

Finite

Volumes

Now don't go walking towards the light, life is only finite, finite... yeah

You know we love to play with fire, burning up the cold nights, the cold nights... yeah

In and out of breath I'm staring into death, lay down with the liar

Chemical effect, we're falling neck to neck, the page and the writer

Now don't go walking towards the light, life is only finite, finite... yeah

You know we love to play with fire, burning up the cold nights, the cold nights... yeah

Get back, your words mean nothing to me, maybe a relapse is what I need

Lost love, no coming back for me, finite grip to your sanity

In and out of this stress and make another mess, the things we desire

Running through my chest, the right lung and the left, no way to go higher

Now don't go walking towards the light, life is only finite, finite... yeah

You know we love to play with fire, burning up the cold nights, the cold nights... yeah

Get high and pretend like I'm just not here

Middle fingers to the sky, once you die, hope you realize

Fucked up and pretend like I'm just not here

Middle fingers to the sky, once you die, it's a suicide

If all these dreams come pouring back to me

Don't say I didn't leave my mind

It's all a dream, I'm standing on my feet

I said I wouldn't miss your eyes

Now don't go walking towards the light, life is only finite, finite... yeah

You know we love to play with fire, burning up the cold nights, the cold nights... yeah

If all these dreams come pouring back to me

It's only finite, finite

It's all a dream, I'm standing on my feet

Burning up the cold nights, the cold nights

Lost nerve, no coming back for me
Finite