Marilyn Manson, Let Your Ego Die

The clock is a ring on her finger That she checks When she's out of time The cigarette's a spike In the spur of the moment Digging in her, side ...you fucking die... She cuts the paper with nails And her pen is bleeding poetry Nervous from the sex that she got And the wine that was spilled On her clean, white, white sheets, sheets Like to see you baby All torn up inside Girl you're dead already So just, let your ego die Nervous from the sex that she got And the wine that was spilled On her clean, white, white sheets, sheets Like to see you baby All torn up inside Girl you're dead already So just, let your ego die Girl you're dead already So just, let your ego die Die, die, die, die And I say you fucking die