

Marilyn Manson, Count To Six And Die

she's got her eyes open wide
she's got the dirt and spit of the world
her mouth on the metal
the lips of a scared little girl
I've got an angel in the lobby
he's waiting to put me in line
but I won't ask forgiveness
for my faith has gone dry
she's got her Christian prescriptions
and death has crawled in her ear
like elevator music
the songs that she shouldn't hear
and it spins around
1...2...3...
and we all lay down
4...5...6..
some do it fast
some do it better in smaller amounts

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