

# Prelude [The Family Trip]

[Marilyn Manson](#)

There's no earthly way of knowing  
Which direction we are going  
There's no knowing where we're going  
Or which way the wind is blowing Is it raining, is it snowing?  
Is a hurricane a-blowing Not a speck of light is showing  
So the danger must be growing  
Oh, the fires of hell are glowing  
Is the grisly reaper mowing? Yes, the danger must be growing  
For the rowers keep on rowing  
And they're certainly not showing  
Any signs that they are slowing  
Stop the boat

Songwriters

Brian Warner Published by

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