

# President Dead

## Marilyn Manson

This is for the people that want you  
This is for the people that want you  
This is for the people that want you  
Get high on violence baby  
President dead is clueless  
And he's, caught in a head-lock police state  
God and scalding stained glass  
Incubated and get set to let our(?)  
Fingers buy the tickets to go find  
God like a piggy in a fair And we don't want to live live forever  
And we know that suffering is so much better  
This is for the people that want you  
This is for the people that want you  
This is for the people that want you  
Get high on violence baby  
Give the pills down to but we  
All could be modern in the  
Winter of our discontent  
Get high on violence baby  
Every night we are nailed into place and  
Every night we just can't seem to  
Ever remember the reason why  
Get high on violence baby  
And we don't want to live forever  
And we know that suffering is so much better  
This is for the people that want you  
This is for the people that want you  
This is for the people that want you  
Get high on violence baby  
And we don't want to live live forever  
And we know that suffering is so much better  
And we don't want to live live forever  
And we know that suffering is so much better  
And we don't want to live live forever  
And we know that suffering is so much better

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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