

Fated, Faithful, Fatal

Marilyn Manson

I don't know if I cannot open up
I've been opened enough
I don't know if I can open up
I'm not a birthday present
I'm aggressive aggressive
The past is over
Now the passive seems so pathetic
Are we fated, faithful, or fatal?
Are we fated, faithful, or fatal?
I'm feeling stoned and alone like a heretic
And I'm ready to meet my maker
I feel stoned and alone like a heretic
I'm ready to meet my maker
Lazarus got no dirt on me
Lazarus got no dirt on me
And I rise to every occasion
I'm the Mephistopheles of Los Angeles
Of Los Angeles
Don't know if I cannot open up
I've been opened too much
Double-crossed and glossed over in my Pathos
Are we fated, faithful, or fatal?
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