

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!
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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 me Psychosocial!
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 me 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 The 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/>