

Marilyn Manson, Eat me Drink me (2007)

In the wasteland,
On the way to the Red Queen
It's no wonder our stage clothes
Have dreams to be famous.

The trees in the courtyard
Are painted in blood, so I've heard,
She hangs the headless upside down to drain.

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This is only a game,
this is only a game

I was invited to a beheading today.
I thought I was a butterfly next to your flame.
Rush of panic and the lock has been raped.
This is only a game,
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But then our star rushes in, feeling like a child and looking like a woman...
She has been forecast with an attempt to kill herself, but the ending didn't test well.

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Now I'm picking my skin and my scales.
I see my horror mirrored in the sundown of your blank stare.
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