

# Slipknot - Psychosocial

Tom: **Eb**

Afinação: **A E A D Gb B**

Intro: (Guitarra 1 - Parte 1)

H.A H.A

H.A

H.A H.A

H.A

(Guitarra 2 - Parte 2)

(Parte 2 - 2x)

P.M. . . . . .

P.M.. . . . .

Primeira Parte:

P.M. . . . . .

P.M.. . . . .

I did my time, and I want out!  
So abusive fate,  
It doesn't cut, this soul is not so vibrant.

P.M. . . . . .

P.M.. . . . .

The reckoning, the sickening.  
Back at you subversion.

P.M. . . . . .

P.M.. . . . .

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

P.M. . . . . .

P.M.. . . . .

Sinking in, getting smaller again.  
I'm done! It has begun, I'm not the only one!

Primeiro Refrão:

**Ab Eb Bb G**  
And the rain will kill us all.

**C Eb Ab**  
If throw ourselves against the wall.

**Eb Bb G**  
But no one else can see.

The preservation of the martyr in me.

Passagem 1:

P.M. . . . . .

P.M.. . . . .

Psychosocial, Psychosocial, Psychosocial

P.M. . . . . .

P.M.. . . . .

Psychosocial, Psychosocial, Psychosocial

Segunda Parte:

P.M. . . . . .

P.M.. . . . .

Go! There are cracks in the road we laid.  
But we're the temple fell, the secret death's gone mad.

P.M. . . . . .

P.M.. . . . .

This is nothing new, but when we kill it all?  
The hate was all we had!

P.M. . . . . .

P.M.. . . . .

Who needs another mess, we could start over.  
Just look me in the eyes and say I'm wrong!

P.M. . . . . .

P.M.. . . . .

Now there's only emptiness, burn elicit self threat  
I think we're done, I'm not the only one!

Segundo Refrão:

**Ab Eb Bb G**  
And the rain will kill us all.

**C Eb Ab**  
If throw ourselves against the wall.

**Eb Bb G**  
But no one else can see.

The preservation of the martyr in me.  
Solo:

Ponte:

The limits of the dead! (4x)

(Guitarra 1)

P.M. . . . . .

P.M. . . . . .

(Guitarra 2)  
P.M. . . . . .  
P.M. . . . . .

Terceira Parte:

P.M.. . . . .  
P.M.. . . . .

Fate! Cannot catch this lie, (Psychosocial)  
I tried to tell you but, (Psychosocial)  
Your purple hearts are giving out. (Psychosocial)

P.M. . . . . .  
P.M.. . . . .

Can't stop the killing idea. (Psychosocial)  
If it's hunting season. (Psychosocial)  
Is this what you want? (Psychosocial)  
I'm not the only one!

Terceiro Refrão 2x:

# Acordes

Ab Eb Bb G  
And the rain will kill us all.  
C Eb Ab  
If throw ourselves against the wall.  
Eb Bb G  
But no one else can see.  
The preservation of the martyr in me.  
Final:

(Guitarra 1)  
P.M.. . . . .  
P.M.. . . . . H.A

(Guitarra 2)  
P.M.. . . . .  
P.M.. . . . . H.A

P.M. . . . . .  
P.M. . . . . .