

# 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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