

Marilyn Manson, Machanical Animals

We were neurophobic and perfect
The day that we lost our souls
Maybe we weren't so human
If we cry we will rust
And I was a hand grenade
That never stopped exploding
You were automatic and
As hollow as the "o" in god
I am never gonna be the one for you
I am never gonna save the world from you
But they'll never be good to you
Or bad to you
They'll never be anything
Anything at all
You were my mechanical bride
Phenobarbidoll
A mannequeen of depression
With the face of a dead star
And I was a hand grenade
That never stopped exploding
You automatic and
As hollow as the "o" in god
I am never gonna be the one for you
I am never gonna save the world from you
But they'll never be good to you
Or bad to you
They'll never be anything
Anything at all
This isn't me I'm not mechanical
I'm just a boy
Playing the suicide king