

The Bronx Casket Co., Dead... For The Moment

Life keeps growing, boundaries falling, it's knocking me in my grave
And if I recover, I find I discover, it's me that's become its slave
Pushed from the mountain, lost in a free fall, waiting for black to come
The sound of the splatter can be heard forever, ending what I've become
I can take you by the hand
I can lead you through this land
But when the hangman comes to call, it's up to you to stand or fall
Oh, it's just my heart that's breaking
Oh, it's just my soul you taking
Cast aside with self-inflicted pain
No one dies from broken dreams
And when you're dead who hears you scream
How much could this corpse feel anyway
Dead for the moment
Pile it on me, stack it to heaven, can't make a dead man stay
He looks so peaceful, hard to believe a fire is on its way
I won't be here long, this box is just too small, won't break but I can bend
I'm painting it all black to mark this arrival, wake up... it's time again
Try to keep yourself alive, even if you're dead inside
And if you follow, take the lead
There's only so much you can bleed
Over and over breaking out of these chains
Lost in the moment trying to beat this same old game
Who will be there when I put out my hand
Who will be there and what will be the cost
Things have a way of getting out of control
Things have a way of working out when everything seems lost