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## Manson Marilyn ''Luci In The Sky With Demons''

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I'll spread me open, stuck to my ribs

Are all your infants in abortion cribs

You run like roaches, and you try to die

I know your poison, in our space we'll lie

To an obscene god we will dance and spit

The skin is thin, in our beds we sit

We take off our rings and we kneel

Our scabbed knees are so slow to heal

Stretch a little boy hole

For looking-glass people

I don't want to be me

I don't want to fear, no

Momma's got a scarecrow

Got to let the corn grow

A man can't always reap what he sows

(Cut, cut, cut in pantomime, mime, mime

I'll be your devil if you'll admit you're mine)

Leave yourself to be ultra-here

The chill of fall is always crawling near

Spiders in the flowers

Never know their smell

The barbers here know secrets

They will never tell

(Cut, cut, cut in pantomime, mime, mime

I'll be your devil if you'll admit you're mine

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