

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