

I did my time, and I want out!

So effusive fade

It doesn't cut, this soul is not so vibrant

The reckoning, the sickening

Back at your subversion

Pseudo-sacred sick (1)\_\_\_\_\_ dawr

Go to your deserts, go dig your graves!

Then fill your mouth with all the money you will save

Sinking in, getting smaller again

I'm done! It has begun, I'm not the only one!

And the rain (2)\_\_\_\_\_ kill us all

Throw ourselves against the wall

But no-one else can see

The preservation of the martyr in me

Psychosocial, psychosocial

Psychosocial, psychosocial, psychosocial

Oh, there are cracks in the road we lay

But we're the devil filth, the secret death gone mad

This is nothing new, but would we kill it all?

The hate was all we had!

Who needs another mess, we could start over

Just look me in the eyes and say I'm wrong!

Now there's only emptiness, burn elicit self threat

I think we're done, I'm not the (3)\_\_\_\_ one!

And the rain will kill us all

Throw ourselves against the wall

But no-one else can see

## Fill in the gaps

The preservation of the martyr in me Psychosocial, psychosocial Psychosocial, psychosocial The limits of the dead The limits of the dead The limits of the dead The (4) of the dead Fate! Cannot (5)\_\_\_\_\_ this lie (psychosocial) I've tried to tell you thrice! (psychosocial) Your hurtful lies are giving out (psychosocial) Can't (6)\_\_\_\_\_ the killing idea (psychosocial) If it's something (7)\_\_\_\_\_ (psychosocial) Is this what you want? (psychosocial) I'm not the only one! And the (8)\_\_\_\_\_ (9)\_\_\_\_ kill us all Throw ourselves against the wall But no one else can see The preservation of the martyr in me And the rain will kill us all Throw ourselves against the wall

But no one else can see

The preservation of the martyr in me

The limits of the dead



## Fill in the gaps

- 1. before
- 2. will
- 3. only
- 4. limits
- 5. catch
- 6. stop
- 7. secret
- 8. rain
- 9. will