Psychosocial

SingLike

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 you 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 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!

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