

# 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