

# Marilyn Manson, Dope Hat/Diary Of A Dope Fiend

I peek into the hole, I struggle for control  
The children love the show, but they fail to see the anguish in my eyes  
Fail to see the anguish in my eyes  
I scratch around the brim, I let my mind give in  
The crowd begins to grin, but they seem to scream when darkness fills my eyes  
Seem to scream when darkness fills my eyes, it's no surprise  
Fail to see the tragic, turn it into magic  
My big top tricks will always make you happy, but we all know the hat is wearing me  
My bag is in the hat, it's filled with this and that  
My vision's getting fat, the rabbit's just a monkey in disguise  
Stars and pills and needles dance before our eyes  
They will bite the hand if it is slower than the quickness of their scrutinizing eyes  
Fail to see the tragic, turn it into magic  
My big top tricks will always make you happy, but we all know the hat is wearing me  
Chicanery will always make you happy, but we all know the hat is wearing me

note: Diary of a Dope Fiend uses the word "chicken" instead of "monkey";