Psychosocial

Slipknot

Ooh, yeah!I did my time and I want out

So effusive - fade - it doesn't cut

The soul is not so vibrant

The reckoning, the sickening

Packaging subversion

Pseudo 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!

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Psychosocial!

Psychosocial! There are cracks in the road we laid

But where 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, insipid

I think we're done. 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 mePsychosocial!

Psychosocial!

Psychosocial!

Psychosocial!

Psychosocial!

Psychosocial!The limits of the dead

The limits of the dead!

The limits of the dead!

The limits of the dead!Fake anti-fascist lie - (psychosocial!)

I tried to tell you but - (psychosocial!)

Your purple hearts are giving out - (psychosocial!)

Can't stop a killing idea - (psychosocial!)

If it's hunting season - (psychosocial!)

Is this what you want? - (psychosocial!)

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 meAnd the rain will kill us all...

We throw ourselves against the wall

But no one else can see

The preservation of the martyr in meThe limits of the dead...

The limits of the dead...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://counterlikes.com/