

## **Marilyn Manson**

### **"Autopsy"**

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Dear God, do you want to turn knuckles down and hold  
yourself

Dear God, can you climb off that tree made in the  
shape of a T

Dear God, the paper says you were the king in the  
black limosine

Dear Jon and all the kings men, couldn't put your head  
together again

Dear God, the sky's as blue as a gunshot wound

Dear God, if you were alive you know we'd kill you

Before the bullets

Before the flies

Before authourities take out my eyes

The only smiling are your dolls that are made

But you are plastic and so are your brains

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