

# Sum 41, Welcome To Hell(live)

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  
the end