Here is a song

from the wrong ..... of town

where I'm bound to the ground

by the loneliest sound

that pounds ..... within

and is pinning me .....

Here is a page from the emptiest .....

a cage or the heaviest ..... ever made

a gauge of the deadliest trap ever laid

And I thank you

for bringing me .....

for ..... me home

for singing these tears

*****.....I've found that I belong here***

The heat and the sickliest

..... smelling sheets

that cling to the backs of my knees and my .....

I'm drowning in .....

to a desperate beat

Feels like.....

I should have known

from my ..... breath

God send the only ..... friend

I call mine

pretend that I'll ..... amends

the next time

befriend the glorious end of the line

LIVEWORKSHEETS