

Marilyn Manson, The Beautiful People/The Horrible

I don't want you and I don't need you
don't bother to resist, I'll beat you
It's not your fault that you're always wrong
the weak ones are there to justify the strong
the beautiful people, the beautiful people
it's all relative to the size of your steeple
you can't see the forest for the trees
you can't smell
your own shit on your knees
Hey you, what do you see?
something beautiful, something free?
hey you, are you trying to be mean?
if you live with apes, man, it's hard to be clean
there's no time to discriminate,
hate every motherf**ker
that's in your way
the worms will live in every host
it's hard to pick which one they eat most
the horrible people, the horrible people
it's as anatomic as the size of your steeple
capitalism has made it this way,
old-fashioned fascism
will take it away
(chorus)