

# Marilyn Manson, Prelude

She's got eyes like Zapruder  
And a mouth like heroin  
She wants me to be perfect like Kennedy  
This isn't god, this isn't god  
God is just a statistic  
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Say "show me the dead stars  
All of them sing."  
This is a riot  
Religious and clean  
God is a number you cannot count to  
You are posthuman and hardwired  
She's pilgrim and pagan  
Softworn and so-cial  
In all of her dreams  
She's a saint like Jackie O  
This isn't god, this isn't god  
God is just a statistic  
Coma white:  
"All that glitters is cold, all that glitters is cold."