

# Marilyn Manson, Count To 6 & Die

She's got her eyes open wide  
She's got the dirt and spit of the world  
Her mouth on the metal  
The lips of a scared little girl

I've got an angel in the lobby  
He's waiting to put me in line  
I won't ask forgiveness  
My faith has gone dry

She's got her christian prescriptions  
And death has crawled in her ear

Like elevator music of songs  
That she shouldn't hear

And it spins around 1...2...3  
And we all lay down 4...5...6  
Some do it fast  
Some do it better in smaller amounts

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