

## Fill in the gaps

lust when I thought	I'm up to old trioks off my way again
Just when I thought	I'm up to old tricks off my way again
I had handles on this	I (4) no defence, I'm (5)
I could soften my guard	havoc
Behind false confidence	Wreaking havoc
Just when I found	And consequence
Humble pie insipid	If (6) is understanding
Exempt from this blind side	(7) I
And firmly in its grip	Affirm "Mia Culpa" for the millionth time
'Cause I'm seduced by reaction	From this toppling house of cards of mine
And honour the influence	I am beaten
I'm slipping again	By my impulsiveness
I'm up to old (1) off my way again	By (8) uncanny foreshadowing of regret
I have no defence, I'm wreaking havoc	'Cause I'm repulsed by restriction
Wreaking havoc	At least that's my excuse
And consequence	I'm slipping again
I get reduced	I'm up to old tricks off my way again
By my own willfulness	I have no defence, I'm wreaking havoc
As I reach for my (2) God replacements	Wreaking havoc
'Cause I am rich with sanction	And consequence
And lax in my step	
I'm (3) again	



- 1. tricks
- 2. usual
- 3. slipping
- 4. have
- 5. wreaking
- 6. forgiveness
- 7. than
- 8. this

## Fill in the gaps