Marilyn Manson, Wight Spider

Ill build you a shiny dollhouse or church where you can shrink into a tiny wight spider and gorge on horrid memories with conceited wings Smother the past in a cocoon and III help you move all the bodies Ill possess you but I dont need you to be another one of my possessions I dont need you to be my possession and I wont make you kneel for anyone but me wont promise a star dont promise your soul Well say that we dont believe Ill keep you wet when the world is dry I can see them coming III take you back inside if they came for answers wrap my claws round your mouth tight we consume each other until theres nothing left to hide and they can all drown in our blood