

Godeatgod

Marilyn Manson

Dear God, "Do you want to tear your knuckles down
And hold yourself?"

Dear God, "Can you climb up that tree
Meat in the shape of a T?" Dear God, the paper says you were the King
In the black limousine

Dear John and all the King's men
Can't put your head together again Before the bullets, before the flies
Before authorities take out my eyes

The only smiling are you dolls that I made
But you are plastic, so are your brains Dear God, the sky is as blue
As a gunshot wound

Dear God, if you were alive
You know, we'd kill you

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