

## **Marilyn Manson**

# **"Putting Holes In Happiness"**

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The sky was blonde like her  
It was a day to take the child  
Out back and shoot it.  
I 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 car wreck  
But I knew it was a horrid tragedy.  
Ways to make the tiny satisfaction disappear.

Blow out the candles  
On all my frankensteins.  
At least my death wish will come true.  
You taste like Valentine's and  
We cry,  
You're like a birthday.  
I should have picked the photograph  
It lasted longer than you.

Putting holes in happiness.  
We'll paint the future black  
If it needs any color.  
My death sentence is a story  
Who'll be digging when you finally let me die?  
The romance of our assassination  
If you're Bonnie, I'll be your Clyde.  
But the grass is greener here and

I can see all of your snakes.  
You wear your ruins well  
Please run away with me to hell.

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On all my frankensteins.  
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We cry,  
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