

## Fill in the gaps

I did my time, and I want out!
So effusive fade
It doesn't cut, this soul is not so vibrant
The reckoning, the sickening
Back at your subversion
Pseudo-sacred sick before dawn
Go to your deserts, go dig your graves!
Then (1) your mouth with all the (2)
you will save
Sinking in, getting smaller again
I'm done! It has begun, I'm not the only one!
And the rain will kill us all
Throw ourselves against the wall
But no-one else can see
The preservation of the martyr in me
Psychosocial, psychosocial
Psychosocial, psychosocial
Oh, there are (3) in the road we lay
But we're the devil filth, the secret death (4) mad
This is nothing new, but (5) we kill it all?
The hate was all we had!
Who needs another mess, we could start over
Just look me in the (6) and say I'm wrong!
Now there's only emptiness, burn elicit self threat
I think we're done, I'm not the only one!
And the rain will kill us all
Throw ourselves against the wall
But no-one else can see



- 1. fill
- 2. money
- 3. cracks
- 4. gone
- 5. would
- 6. eyes
- 7. something
- 8. kill
- 9. rain
- 10. against

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