

Fill in the gaps

I'm waking up to ash and dust
I wipe my brow and I (1) my rust
I'm breathing in the chemicals
I'm breaking in, (2) up
Then (3) out on the prison buzz
This is it, the apocalypse
I'm waking up, I feel it in my bones
Enough to (4) my systems blow
Welcome to the new age, to the new age
Welcome to the new age, to the new age
I'm radioactive, radioactive
I'm radioactive, radioactive
I raise my flags, (5) my clothes
It's a revolution, I suppose
We're painted red
To fit (6) in
I'm breaking in, (7) up
Then checking out on the (8) buzz
This is it, the apocalypse

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- 1. sweat
- 2. shaping
- 3. checking
- 4. make
- 5. done
- 6. right
- 7. shaping
- 8. prison
- 9. systems
- 10. feel
- 11. systems

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