

Marilyn Manson, WE ARE CHAOS

If you say that we're ill
Just give us your pill
Hope we'll just go away
But once you've inhaled death
Everything else is perfume

Maybe i am just a mstery
I could end up your misery
Maybe i am just a mstery
I could end up your misery

In the end we all end up in a garbage dump
But i'll be one that's holdong your hand

We are sick, fucked up and complicated
We are chaoe, we can't be cured
We are sick, fucked up and complicated
We are chaoe, we can't be cured

Maybe i am just a mstery
I could end up your misery
Maybe i am just a mstery
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Marry with teh left hand
So far so far from the mad'ning crowd

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Am i am ma nor a show
Or moment
The man in the moon
Or a man of all seasons
Will i be in at the kill
With you?

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We are sick