

# Marilyn Manson, A Place In The Dirt

We are damned and we are dead  
all god's children to be sent  
to our perfect place in the sun  
and in the dirt

There's a windshield in my heart  
we are bugs so smeared and scarred  
and could you stop the meat from thinking  
before I swallow all of it,  
could you please?

Put me in the motorcade  
put me in the death parade  
dress me up and take me  
dress me up and make me  
your dying god

angels with needles  
poked through our eyes  
let the ugly light  
of the world in  
we were no longer blind  
we were no longer blind

Put me in the motorcade  
put me in the death parade  
dress me up and take me  
dress me up and make me  
your dying god

Now we hold the "ugly head";  
the Mary-whore is at the bed  
They've cast the shadow of our perfect death  
in the sun and in the dirt.