

# Mechanical Animals

## Marilyn Manson

We were agoraphobic and perfect  
The day that we lost our souls.  
Maybe we weren't so human,  
But if we cry, we will rust.  
And I was a hand grenade  
That never stopped exploding.  
You were automatic, and as hollow as the "o" in god. I'm never gonna be the one for you.  
I'm never gonna save the world from you,  
They'll never be good to you,  
Or bad to you:  
They'll never be anything,  
Anything at all. You were my mechanical bride,  
A phenobarbie-doll.  
A manic queen of depression  
With the face of a dead star,  
And I was a hand grenade  
That never stopped exploding.  
You were automatic and as hollow as the "o" in god. I'm never gonna be the one for you.  
I'm never gonna save the world from you.  
They'll never be good to you,  
Bad to you:  
They'll never be anything,  
Anything at all.  
They'll never be good to you,  
Bad to you:  
They'll never be anything,  
Anything at all.  
I'm never gonna be the one for you.  
I'm never gonna save the world from you.

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