

Back to Hell

Alkaline Trio

Like the pills in your hand, I'll never let you down
And like the bugs in your bed, under my skin now
Devouring all that's left of me
Devouring all that's left of me In the palm of your hand, a resting place
All the guilt in the land resting on me
And we're crushing beneath it, falling beside ourselves
And we're wishing to break this neverending spell Send us back to hell, we've had our fill of heaven
Give us back our sins dead no one could sell them.
Keep us from their hearts, saving us like ashes
Cut us down with dust, never trust in anything we're told Like the pills in your hand, I'll never let you down
And like the bugs in your bed, under my skin now
They're devouring all that's left of me
Yeah they're devouring all that's left of me

Songwriters

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