

Marilyn Manson, My Monkey

I had a little monkey

I sent him to the country and I fed him on gingerbread
Along came a choo choo, knocked my monkey coo-coo
And now my monkey's dead

At least he looks that way, but then again don't we all?
(what I make is what I am, I can't be forever)

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Poor little monkey

"make you...break you...make you...break you...lookout"
(what I make is what I am, I can't be forever)

We are our own wicked gods

With little "g's" and big dicks

Sadistic and constantly inflicting a slow demise

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The primate's scream of consonance is a reflection
Of his own mind's dissonance