

Fill in the gaps

Pouring a caress on (6) shoulder
Puzzled by shrewd innocence
Runs a thick tide beneath
Ushered into inner graves
Nails bleeding from the struggle
It is the end for the weak at heart
Always the same
A lullaby for the ones who've lost all
Reeling inside
My gleaming eye in (7) necklace reflects
Stare of (8) regrets
You turn your back and you walk away
Never again
Spiralling to the (9) below
Like Autumn leaves left in the wake to fade away
Waking up to your sound again
And lapse into the ways of misery



- 1. thrust
- 2. guide
- 3. failure
- 4. back
- 5. made
- 6. your
- 7. your
- 8. primal
- 9. ground

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