

Fill in the gaps

I did my time, and I want out!	The preservation of the martyr in me
So (1) fade	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 your 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, getting smaller again	I've tried to tell you thrice! (psychosocial)
I'm done! It has begun, I'm not the only one!	Your (7) (8) are giving out
And the rain will kill us all	(psychosocial)
Throw (2) against the wall	Can't stop the killing idea (psychosocial)
But no-one else can see	If it's something (9) (psychosocial)
The preservation of the martyr in me	Is this what you want? (psychosocial)
Psychosocial, psychosocial	I'm not the only one!
Psychosocial, psychosocial	And the rain will kill us all
Oh, there are cracks in the road we lay	Throw ourselves against the wall
But we're the (3) filth, the (4)	But no one else can see
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 ourselves (10) the wall
Who needs another mess, we could start over	But no one else can see
Just (5) me in the eyes and say I'm wrong!	The preservation of the martyr in me
Now there's only emptiness, burn elicit (6) 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 ourselves against the wall	
But no-one else can see	



- 1. effusive
- 2. ourselves
- 3. devil
- 4. secret
- 5. look
- 6. self
- 7. hurtful
- 8. lies
- 9. secret
- 10. against

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