Marylin Manson "CRYPTORCHID"

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each time I make my mother cry an

angel dies and falls from heaven

when the boy is still a worm it's hard

to learn the number seven

but when they get to you

it's the first thing that they do

each time I look outside

my mother dies, I feel my back is changing shape

when the worm consumes the boy it's never considered rape

when they get to you

prick your finger it is done...

the moon has now eclipsed the sun...

the angel has spread his wings...

the time has come for bitter things...

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