

# 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!  
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  
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The limits of the dead!  
The limits of the dead!

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