

Dried Up, Tied and Dead to the World

[Marilyn Manson](#)

You cut off all of your fingers
Trade them in for dollar bills
Cake on some more make-up to cover up all those lines
Wake up and stop shaking 'cause you're just wasting time
Don't you want some of this?
Don't you need some of this? You take but cannot be given
You ride but cannot be ridden
Pinch this tiny heart of mine wrap it up in soiled twine
You never read what you've written I'll be your lover, I'll be forever
I'll be tomorrow, I am anything when I'm high
I'll be your lover, I'll be forever
I'll be tomorrow, I am anything when I'm high
Don't you want some of this?
Don't you need some of this?
Don't you want some of this?
Don't you need some of this? You shove your hair down my throat
I feel your fingers in me, me
Tear this bitter fruit to mess and wrap it in your soiled dress
Now you must spit out the seeds I'll be your lover, I'll be forever
I'll be tomorrow, I am anything when I'm high
I'll be your lover, I'll be forever
I'll be tomorrow, I am anything when I'm high
Anything when I'm high, anything when I'm high I'll be your lover, I'll be forever
I'll be tomorrow, I am anything when I'm high
I'll be your lover, I'll be forever
I'll be tomorrow, I am anything when I'm high
Anything when I'm high
All dried up and tied up forever
All fucked up and dead to the world
All dried up and tied up forever
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All dried up and tied up forever
All fucked up and dead to the world

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