

Slipknot, Psychosocial

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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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.

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

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

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