

This Is Hell "Ad Infinitum"

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We breathe on borrowed time.
We light these torches far too late.
Inhale, exhale, repeat, repeat, repeat, repeat.
The only things that ever seem to last are fuck you
songs and epitaphs.
So now we write new testaments on paper bags with
ballpoint pens.
I'd rather listen than write, I'd rather sit down than
fight.
When everyday is the same as the last, we'll know our
time us running out fast.
Our lungs are working on borrowed time.
These days we steal will be remembered as crimes.
So inhale, (exhale), inhale, (exhale), repeat, repeat,
repeat, repeat.
When every day is the same as the last, we'll know our
time is running out fast.
We lit these torches far too late.
Our lungs are working on borrowed time.
These days will be remembered as crimes.
We light these torches far too late.
(We lit these torches far too late).
Inhale, exhale, repeat, repeat, repeat, repeat.
When everyday is the same as the last, we'll know our
time running out fast.
Our lungs are working on borrowed time.
We lit these torches far too late.
And now I know there's hell to pay.

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