

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.