

# back to hell

## The Wobblers

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 never ending spell Send 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 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 Send 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 told Send 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  
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