

# Marilyn Manson, White Knuckles

Smack dab flat on my back  
Solid ground beginning to crack  
I pulled her down and down and down  
I lost my breath I thought I'd drown  
Fistfuls of you  
Fistfuls of you  
You pulled me through with white knuckles  
Fistfuls of you  
Fistfuls of you  
You pulled me through with white knuckles  
Her leg my hand a smoldering brand  
Sticking to her wet, body like sand  
Her place distaste we fell from grace  
Red smears across our face  
Fistfuls of you  
Fistfuls of you  
Fistfuls of you  
You pulled me through with white knuckles  
Fistfuls of you  
Fistfuls of you  
You pulled me through with white knuckles  
White knuckles  
White knuckles  
White knuckles  
White knuckles