

Marilyn Manson, Let Your Ego Die

The clock is a ring on her finger
That she checks
When she's out of time
The cigarette's a spike
In the spur of the moment
Digging in her, side
...you fucking die...
She cuts the paper with nails
And her pen is bleeding poetry
Nervous from the sex that she got
And the wine that was spilled
On her clean, white, white sheets, sheets
Like to see you baby
All torn up inside
Girl you're dead already
So just, let your ego die
Nervous from the sex that she got
And the wine that was spilled
On her clean, white, white sheets, sheets
Like to see you baby
All torn up inside
Girl you're dead already
So just, let your ego die
Girl you're dead already
So just, let your ego die
Die, die, die, die
And I say you fucking die