

Marilyn Manson

"My Monkey"

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I had a little monkey
I sent him to the country
And I fed him on gingerbread
Along came a choo choo,
Knocked my monkey coo-coo
And now my monkey's dead
Uhh...
At least he looks that way,
But then again don't we all?

What I make is what I am,
I can't be forever

I had a little monkey
I sent him to the country and I fed him on gingerbread
Along came a choo choo, knocked my monkey coo-coo
And now my monkey's dead
Poor little monkey

"Make you... break you... make you... break you...
lookout"

What I make is what I am,
I can't be forever

We are our own wicked gods
With little "g's" and big dicks
Sadistic and constantly inflicting a slow demise

I sent him to the country
And I fed him on gingerbread
Along came a choo choo
Knocked my monkey coo-coo
And now my monkey's dead

The primate's scream of consonance is a reflection
Of his own mind's dissonance

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