

Marilyn Manson, Blood, Shit & Cum

"Take my money," Is all I think.
He looks at the earring.
"Fag," he mumbles.
I don't mind.
He's fat.
No one likes him.
Life's too short.
I pass a table of black girls
With short hair.
They look like men.
They all look the same.
I can hear the strobe now,
It's loud.
And the music's too bright.
I look for my friends,
But I can't remember if I came alone
Or not.
Doesn't matter though.
There's hundreds of people
Who have waited all their lives,
No doubt,
To be my friend.
And as I near the bar
I see two persons
Eating each other's faces.
I bark to the bartender.
He gives me a placebo.
I'm "so young," he tells me,
"To be here."
I nod and swallow the bland drink.
Then I stumble several times
Near a crowd,
And they think I'm a good dancer.
I hear a girl tell another girl
That some girl she knows
Watched a girl
Puke in the toilet.
I smile in their general direction.
The good-looking one comes over
And bites my cheek.
It hurts,
And I start to
Hit her.
But she's grinning,
And I can see my blood on her teeth.
And I pull her to me.
"My place or yours?"
"The gutter will be fine,"
she confesses.
As we walk out,
She takes another bite from my cheek,
And I smile at the fat man
By the door.