

Marilyn Manson, Third Day Of A Seven Day Binge

We've only reached the third day, of a seven day binge
I can always see your name, disintegrated from my lips
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I can't decide if you're wearing me out, or wearing me well
I just feel like I'm condemned to wear someone else's hell
We've only reached the third day, of a seven day binge
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I got bullets, in the booth
Rather be your victim than be with you
I got bullets, in the booth
Rather be your victim, be with you!

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I can always see your name, disintegrated from my lips

Rather be your victim than be with you