

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