

Marilyn Manson, The Mephistopheles Of Los Ang

I don't know if I cannot open up
I've been opened enough
I don't know if I can open up
I'm not a birthday present
I'm aggressive aggressive
The past is over
Now the passive seems so pathetic

Are we fated, faithful or fatal? /2x

I'm feeling stoned and alone like a heretic
And I'm ready to meet my maker
I feel sole and alone like a heretic
I'm ready to meet my maker
Lazarus has got no dirt on me
Lazarus has got no dirt on me
And I'll rise to every occasion
I'm the Mephistopheles of Los Angeles
Of Los Angeles

Don't know if I cannot open up
I been opened too much
Double-crossed and glossed over in my pathos

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