

But no-one else can see

## Fill in the gaps

I did my time, and I want out!	The (7) of the martyr in	me
So effusive fade	Psychosocial, psychosocial	
It doesn't cut, this soul is not so vibrant	Psychosocial, psychosocial	
The reckoning, the sickening	The (8) 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 (1) graves!	The limits of the dead	
Then fill your mouth with all the money you (2)	Fate! Cannot catch (9) lie (psychosocial)	
save	I've tried to tell you thrice! (psychosocial)	
Sinking in, getting smaller again	Your hurtful lies are giving out (psychosocial)	
I'm done! It has begun, I'm not the only one!	Can't stop the killing idea (psychosocial)	
And the (3) will kill us all	If it's something secret (psychosocial)	
Throw ourselves against the wall	Is this what you want? (psychosocial)	
But no-one (4) 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 (5) we lay	The preservation of the (10) 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 ourselves against the wall	
The hate was all we had!	But no one else can see	
Who needs another mess, we could start over	The preservation of the martyr in me	
Just look me in the eyes and say I'm wrong!	The limits of the dead	
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!		
And the rain (6) kill us all		
Throw ourselves against the wall		



- 1. your
- 2. will
- 3. rain
- 4. else
- 5. road
- 6. will
- 7. preservation
- 8. limits
- 9. this
- 10. martyr

## Fill in the gaps