But no-one else can see		



- 1. effusive
- 2. your
- 3. getting
- 4. road
- 5. could
- 6. ourselves
- 7. martyr
- 8. kill
- 9. ourselves
- 10. else

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