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## Manson Marilyn "Let Your Ego Die"

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The clock is a ring on her finger

That she checks

When she's out of time

The cigarette's a spike

In the spur of the moment

Digging in her side

She cuts the paper with nails

And her pen is bleeding poetry

Nervous from the sex that she got

And the wine that she spilled

On her clean, white, white sheets

Like to see you, baby,

All torn up inside

Girl you're dead already

So just let your ego die

Girl you're dead already

So just let your ego die

Die, die, die

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