

Fill in the gaps

| I'll pretend | Now we'll never know what the other meant |
|---|--|
| My heart's not on fire if you steal | Watch is ticking |
| My true love's (1) broke down subway | Like a heartbeat gone berserk |
| In this city of spires | Lost the chance to wind the key roosters are nothing |
| Tape your (2) (3) his in the | But clucking clockwork |
| frame | Our fears are only what we tell them to be |
| We'll imagine | Our fears are only what we tell them to be |
| We're sleeping revolvers shotgun wedding | Drown the (10) of our matches |
| In a strange SoHo | Burn the rest of each other |
| Our (4) hold (5) | You were strongest when I ached for breath |
| collars | Through the thick of smoke we'll finally smother |
| Gun down werewolves (6) we go we | |
| Gun down werewolves wherever we go | Young blood |
| Midnight phone calls | Young bone |
| In the back of a Mustang | Old ghosts |
| Creased white (7) torn right (8) the | Go home |
| spine | Young blood |
| Kissed my neck with a crooked, cracked fang | Young bone |
| You always hoped one day you'd be mine | Old ghosts |
| Threw our fathers | Go home |
| On funeral pyres I'm not sure | Young blood |
| We were playing a game busted gasket | Young bone |
| In a field full of liars | Old ghosts |
| No one noticed we set five boroughs aflame | Go home |
| No one noticed we set five boroughs aflame | Young blood |
| | Young bone |
| Young blood | Old ghosts |
| Young bone | Go home |
| Old ghosts | |
| Go home | |
| Band of gold | |
| With a diamond (9) you wrote letters | |
| That you never sent I made promises | |
| I'll always deny | |



- 1. name
- 2. picture
- 3. over
- 4. chambers
- 5. silvery
- 6. wherever
- 7. pages
- 8. from
- 9. implied
- 10. last

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