

# Cupid Carries a Gun

[Marilyn Manson](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Pound me the witch drums, the witch drums  
Pound me the witch drums  
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Better pray for hell, not hallelujah I'm a coat of fists, dead and heartened spiders  
Like two mangled crowns or the widest of the meanest coiled snakes  
Folks said I look like death  
Lived in the hotel of my eyes  
Lives wide open like a whore  
Painted in spit from the earth between her thighs Keep your halos tight  
I'm your god or your guardian  
Keep your halo tight  
One hand on the trigger, the other hand in mine  
Because now, cupid carries a gun  
Now, now, cupid, cupid carries a gun Pound me the witch drums, the witch drums  
Pound me the witch drums  
Pound me the witch drums, the witch drums  
Better pray for hell, not hallelujah She had those crow black eyes  
Starless but she fucks like a comet  
Laid as still as a bible  
And it felt like revelations when I looked inside Keep your halos tight  
I'm your god or your guardian  
Keep your halo tight  
One hand on the trigger, the other hand in mine Keep your halos tight  
I'm your god or your guardian  
Keep your halo tight  
One hand on the trigger, the other hand in mine Because now, cupid, carries a gun  
Now, now, cupid, cupid carries a gun Pound me the witch drums, the witch drums  
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Pound me the witch drums

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