

Fill in the gaps

I did my time, and I want out!	The preservation of the martyr in me
So effusive 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, (1) (2) again	I've tried to tell you thrice! (psychosocial)
I'm done! It has begun, I'm not the only one!	Your hurtful lies are giving out (psychosocial)
And the rain will kill us all	Can't stop the killing idea (psychosocial)
Throw (3) against the wall	If it's something secret (psychosocial)
But no-one else can see	Is this what you want? (psychosocial)
The preservation of the martyr in me	I'm not the only one!
Psychosocial, psychosocial	And the rain will kill us all
Psychosocial, psychosocial	Throw (8) (9) the
Oh, (4) are cracks in the road we lay	wall
But we're the devil filth, the secret (5) gone made	But no one else can see
This is nothing new, but would we kill it all?	The preservation of the martyr in me
The hate was all we had!	And the rain will kill us all
Who needs another mess, we could start over	Throw ourselves against the wall
Just look me in the eyes and say I'm wrong!	But no one (10) can see
Now there's only emptiness, burn elicit self threat	The preservation of the martyr in me
I (6) we're done, I'm not the only one!	The limits of the dead
And the rain will kill us all	The limits of the dead
Throw ourselves (7) the wall	
But no-one else can see	



- 1. getting
- 2. smaller
- 3. ourselves
- 4. there
- 5. death
- 6. think
- 7. against
- 8. ourselves
- 9. against
- 10. else

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