

Marilyn Manson

"Putting Holes In Happiness"

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Sky was blond like her
Was a day to take the child
Out back and shoot it
Could have buried all my dead
Up in her cemetery head

She had dirty word witchcraft
I was in the deep end of her skin
Then it seemed like a one car wreck
But I knew it was a horrid tragedy
Ways to make the tiny satisfaction disappear

Blow out the candles on all my Frankenstein's
At least my death wish will come true
You taste like Valentine's
And we cry, you're like a birthday
Should have picked the photograph
It lasted longer than you

Putting holes in happiness
We'll paint the future black if it needs a color
Death sentence is now a story
Who'll be digging when you finally let me die?

Romance of our assassination
If you're Bonnie, I'll be your Clyde
But the grass is greener here
I can see all of your snakes
You wear your ruins well
Please run away with me to hell

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At least my death wish will come true
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