

Marilyn Manson

"Misery Machine"

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Man in the front got a sinister grin
Careen down highway 666
We wanna go, crush the slow
As the pitchfork bends, the needles grow

My arms are wheels
My legs are wheels
My blood is pavement

We're gonna ride to the Abbey of Thelema
To the Abbey of Thelema
Blood is pavement

The grill in the front is my sinister gun
Bugs in my teeth make me sick sick sick
The objects may be larger
Than they appear in the mirror

My arms are wheels
My legs are wheels
My blood is pavement

We're gonna ride to the Abbey of Thelema
To the Abbey of Thelema
Blood is pavement

When you ride you're ridden
When you ride you're ridden
I am fueled by filth and fury
Do what I will, I will hurry there, there

My arms are wheels
My legs are wheels
Blood is pavement
Blood is pavement

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