

## Nobody Leaves Without Singing The Blues

This Is Hell

We're writing confessions  
Behind locked doors  
That's all we're good for  
Through this what have we learned  
It doesn't matter if you play with fire  
Either way you get burned  
This game was fixed from the start  
We don't have a chance  
We're just knocking on death's door  
Waiting for an answer  
If you're still wondering what the future holds  
It's our names in the brightest lights  
With burned out bulbs  
Through this, what have we learned  
It doesn't matter if you play with fire  
Either way you get burned