

Sum 41, Welcome To Hell

don't come to me with your problems I don't need them
your conscience is a weight that I won't hold
you'd rather be the only one who pretends
is it cause you've been bought and sold so young

don't ask me questions cause I don't got the answers
if you only knew what time would tell
it's all a test and lessons that you can't learn
you'll know when you spend your time in hell

so as your blood's running thin your time's running out
no one will be listening not even when you shout
when your angels turn to devils you'll finally figure out
that no one will be with you in the end

a hypocrite you're just a contradiction
rapped up in your lies who knows what's real
well this is it your lonely life of fiction
do you even know how to feel

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the end
the end
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