

Fill in the gaps

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



- 1. your
- 2. with
- 3. will
- 4. else
- 5. gone
- 6. Cannot
- 7. lies
- 8. giving
- 9. against

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