

# The Bronx Casket Co., Sewing The Dead

Fingers in every single hole, trying to stop this bleeding dyke  
Vultures feed on what is left of this pathetic life  
Is the tide rising  
I need to know  
You could die trying  
I need to know  
How can we live  
Our lives spent sewing the dead  
Brings me to my knees  
I spend my time in a private room with dirt walls six feet high  
No matter how I clean my cage, the roaches multiply  
If I die trying  
Who gets my soul  
If I die crying  
Who cares to know  
How can we live  
Our lives spent sewing the dead  
Brings me to my knees  
And how can we fly if life's spent sewing the dead  
Who will set me free  
It's only depth that separates this old rut from a grave  
And if I fill the ground with gold, my demons come to play