

Marilyn Manson, White Knuckles

Smack dab flat on my back
Solid ground beginning to crack
I pulled her down and down and down
I lost my breath I thought I'd drown
Fistfuls of you
Fistfuls of you
You pulled me through with white knuckles
Fistfuls of you
Fistfuls of you
You pulled me through with white knuckles
Her leg my hand a smoldering brand
Sticking to her wet, body like sand
Her place distaste we fell from grace
Red smears across our face
Fistfuls of you
Fistfuls of you
Fistfuls of you
You pulled me through with white knuckles
Fistfuls of you
Fistfuls of you
You pulled me through with white knuckles
White knuckles
White knuckles
White knuckles
White knuckles