

# Marilyn Manson, President Dead

this is for the people, they want you  
this is for the people, they want you  
getting high on violence, baby

President Dead is clueless  
and he's caught in a headlight, police-stated god  
and his skull is stained glass

incubated and jet set  
the bitter thinkers buy their tickets  
to go find god like a piggy in a fair

and we don't want to live forever  
and we know that suffering is so much better

this is for the people, they want you  
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getting high on violence, baby

give the bills time to work  
we all could be martyred in the  
winter of our discontent

(getting high on violence, baby)

every night we are nailed into place and  
every night we just can't seem to  
ever remember the reason why

(getting high on violence, baby)

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