

Marilyn Manson, Putting Holes In Happiness

The sky was blond like her, it was a day
To take the child out back and shoot it
I could have buried all my dead
Up in her cemetery, head
She had dirty word witchcraft
I was in the deep end of her skin
Then it seemed like a one car wreck
But I knew it was a horrid tragedy

Ways to make the tiny satisfaction disappear

Blow out the candles
In on all my Frankensteins
At least my death wish will come true
Taste like Valentine's
And we cry, you're like a birthday
I should have picked the photograph
It lasted longer than you

Putting holes in happiness
We'll paint the future black if it needs any color.
Death sentence is a story
Who'll be digging when you finally let me die?
The romance of our assassination
If you're Bonnie, I'll be your Clyde
But the grass is greener here
And I can see all of your snakes
You wear your ruins well
Please run away with me to hell

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