

Manson Marilyn

"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
ever considered rape.
When they get to you.
Prick your finger it is done...
The moon has now eclipsed the sun...
The angel has spread its wings...
The time has come for better things

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