

# Marilyn Manson, Transylvanian Concubine

To fly high then go now  
To the place where all the concubines  
Meet and converse with them  
Marvel at their pale skin  
Wonder how they chew with their pointy

Teeth and hair are beauty  
They know it's their duty  
To be Countess in their hearts and their

Minds that have to whisper  
See in them a sister  
Look into their eyes and you'll be a

Transylvanian Concubine  
You know what flows there like wine

Sorrow was their master  
Cackling with laughter  
Now he's having just one piece of

Cakey is their make up  
Catholics try to shake up  
All the things that form their lives, but they're  
Dead, their sigh is their song  
They know what they do is wrong  
Stay here with us, it's just time  
Transylvanian Concubine

Candelabra's lighted  
Satan has been sighted  
Never has there been an evening like

This is what they wanted  
Always to feel hunted  
You can never be too rich or too

Thin. The blood has run out  
Fangs ruin any cute pout  
Morning has come now they've flown  
What have you learned from what has been shown