

Fill in the gaps

He's got fasting black lungs
Made of clove (1) shardes
They're the kind (2) talk
Through a wheezing of coughs
And I hear him (4) night
In (5) pore
And every (6) he just makes me warm
Freeze without an answer
Free (7) all the shame
Must I hide?
Cause I'll never
Never sleep alone
Look at how they flock to him
From an (8) of open sores
He knows that the taste is such
Such to die for
And I (9) him every night
On (10) street
The scales (11) do slither
Deliver me from
Freeze (12) an answer
Free (13) all the shame
Then I'll hide



1. splintered

- 2. that
- 3. will
- 4. every
- 5. every
- 6. time
- 7. from
- 8. isle
- 9. hear
- 10. every
- 11. that
- 12. without
- 13. from
- 14. sleep
- 15. bloodshot
- 16. every
- 17. scales
- 18. without
- 19. without
- 20. from
- 21. sleep

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