

Marilyn Manson, Unkillable Monster

How the fuck are we supposed to know
when Im a monster, the way
you refuse to die?
how the fuck are we supposed to know
if were in love or if were in pain
Im a tightrope walker
I cant find my circus
and Im damaged beyond repair
youre just a coffin of a girl I knew
and Im buried in you
You never said Ill end up like this.
You never said Ill end up like this.
Sometimes I dream Im an exterminating angel
a traveling executioner from heaven
sent to give you the prettiest death i know
call the grave and make our reservations.
You never said Ill end up like this.
Are we in love or are we in pain
How the fuck are we supposed to know
when Im a monster, the way
you refuse to die?
how the fuck are we supposed to know
if were in love or if were in pain
Why is my wound a front door to you?
am I my own shadow?