

## Slipknot - Psychosocial

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

## Acordes

