

# 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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