

But no-one else can see

Fill in the gaps

I did my time, and I (1) out!	The preservation of the martyr in me
So effusive fade	Psychosocial, psychosocial
It doesn't cut, (2) 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 (3) 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 (4) you	Fate! Cannot catch this lie (psychosocial)
(5) save	I've tried to tell you thrice! (psychosocial)
Sinking in, getting smaller again	Your hurtful lies are giving out (psychosocial)
I'm done! It has begun, I'm not the only one!	Can't stop the killing idea (psychosocial)
And the rain will kill us all	If it's something secret (psychosocial)
Throw (6) against the wall	Is this what you want? (psychosocial)
But no-one else can see	I'm not the only one!
The preservation of the martyr in me	And the rain will kill us all
Psychosocial, psychosocial	Throw ourselves against the wall
Psychosocial, psychosocial	But no one (8) can see
Oh, there are cracks in the road we lay	The preservation of the martyr in me
But we're the devil filth, the secret death gone mad	And the rain will kill us all
This is nothing new, but would we kill it all?	Throw (9) against the wall
The hate was all we had!	But no one else can see
Who (7) another mess, we could start over	The preservation of the (10) 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 will kill us all	
Throw ourselves against the wall	



- 1. want
- 2. this
- 3. sick
- 4. money
- 5. will
- 6. ourselves
- 7. needs
- 8. else
- 9. ourselves
- 10. martyr

Fill in the gaps

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