

Slipknot - Psichosocial

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Tom: C
                                                              Venomous, insepid.
                                                              I think we're done-I'm not the only one
I did my time and I want out
So effusive, fade
                                                              And the rain will kill us all.
                                   Em
                                                                                  Am
It doesn't cut, this soul is not so vibrant.
                                                              We throw ourselves against the wall.
The reckoning, the sickening.
                                                              But no-one else can see.
Packaging subversion
                                                              The preservation of the martyr in me.
                                                                                          Fm
                                                              Psychosocial, Psychosocial.
Go drill your deserts, go dig your graves
                                                                                          Em
Then fill your mouth with all the money you will save.
                                                              Psychosocial, Psychosocial, Psychosocial.
Sinking in, getting smaller again.
                                                              Am (repeat this chord with stacatto to the rythym of the song)
I'm done It has begun, I'm not the only one
                                                              The limits of the dead
And the rain will kill us all.
                                                              The limits of the dead
We throw ourselves against the wall.
                                                              The limits of the dead
                   Fm
                                                                            Fm Am
But no-one else can see.
                                                              The limits of the dead
The preservation of the martyr in me.
                                                              Fake anti-facist lie
                                                              I tried to tell you but
Psychosocial, Psychosocial.
                                                              Your purple hearts are giving out.
Psychosocial, Psychosocial, Psychosocial.
                                                              Can't stop a killing idea
    Fm Am
                                                              If its hunting season
There are cracks in the road we lay.
But we're the temple fell, the secrets have gone mad.
                                                              Is this what you want?
                                                                     C Em
                                                              I'm not the only one
This is nothing new, but when we killed it all
The hate was all we had
                                                              And the rain will kill us all.
Who needs another mess, we could start over.
                                                              We throw ourselves against the wall.
                                            Fm Am
Just look me in the eyes and say I'm wrong
                                                              But no-one else can see.
Now there's only emptiness
                                                              The preservation of the martyr in me.
Acordes
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