

The Bronx Casket Co., Creeperia

When the day is over
And the people gone
A gypsy road will take me home
A place for the freakshow
The rare and the odd
A traveling world where you're never alone
Step right up, you won't believe what's hidden behind here
Come see the sickest show on Earth
Creeperia
Creeperia
To the left of the midway
Through the bible belt
A southern final resting place
At the liar's table
Where the tale is told
Taking money from townies young and old
All this mystery, smoke and mirrors, designed to deceive you
Just like taking candy from a babe
Are you free to wander
Twisted tortured soul
Are you dead or living
There but for the grace of God go I