

Marilyn Manson, Transylvanian Concubine

To fly high then go now
To the place where all the concubines
Meet and converse with them
Marvel at their pale skin
Wonder how they chew with their pointy

Teeth and hair are beauty
They know it's their duty
To be Countess in their hearts and their

Minds that have to whisper
See in them a sister
Look into their eyes and you'll be a

Transylvanian Concubine
You know what flows there like wine

Sorrow was their master
Cackling with laughter
Now he's having just one piece of

Cakey is their make up
Catholics try to shake up
All the things that form their lives, but they're
Dead, their sigh is their song
They know what they do is wrong
Stay here with us, it's just time
Transylvanian Concubine

Candelabra's lighted
Satan has been sighted
Never has there been an evening like

This is what they wanted
Always to feel hunted
You can never be too rich or too

Thin. The blood has run out
Fangs ruin any cute pout
Morning has come now they've flown
What have you learned from what has been shown