

Day 3

Marilyn Manson

Stare in the face of the grim death
Screaming monsters bring me to deafness
My dagger and swagger are useless in the faze of the mirror
When the mirror is made of my face This is the house of death
Even angels die in arms of daemons
This is the house of death
Even angels die in arms from a daemons Hide yo heart in yo gut
But for what? When they're waiting to pull you apart like a scarecrow
On death row, soon now all of your secrets are shown This is the house of death
Where even angels die in arms of daemons
This is the house of death
Where even angels die in arms from a daemons No-one is exempt from the odds of even
No-one is exempt from the odds of even
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