

Slipknot - Psychosocial Acoustic

```
Tom: G
                                                               Now there's only emptiness
                                                               Venomous, insepid
            [Primeira Parte]
                                                               I think we're done-I'm not the only one
I did my time and I want out
So effusive, fade
                                                                Am
                                                                And the rain will kill us all
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
Psuedo-sacrosanct perversion
Go drill your deserts, go dig your graves
                                                                Psychosocial, Psychosocial, Psychosocial
                                                                                            Em
Then fill your mouth with all the money you will save
                                                                Psychosocial, Psychosocial, Psychosocial
Sinking in, getting smaller again
                                                                ( Am )
                                        Em Am
                                                                [Ponte]
I'm done It has begun, I'm not the only one
                                                                The limits of the dead
[Refrão]
                                                                The limits of the dead
                                                                                              Em
And the rain will kill us all
                                                                The limits of the dead
                                                                             Em Am
We throw ourselves against the wall
                                                                The limits of the dead
But no-one else can see
                                                                Fake anti-facist lie
The preservation of the martyr in me
                                                                I tried to tell you but
Psychosocial, Psychosocial, Psychosocial
                                                               Your purple hearts are giving out
Psychosocial, Psychosocial, Psychosocial
                                                               Can't stop a killing idea
[Segunda Parte]
                                                               If its hunting season
                                                                Is this what you want?
There are cracks in the road we lay
                                                                       C Em
                                                     C Em Am I'm not the only one
But we're the temple fell, the secrets have gone mad
                                                                [Refrão]
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
Just look me in the eyes and say I'm wrong
                                                               But no-one else can see
```

The preservation of the martyr in me

Acordes

