

Marilyn Manson, The Golden Age Of Grotesque

All our monkeys have monkeys
we drive our deathcrush diamond Jaguar Limosines
We're not fantastic motherfuckers, but we play them on TV
It's a dirty word Reich, say what you like
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We're the low Art Gloominati, and we aim to depress
The scabaret sacrilegends
This is the Golden Age of Grotesque

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The devils are girls with Van Gogh's missing ear
You say what you want but filth is all that they hear
I've got the jigger to make all you bigger
Ladies und gentlemen
So drop your pissroom mate, and make sure you're not late
You tramps and lunatics
Here's a trick that's gonna make you click

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So my Bon Mots, Hit-boy Tommy Irons, Rowdy rowdies, Honey-fingered Goodbye Dolls
Hellzapoppin, open your third nostril
Put on your black face, and your god is gone

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We sing la la, la la, la la lah
We sing la la, la la, lah
La la, la la, la la, lah
We sing la la, la la, la la lah