

# The Bronx Casket Co., BCC / Sweet Home Trans

Time is a thief, death is a whore  
Fear is a parasite, nothing more  
All these things put into play  
A natural slide into decay  
Everything ends  
Everything dies  
Not my job to question why  
In our circle, on our own  
Nothing more than home sweet home  
All that I ask  
All that you pray  
Don't make a difference when you come my way  
I am vanity laid to rest  
Trying to make you look your very best  
Who does every filthy job  
Who does all the things you hate to see  
I will send you to the void  
I survive eternity  
The Bronx Casket Company  
Forgive me father for I am sin  
Faith and hope won't let me in  
If I beg, if I plead  
I will poison the cup of their belief  
Why would you struggle  
When will you learn  
Prayer won't help as the temple burns  
Meet your maker, get in line  
You look like hell, you'll be just fine  
Time is a thief, death is a whore  
Working together that what friends are for  
Follow that tunnel, follow that light  
Be forewarned that they could bite  
You won't see me as I follow  
You will be the last to know  
Torn out pages, broken chapters  
Life and death joined at the seams  
This is the way it always ends  
If you're with me, you've reached the end  
Lonely days  
Lonely nights  
Dead by day  
Dead by night