

The Bronx Casket Co., Blue Collar Horror

I need your face to help me through this
Your smiling face will bring me to it
Let's me and you have a talk of torture
You'd never believe what I can see
You'd never believe what I can be
Blue collar horror
A suicidal man
Blue collar horror
Am I evil
Yes I am
Not what I seem, something's changing
Watch me unfold, rearranging
Let's me and you have that talk once again
Now you can believe what I do
Now you can believe I've nothing to lose
If I could see it some other way
You could be here, but a victim you'd stay
Taken for granted
Left there for dead
Argue with voices that ring in my head