

# Marilyn Manson, The Speed Of Pain

they slit our throats  
like we were flowers  
and our milk has been  
devoured

when you want it  
it goes away too fast  
times you hate it  
always seems to last  
just remember when you think  
you're free  
the crack inside your fucking heart is me

(thought, not spoken):  
i wanna outrace the speed of pain for another day

i wish i could sleep  
but i can't lay on my back  
because there's a knife  
for everyday that i've known you

when you want it  
it goes away too fast  
times you hate it  
always seems to last  
just remember when you think  
you're free  
the crack inside your fucking heart is me

(thought, not spoken):  
i wanna outrace the speed of pain for another day

lie to me, cry to me, give to me  
i would  
lie with me, die with me, give to me  
i would  
keep all your secrets wrapped in dead hair  
i hope at least we die holding hands  
for always.