

# Fight Song

Marilyn Manson

Nothing suffocates you more than  
The passing of everyday human events  
And isolation is the oxygen mask you make  
Your children breath in to survive Well I'm not a slave to a God  
That doesn't exist  
And I'm not a slave to a world  
That doesn't give a shit And when we were good  
You just closed your eyes  
So when we are bad  
We'll scar your minds Fight, fight, fight, fight  
Fight, fight, fight, fight You'll never grow up to be a big rock star  
Celebrated victim of your fame  
They'll just cut our wrists like  
Cheap coupons and say that  
Death was on sale today And when we were good  
You just closed your eyes  
So when we are bad  
We'll scar your minds But I'm not a slave to a God  
That doesn't exist  
And I'm not a slave to a world  
That doesn't give a shit The death of one is a tragedy  
The death of one is a tragedy  
The death of one is a tragedy  
But the death of millions is just a statistic Well I'm not a slave to a God  
That doesn't exist  
And I'm not a slave to a world  
That doesn't give a shit Well I'm not a slave to a God  
Who doesn't exist  
And I'm not a slave to a world  
That doesn't give a shit Fight, fight, fight, fight  
Fight, fight, fight, fight

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