



Psychosocial by Slipknot

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)_____ dawn
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 will kill us all
Throw ourselves against the wall
But no-one else can see
The preservation of the (2)_____ in me
Psychosocial, psychosocial, psychosocial
Psychosocial, psychosocial, psychosocial
Oh, there are (3)_____ 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 (4)_____ was all we had!
Who needs another mess, we could start over
Just look me in the (5)_____ and say I'm wrong!
Now there's only emptiness, burn elicit self threat
I think we're done, I'm not the only 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, psychosocial, psychosocial
The limits of the dead
Fate! Cannot catch this lie (psychosocial)
I've tried to tell you thrice! (psychosocial)
Your hurtful lies are giving out (psychosocial)
Can't stop the killing idea (psychosocial)
If it's something secret (psychosocial)
Is this (6)_____ you want? (psychosocial)
I'm not the only one!
And the rain (7)_____ kill us all
Throw ourselves against the wall
But no one else can see
The preservation of the (8)_____ in me
And the rain (9)_____ kill us all
Throw ourselves against the wall
But no one else can see
The preservation of the martyr in me
The (10)_____ of the dead
The limits of the dead



Fill in the gaps

Answer

1. before
2. martyr
3. cracks
4. hate
5. eyes
6. what
7. will
8. martyr
9. will
10. limits