# Back To Hell

## Brunatex

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 meIn 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 never ending spellSend us back to hell, we've had our fill of heaven
Give us back our sins, deadly one through seven
Keep us from their hearts, saving us like ashes
Grind us down to dust, we'll never trust in anything we're toldLike 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 meSend us back to hell, we've had our fill of heaven
Give us back our sins, deadly one through seven
Keep us from their hearts, saving us like ashes
Grind us down to dust, we'll never trust in anything we're toldSend us back to hell, we've had our fill of heaven
Give us back our sins, deadly one through seven
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