

# Marilyn Manson, Third Day Of A Seven Day Binge

We've only reached the third day, of a seven day binge  
I can always see your name, disintegrated from my lips  
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I can't decide if you're wearing me out, or wearing me well  
I just feel like I'm condemned to wear someone else's hell  
We've only reached the third day, of a seven day binge  
I can always see your name, disintegrated from my lips

I got bullets, in the booth  
Rather be your victim than be with you  
I got bullets, in the booth  
Rather be your victim, be with you!

I've reached the third day of a seven day binge  
I can always see your name, disintegrated from my lips

Rather be your victim than be with you