Marilyn Manson, Count To Six And Die

she's got her eyes open wide she's got the dirt and spit of the world her mouth on the metal the lips of a scared little girl I've got an angel in the lobby he's waiting to put me in line but I won't ask forgiveness for my faith has gone dry she's got her Christian prescriptures and death has crawled in her ear like elevator music the songs that she shouldn't hear and it spins around 1...2...3... and we all lay down 4...5...6.. some do it fast some do it better in smaller amounts

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