

## Fill in the gaps

| Once again I leave my grave                            | Do you hear a voice like velvet through the night sky?    |
|--|---|
| Dirt and daisies hit the pave                          | Do you hear the fickle hand of fate at my side?           |
| No sooner than I have turned                           | And all those that God has sinned with hope in his stride |
| I hear the devil cooking up a new storm                | And watch out (watch out!)                                |
| My world ends on a regular basis                       | Watch for them camouflaged and crouched in the shadows    |
| Yeah I fed quick and lonesome places                   | Oh they couldn't hold a (8) up to you                     |
| But no sooner that I am dead                           | But they stand as tall as you in broad daylight too       |
| I (1) the ravens tugging at my hair                    | Oh! Hark!   |
| Oh! Hark!  |   |
| Do you hear a voice like velvet through the (2)        | Oh! Hark!   |
| sky?   | Do you a hear a (9) like velvet through the night         |
| Do you hear the fickle hand of (3) at my side?         | sky?  |
| And all those (4) God has sinned with hope in his      | Do you hear the fickle hand of fate at my side?           |
| stride   | And all those that God has (10) with hope in              |
| And (5) out (watch out!)                               | his stride  |
| Watch for them camouflaged and crouched in the shadows |   |
| Oh they couldn't hold a candle up to you               | And watch out (watch out!)                                |
| But they stand as tall as you in broad daylight too    | Watch for them camouflaged and crouched in the shadows    |
| Oh! Hark!  | Oh they couldn't hold a candle up to you                  |
|  | But they stand as tall as you in broad daylight too       |
| Once (6) I leave my grave (leave my grave)             | Oh! Hark!   |
| Like a bird out of its cage (out of its cage)          | Oh! Hark!   |
| No sooner that I have won                              |   |
| I feel the (7) clouds plotting against the sun         |   |
| Plotting against the sun, plotting against the sun     |   |
| Oh! Hark!  |   |
|  |   |



- 1. feel
- 2. night
- 3. fate
- 4. that
- 5. watch
- 6. again
- 7. storm
- 8. candle
- 9. voice
- 10. sinned

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