

# Marilyn Manson, Talk Of One, Though Of None

...Another night of too much cough syru  
I'm awakened by the incessant ringing of a telephone  
I still have dreams caked in the corners of my eyes  
And my mouth is dry and tastes shitty  
Again, the ringing  
Slowly, I bustle out of bed  
The remnants of an erection  
Still lingering in my shorts  
Like a bothersome guest  
Again, the ringing  
Carefully, I abscond to the bathroom  
As to not display my manhood to others  
There, I make the perfunctory morning faces  
Which always seem to precede my daily contribution  
To the once-blue toilet water  
That I always enjoy making green  
Again, the ringing  
I shake twice like most others  
And I'm annoyed by the dribble  
That always seems to remain  
Causing a small acreage of wetness  
On the front of my briefs  
I slowly, languidly, lazily, crazily  
Stumble into the den  
Where my father smokes his guitars  
....I mean, cigars....  
In his easy chair  
I know ALL about easy chairs  
And then I sing a song for my friends:  
"Jesus is my boyfriend!  
Jesus is my boyfriend!  
You can't have him  
Because Jesus is my boyfriend!"  
Ringing, ringing, dang it!  
Goddamn, mother fuckin' son of a bitchin' ringing!  
I walk into the kitchen and I stare blankly  
At that shrieking plastic bastard  
Since it keeps ringing, I know it's her  
And since it keeps ringing, she knows it's me  
"We are the world  
We are the children  
We are the ones who make a darker day  
So lets start killing  
There's a choice you're making  
We're sparing our own lives  
It's true we make a darker day  
Just you and me."