

# 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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Psychosocial  
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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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