

Fill in the gaps

all

i did my time, and i want out!		The preservation of the martyr in me	
So effusive fade		Psychosocial, psychosocial	
It doesn't cut, (1)	_ 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 (7) of	the dead
Then fill your mouth with all the money you will save		Fate! Cannot catch this lie (psychosocial)	
Sinking in, getting smaller 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 ourselves against the wall		If it's something secret (psychosocial)	
But no-one else can see		Is this what you want? (psychosocial)	
The (2) of the martyr in me		I'm not the only one!	
Psychosocial, psychosocial		And the rain (8)	(9) us
Psychosocial, psychosocial		Throw ourselves against the wall	
Oh, there are cracks in the road we lay		But no one else can see	
But we're the (3) filth, the secret death gone The preservation of the marty		artyr in me	
mad		And the rain will (10)	us all
This is nothing new, but (4) we kill it all?		Throw ourselves against the wall	
The hate was all we had!		But no one else can see	
Who needs another mess, we could start over		The preservation of the martyr in me	
Just look me in the eyes and say I'm wrong!		The limits of the dead	
Now there's only emptiness, burn elicit self threat		The limits of the dead	
I think we're done, I'm not	the only one!		
And the rain (5)	(6) us all		
Throw ourselves against t	he wall		
But no-one else can see			



- 1. this
- 2. preservation
- 3. devil
- 4. would
- 5. will
- 6. kill
- 7. limits
- 8. will
- 9. kill
- 10. kill

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