

Marilyn Manson, White Knuckles(Fistfull Of You)

Smack dab flat on my back
The solid ground begins to crack
I pulled her down and down and down
I lost my breath I thought I'd drown
(Chorus: Fistfull of you, fistfull of you
White knuckles. 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 her face