

Bronx Casket Co. "The Other Me"

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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

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