

Bronx Casket Co. "BCC / Sweet Home Transylvania"

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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

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