



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 before dawn
Go to your deserts, go dig your graves!
Then fill your mouth with all the (1)_____ 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 martyr in me
Psychosocial, psychosocial, psychosocial
Psychosocial, psychosocial, psychosocial
Oh, (2)_____ are cracks in the road we lay
But we're the (3)_____ filth, the secret death gone mad
This is nothing new, but would we (4)_____ it all?
The hate 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 (5)_____ (6)_____ kill us all
Throw ourselves against the wall
But no-one else can see

Fill in the gaps

The (7)_____ 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 (8)_____ are giving out (psychosocial)
Can't stop the killing (9)_____ (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 against 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 else can see
The preservation of the martyr in me
The limits of the dead
The (10)_____ of the dead



Answer

1. money
2. there
3. devil
4. kill
5. rain
6. will
7. preservation
8. lies
9. idea
10. limits

Fill in the gaps