Psychosocial by Slipknot

Fill in the gaps

The preservation of the martyr in me

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 (1) subversion
Pseudo-sacred sick before 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 (2) us all
Throw ourselves against the wall
But no-one (3) can see
The preservation of the martyr in me
Psychosocial, psychosocial
Psychosocial, psychosocial
Oh, there are cracks in the (4) we lay
But we're the devil filth, the (5) death gone
mad
This is nothing new, but would we kill it all?
The (6) was all we had!
Who needs another mess, we could start over
Just look me in the eyes 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 (7) kill us all
Throw ourselves against the wall

But no-one else can see

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 what you want? (psychosocial) I'm not the only one! And the rain will kill us all Throw ourselves (8)_ __ the wall But no one else can see The preservation of the martyr in me And the rain will kill us all Throw ourselves against the wall But no one (9)____ can see The preservation of the martyr in me The limits of the dead The (10)_____ of the dead



1. your

- 2. kill
- 3. else
- 4. road
- 5. secret
- 6. hate
- 7. will
- 8. against
- 9. else
- 10. limits

Fill in the gaps

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