

# Marilyn Manson, Prelude(The Family Trip)

There's no earthly way of knowing  
Which direction we are going  
There's no knowing where we're going  
Or which way the wind is blowing  
Is it raining? Is it snowing?  
Is a hurricane a-blowing?  
Not a speck of light is showing  
So the danger must be growing  
Oh, the fires of hell are glowing  
Is the grisly reaper mowing?  
Yes! The danger must be growing  
(Faster! Faster!)  
For the rowers keep in rowing  
(Faster! Faster!)  
And they're certainly not showing  
(Faster! Faster!)  
Any signs that they are slowing  
(Faster! Faster!)  
Stop the boat.