Psychosocial by Slipknot

Fill in the gaps

I did my time, and I want out!	The preservation of the martyr in me
So effusive fade	Psychosocial, psychosocial, psychosocial
It doesn't cut, this soul is not so vibrant	Psychosocial, psychosocial, psychosocial
The reckoning, the sickening	The (6) of the dead
Back at your subversion	The limits of the dead
Pseudo-sacred (1) 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 (2) 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 (3) 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 preservation of the martyr in me	I'm not the only one!
Psychosocial, psychosocial	And the rain will kill us all
Psychosocial, psychosocial	Throw ourselves (7) the wall
Oh, there are cracks in the road we lay	But no one else can see
But we're the devil filth, the secret death (4) mad	The preservation of the martyr in me
This is nothing new, but would we kill it all?	And the rain will kill us all
The hate was all we had!	Throw ourselves against the wall
Who needs another mess, we could start over	But no one (8) can see
Just look me in the eyes and say I'm wrong!	The preservation of the (9) in me
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!	The limits of the dead
And the (5) will kill us all	
Throw ourselves against the wall	
But no-one else can see	



- 1. sick
- 2. money
- 3. rain
- 4. gone
- 5. rain
- 6. limits
- 7. against
- 8. else
- 9. martyr

Fill in the gaps

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