Psichosocial
Slipknot

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Am
I did my time and I want out
             Em
So effusive, fade
                              C      Em      Am
It doesn t cut, this soul is not so vibrant.

The reckoning, the sickening.
Em
Packaging subversion
            C        Em     Am
Psuedo-sacrosanct perversion

Go drill your deserts, go dig your graves
Em                        C                      Em   Am
Then fill your mouth with all the money you will save.

Sinking in, getting smaller again.
    Em                              C    Em  Am
I m done It has begun, I m not the only one


Am                         C
And the rain will kill us all.
C                   Am
We throw ourselves against the wall.
    G               Em
But no-one else can see.
                                   Am
The preservation of the martyr in me.


Am                          Em
Psychosocial, Psychosocial, Psychosocial.
Am                          Em
Psychosocial, Psychosocial, Psychosocial.


C     Em  Am
There are cracks in the road we lay.
                        Em                          C  Em  Am
But we re the temple fell, the secrets have gone mad.

This is nothing new, but when we killed it all
Em                      C  Em  Am
The hate was all we had
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Who needs another mess, we could start over.
Em **C** **Em** **Am**
Just look me in the eyes and say I m wrong

Now there s only emptiness

Venomous, insepid.
Em **C** **Em** **Am**
I think we re done-I m not the only one

Am **C**
And the rain will kill us all.
C **Am**
We throw ourselves against the wall.
G **Em**
But no-one else can see.
Am
The preservation of the martyr in me.

Am **Em** **C** **Em** **Am**
Psychosocial, Psychosocial, Psychosocial.
Am **Em** **C** **Em** **Am**
Psychosocial, Psychosocial, Psychosocial.

Am (repeat this chord with stacatto to the rythym of the song)

Am
The limits of the dead
C
The limits of the dead
Am **C** **Em**
The limits of the dead
C **Em** **Am**
The limits of the dead

Am
Fake anti-facist lie

I tried to tell you but
Em **C** **Em** **Am**
Your purple hearts are giving out.

Can t stop a killing idea

If its hunting season
Em
Is this what you want?
C **Em** **Am**
I m not the only one

```
Am                          C
And the rain will kill us all.
C                   Am
We throw ourselves against the wall.
    G               Em
But no-one else can see.
          Em                      Am
The preservation of the martyr in me.
```