

# Marilyn Manson, Luci In The Sky With Demons

I'll spread me open, stuck to my ribs  
Are all your infants in abortion cribs  
You run like roaches, and you try to die  
I know your poison, in our space we'll lie  
To an obscene god we will dance and spit  
The skin is thin, in our beds we sit  
We take off our rings and we kneel  
Our scabbed knees are so slow to heal  
Sketch a little key hole  
For looking-glass people  
I don't want to be me  
I don't want to fear, no  
Momma's got a scarecrow  
Got to let the corn grow  
A man can't always reap what he sows  
(Cut, cut, cut in pantomime, mime, mime  
I'll be your devil if you'll admit you're mine)  
Leave yourself to be ultra-here  
The chill of fall is always crawling near  
Spiders in the flowers  
Never know their smell  
The barbers here know secrets  
They will never tell  
(Cut, cut, cut in pantomime, mime, mime  
I'll be your devil if you'll admit you're mine)