

Casket Salesmen

"Art Sandwich"

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Don't let them get a look at those hands.
They can't figure out what you want.
If you get a grip, there you go;
There's somewhat of a chance left 'round here.

It's souless.
We all crave blood sometimes,
And we won't last without it.

Your epitah stands a few feet away.
Your veiled eyes can't quite make out the writing.
It starts to dawn on you, what it says.
You won't make your back back home
going down this path again.

It's souless.
We all crave blood sometimes,
And we won't last without it.

From now on we'll get by,
We'll survive and I can see
we're finally alive.

It's souless.
We all crave blood sometimes,
And we won't last without it.

Boy it's time.
Reflect.
Oh Boy.
Oh Yah.

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