

# The Bronx Casket Co., The Other Me

Why kill each other to teach each other  
To teach each other not to make the other bleed  
We fight this feeling, this burning feeling  
This burning feeling that says bring them to their knees  
And take away their need to find another way and let the darkness fade  
Instead of voices that should guide me, I hear a symphony of rage  
And when infection is your driver, then am I really here or am I really just the other me  
I am your demon in sheepskin clothing  
In sheepskin clothing you can never see beneath  
Look at this mirror, this shattered mirror  
This shattered mirror can't show you what you can believe or how it can deceive  
Rid me of this cell  
Find a seam and run like hell  
Run like hell  
The other me will hack you up and hide you in the walls  
The other me can't help but think that's right where you belong  
Spread your wings and fly away  
Fly away from here