Marilyn Manson, Unkillable Monster

How the fuck are we supposed to know when Im a monster, the way you refuse to die? how the fuck are we supposed to know if were in love or if were in pain Im a tightrope walker I cant find my circus and Im damaged beyond repair youre just a coffin of a girl I knew and Im buried in you You never said III end up like this. You never said III end up like this. Sometimes I dream Im an exterminating angel a traveling executioner from heaven sent to give you the prettiest death i know call the grave and make our reservations. You never said III end up like this. Are we in love or are we in pain How the fuck are we supposed to know when Im a monster, the way you refuse to die? how the fuck are we supposed to know if were in love or if were in pain Why is my wound a front door to you? am I my own shadow?