

Psychosocial

Slipknot

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.
Packaging subversion
Psuedo-sacrosanct perversion

Go drill your deserts, go dig your graves
Then fill your mouth with all the money 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.
We throw ourselves against the wall.
But no-one else can see.
The preservation of the martyr in me.

Psychosocial, Psychosocial, Psychosocial.
Psychosocial, Psychosocial, Psychosocial.

There are cracks in the road we lay.
But we're the temple fell, the secrets have gone mad.
This is nothing new, but when we killed it all
The hate was all we had
Who needs another mess, we could start over.
Just look me in the eyes and say I'm wrong
Now there's only emptiness
Venomous, insepit.
I think we're done-I'm not the only one

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The limits of the dead
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The limits of the dead
The limits of the dead

Fake anti-facist lie
I tried to tell you but
Your purple hearts are giving out.
Can't stop a killing idea
If its hunting season
Is this what you want?
I'm not the only one

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But no-one else can see.
The preservation of the martyr in me.