

Marilyn Manson, Talk Of One, Though Of None

...Another night of too much cough syru
I'm awakened by the incessant ringing of a telephone
I still have dreams caked in the corners of my eyes
And my mouth is dry and tastes shitty
Again, the ringing
Slowly, I bustle out of bed
The remnants of an erection
Still lingering in my shorts
Like a bothersome guest
Again, the ringing
Carefully, I abscond to the bathroom
As to not display my manhood to others
There, I make the perfunctory morning faces
Which always seem to precede my daily contribution
To the once-blue toilet water
That I always enjoy making green
Again, the ringing
I shake twice like most others
And I'm annoyed by the dribble
That always seems to remain
Causing a small acreage of wetness
On the front of my briefs
I slowly, languidly, lazily, crazily
Stumble into the den
Where my father smokes his guitars
....I mean, cigars....
In his easy chair
I know ALL about easy chairs
And then I sing a song for my friends:
"Jesus is my boyfriend!
Jesus is my boyfriend!
You can't have him
Because Jesus is my boyfriend!"
Ringing, ringing, dang it!
Goddamn, mother fuckin' son of a bitchin' ringing!
I walk into the kitchen and I stare blankly
At that shrieking plastic bastard
Since it keeps ringing, I know it's her
And since it keeps ringing, she knows it's me
"We are the world
We are the children
We are the ones who make a darker day
So lets start killing
There's a choice you're making
We're sparing our own lives
It's true we make a darker day
Just you and me."